

Incorporating the Australian Home Budget.

July 6 1960

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The Australian

Over 800,000 Copies
Sold Every Week

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE



NEW SERIAL

FALSE SCENT

By Ngaio Marsh

PRINCE PHILIP
and that cake

Knee-breeches
from DIOR

MARGO McKENDRY

models in New York
at £27 an hour

Conquering
ASTHMA
in children

AND ...

TEENAGERS' WEEKLY



WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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JULY 6, 1960

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Graziers of the Yass district of New South Wales are proud of their fine wool. They are also proud that — because of their Association — Prince Andrew has a nine-piece layette of fine Australian wool.

DIRECTIONS for knitting the frock and bonnet of the layette are on page 37.

Air Vice-Marshal F. M. Bladin, of Adastral, Yass, told us that the idea of a layette of fine Australian wool for Queen Elizabeth's younger son, now four months old, was his wife's.

The layette was designed and made by Patons and Baldwins Ltd.

Air Vice-Marshal Bladin has received a letter from the Queen's private secretary, Sir Michael Adeane, conveying the Queen's very warm thanks to all the graziers of Yass for "a really magnificent present."

Sir Michael wrote: "The Queen appreciates it very much, and appreciates even more the kindness and loyalty of which it is a symbol."

THE new hope goes to children suffering from asthma — and to their parents — by the little-known Asthma Clinic at West Circular Quay, Sydney (page 7), is a heart-warming story.

Ronald McKie told us of two other children restored to normal healthy living through the work of the clinic.

● A boy, who at 10 had a chronic upper respiratory tract infection and a definite history of asthma, had no serious colds, no asthma, and no bronchitis from the time

treatment began. He is now 18 — and a lifesaver.

● A girl whose asthma and bronchitis began when she was 2½, and who began treatment at 7, had no more attacks after the first few weeks. At 15 she is healthy and well developed.

FASHION editor Betty Keep told us:

"The essence of elegance and an extravagant new way to dress for at-home entertaining is shown in the Dior hostess gowns on pages 8 and 9."

"The American translation of the same theme is less exotic and far more practical. The American way is an ankle-length, often floating, culotte skirt, with a neat top."

"So popular is this theme it has reached the U.S. tennis courts in a short version and is now sold in lingerie shops as 'sleep-wear.'"

LAST month we published a story "Father's Long Sad Wait" about a Greek migrant who has spent four years saving to bring one half of his family to Australia, and is now working to raise enough money to bring his wife and four more children.

Evidently it touched the hearts of readers, and some sent gifts of money.

Among them were two anonymous contributions, and the senders will be pleased to know that we have had a delighted letter of acknowledgment from the Greek father.

Our Cover

● Our pretty cover girl with her red gloves and sweater smiles happily at winter's cold winds. To keep the youngest members of the family warmly dressed this winter, see the directions for knitting a small boy's and a small girl's jumper (page 27) and Prince Andrew's layette (page 37).

OUR new serial, "False Scent," by Ngaio Marsh (pages 16 and 17) is very U...

[Remember the Nancy Mitford method of telling whether someone was U (meaning upper class) or non-U by the words they use?]

In the serial most characters use the word scent, which is U — as opposed to perfume, non-U.

There is only one lapse by the main character, actress Mary Bellamy.

The dialogue goes like this: Charles (Mary's husband): "It's that scent. I find it a bit too much."

Mary: "It happens to be the most exclusive perfume on the market."

Charles: "I don't much like the word perfume, but in this case it seems to be entirely appropriate."

Mary (in a high voice): "I'm sorry that you find my choice of words non-U."

● The 15 recipes most often asked for by readers are presented in the color-illustrated cookery section in our next issue. The recipes — family favorites and party dishes — include festive chocolate cake, spaghetti bolognese, boiled whisky fruitcake, lemon chiffon pie, and family meat loaf.

Next Week

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FT&143.

The Prince and the tipsy cake

● Here is the 20ft.-high flag-and-candle-bedecked birthday cake which teetered and nearly fell on Prince Philip as it was being carried into New York's Coliseum for the celebration of the Prince's 39th birthday. Prince Philip, taking a healthy bite of the birthday cake, is seen with (from right) New York State Governor Nelson Rockefeller, U.S. Vice-President Richard Nixon, a chef, and Mr. William Gowen, representative of the New York Cake Bakers' Union. On the left is a plainclothes detective. Prince Philip was on a flying visit to New York to open the lavishly staged British Trade Exhibition.

ROOM
TELEPHONES





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Dr. Scholl's ZINO-PADS

"Baloney!" says society dictator

By GEORGE McGANN

● "Parties? There are no more parties—just groups of people in nightclubs!"

ELSA MAXWELL and **Perle Mesta** might not subscribe to that statement, but it is the considered opinion of **Jessie Jerome Fanshawe**, an indomitable lady of 83, who has forgotten more about society than **Elsa** or **Perle** will ever know.

Miss Fanshawe, a cousin of Sir Winston Churchill and a member of the "old New York family" the Jeromes, has retired as an organiser of upper-class functions and theatre parties after 35 years.

Newspapers have described her as "the dictator of American society."

"I've never heard anything so ridiculous in my life!" she exploded during an interview at her combination office-home in a fashionable East Side apartment house here.

"I helped a lot of people with their guest lists, but I certainly was no dictator."

Miss Fanshawe ridiculed reports that cast changes were often made in Broadway productions to please her because of her theatre parties.

"That's a lot of baloney," she snapped, eyes flashing. "I organised parties regardless of my own reactions to shows. That was my business."

"When my father, who was a Wall Street broker, died in 1926 I had to go to work. The only thing I knew about was how to handle servants and how to open and shut country houses."

"I started doing this for friends—hiring help for their homes on Long Island or Newport. Soon I was helping with the balls and other parties."

Nostalgia

Miss Fanshawe, bright and spirited despite her years, spoke with some nostalgia of those vanished years.

"The homes were big and the parties were big," she said. "Guest lists comprised hundreds of people."

"Now the big homes are gone, except for a few at Newport. People all live in apartments. These are too small for entertaining, so people go out to hotels and nightclubs."

"Coming-out parties used to be held on the big estates on Long Island. Where are the estates now? They've all been cut up for housing developments."

Miss Fanshawe's apartment

is filled with paintings and photographs of the members of the large Jerome clan and her father's family.

"My maternal grandfather, Addison Jerome, and Sir Winston's grandfather, Leonard Jerome, were brothers," she explained. "I saw Sir Winston only once. That was in the hospital in New York in the late '20s after he was run down by a taxicab. We had a very nice talk about the family."

Miss Fanshawe showed me a photograph of a striking brunette dressed in a Victorian ball gown.

"This is Jennie Jerome," she said, "mother of Sir Winston and the most beautiful of the three Jerome girls. They all married."

Miss Fanshawe had the



MISS JESSICA FANSHAWE

early sheltered life of a girl of the upper classes.

"I was born in New York, but father bought a home on Brooklyn Heights shortly afterwards," she said.

"We also had a large farm on the Shrewsbury River in New Jersey, where Daddy raised his racehorses. In the summer we would all go to Saratoga for the racing season. Oh, it was so much fun!"

"My sisters and I went to all the parties at Southampton and Newport during the summers, too. And in the winters in New York the big homes were very gay. It all seems so different nowadays."

But Miss Fanshawe is not

one to laud "the good old days" excessively. She is all in favor of the new freedoms enjoyed by modern women.

"When I was a girl no one went to college," she recalled. "That was for emancipated women."

"I never knew anyone who went to work, either. Now all the girls take jobs. I think it's wonderful."

"The old days were more gracious, but we were too sheltered. I've been working for 35 years and I've enjoyed every minute of it."

"I'm quitting now because I am tired. I'll keep busy in other ways, though. I always have."

A NEW FLYING VIRTUE

● When pretty pilot **Jane Riley** weds handsome pilot **Michael Virtue** on August 12 in Brisbane, she will be marrying into a famous flying family.



JANE RILEY with her fiance, **Michael Virtue** (left), and **Michael's father**, **Captain Keith Virtue**.

FOR many years her fiance's father, retired Captain Keith Virtue, held the record number of flying hours in the Southern Hemisphere.

As a pilot with a major airline, and also flying for recreation, Captain Virtue logged 23,500 hours. "But some of the young chaps have passed me now, including my own nephew," said Captain Virtue.

Jane and Michael (who is a pilot with T.A.A.) will be married in Brisbane at St. Mary's Church of England, Kangaroo Point. The Virtue family and Jane's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Ken Riley, of Gowan Stud, Blackall, will arrange the wedding, as Jane has lost both her parents, the late Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Riley, of Blackall.

Jane considers her 200-odd hours' flying time insignificant beside the record of the

family she's going to marry into. But 200 hours is not a bad achievement.

Michael is encouraging her to press on and obtain her Instructor's Licence.

Jane already has her commercial pilot's licence (No. 4266), which means that she can carry passengers or pilot a charter plane.

She works for the Red Cross Blood Bank in Brisbane, where her hours allow time for flying.

This hobby keeps a girl poor, she says, at £4/10/- an hour for her favorite plane.

"Once I saved enough for a trip to England, but I've flown all that away," she said.

"Instead of buying a wonderful trousseau I spend everything on flying. Luckily, Michael doesn't mind."

In her ambition to become an instructress, Jane also has the support of her future mother-in-law, Mrs. Keith Virtue, who used to fly solo "years ago, I won't say exactly when."

Jane has had her moments. Once, when she was flying west out of range of control towers, she made radio contact with a passing Viscount.

"Can you read me?" asked Jane formally from her little Piper.

"Reading you loud, clear, and feminine," answered the Viscount, flashing on its way.

This was Jane's first long "cross-country" as captain of an aircraft. And with her as a trusting PASSENGER was Captain Keith Virtue.

"I sat with my arms folded all the way," he said.

Model Margo likes home best



SHE FINDS:

"Americans think kangaroos deliver the mail"

By **GEORGE McGANN**,
of our New York staff.

● Australian model Margo McKendry is earning almost 10 - a minute in New York, but she is already planning to go home.

MARGO makes more money in New York than she ever dreamed of—but she hates the place.

"It's the greatest city to work in, but the worst to live in," says tall, black-haired Margo, who earns 60 dollars (about £A27) an hour as a fashion model on the roster of the Ford Agency.

"It's practically impossible to get any outdoor exercise here except walking.

"It's a day's journey to get to a beach—there's nothing like Bondi close in to the city."

She is also unhappy about her social life in Manhattan.

"I work so hard that I am usually too tired for dates at night," she said. "But there are no young people here anyway. I never meet anyone in my own age bracket or even close to it. There are a lot of European girls working for the Ford Agency and they all have the same experience."

Margo is 21 and single.

Most American boys of that age are either in university or doing their two years' compulsory military service.

It's no fun

"I suppose that's the explanation," she mused. "But I don't have much fun in New York with the young ones either. I don't drink and I don't like nightclubs. I went to the Copacabana the other night and I hated it. Too noisy and too crowded."

"I do enjoy the Broadway theatres, but it's hard to get tickets to the top shows."

Margo shares a flat on the East Side with Australian Pauline Kiernan, also a Ford Agency girl.

"We live in what is supposed to be an exclusive neighborhood in the Seventies," Margo said. "But there was a murder right down the street a couple of weeks ago. There is so much violence here that it scares you."

She and Pauline spend most

of their evenings alone watching television or listening to the radio.

"I've got square eyeballs from watching TV," Margo said. "I think it's fascinating, especially the late, late movies that keep you up all night."

"As for radio, it's a scream. They sing everything—the commercials, the name of the station. I wouldn't be surprised to hear them put the news bulletins to music."

Margo worked in Paris for a while before coming to New York three and a half months ago. She didn't like Paris either . . .

"It was the depth of winter and I could never get warm," she recalled.

The only two cities she really likes are London and Sydney.

"Sometimes I get so homesick for Sydney!"

She greatly resents Americans' lack of knowledge or interest in Australia.

"They seem to think Australia is some kind of joke," she complained. "They think kangaroos deliver the mail."

"People are always astonished when I say I'm from Australia. 'You mean they have models there!' They all think I can play tennis like Lew Hoad, run a mile under four minutes, and swim from Sydney to San Francisco."

"I don't see why the Australian Government or someone like that doesn't try to educate the Americans about Australia. Put someone who is attractive on TV here and talk about the country. Just to show Americans it isn't all bush and kangaroos."

The Government could do worse than use Margo.

"I talked so much about Sydney, the harbor, and the bridge, and the beaches, that a woman fashion editor here has decided to emigrate. Seriously. I'm now trying to find a place for her to live when she gets to Sydney."

But, with all its faults, New

York is second to no place as a fashion centre, Margo says.

"It's the greatest city in the world for models, photographers, and everyone connected with fashion."

"They talk about Paris, but there are only two collections a year there. Here the 'rag business' is in full swing all through the year."

That means there is work for everyone—sometimes too much work, if you are as much in demand as Margo.

"The rates are high, but they want full value for your time," she pointed out. "A model here is under constant pressure to get from one appointment to another through New York traffic."

On the run

"If you are ten minutes late and hold up shooting you have to pay the other girls out of your own pocket for the time they missed."

"The tension and constant rushing help to keep weight down though, and that's a big help. I put on three or four pounds over a weekend, just

relaxing and eating ice cream, cake, bread, and the starchy things I don't touch during the week."

Margo is five feet eight inches tall—the ideal American fashion height—and usually weighs eight stone seven or eight pounds.

"I should weigh less, but at eight stone three I get sluggish and tired."

According to her, it's a fallacy that American models are pencil-thin and diet madly.

"Most of them are naturally slim, and don't need to watch what they eat too carefully. There are plenty of 'hippy' American models, but they can be disguised by photography or posing."

"The photographers are clever about that," she said. "I have moles on my face but they never show up on the finished pictures. Our photographers at home of course are just as good. They covered me up, too."

"I've never worked with a photographer anywhere in the world any better than Sydney's Laurie Le Guay. He is just about the best. He is taking a

group of Australian models to Hollywood in July. He wanted me to join them but I made other plans first."

More make-up

Margo has to use much more make-up in New York than at home for the camera.

"All I ever wore was lipstick and a bit of mascara," she recalled. "Here I have to put shadows on the cheekbones, wear false eyelashes, false finger-nails, and false hair."

Margo has been away from home since last November, when she joined a British fashion parade which made a tour of Africa.

From Africa Margo went to Paris to work for Vogue fashion magazine during the January collections. Then came a holiday in Saint-Moritz.

"I had never seen snow before and it was a terrific thrill," she said. "I tried skiing too. It was hysterical. I could go like a bomb but I couldn't stop."

In London she was offered

a film contract by a Darryl Zanuck representative.

"I would have had to sign a seven-year contract, go to drama school and accept a salary of about £40 a week. I said 'no thank you.' I don't want to tie myself down."

"I also got an offer from a representative of Sam Spiegel, who produced 'Bridge on the River Kwai.' This would have meant going to Hollywood, which has no appeal for me."

She left London for New York in February, immediately became one of the most popular models.

"But after three and a half months of this grind, I've got to have a rest," she said.

She and her mother are meeting this month in London for a summer holiday there and on the Continent. Kathy Murrell, another Sydney model, will stay with them in the south of France.

Said Margo, "I am committed to the Ford Agency again in September for several months. Then it's home to Sydney in time for Christmas!"



MARGO McKENDRY, 21-year-old Australian model with an international career, photographed by Sydney's Laurence Le Guay, her favorite photographer.



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For flavour you want . . . protein you need

Make the most of natural **CHEDDAR**

Cheese is one of mankind's most delectable foods and no cheese is higher in quality and lower in price than Australian Cheddar — the most concentrated high-protein food your money can buy. A single pound contains all the calcium and vitamins in 20 tall glasses (a full gallon) of fresh creamy milk, and more protein than 2 lbs. of the choicest steak. Cheese is a delicious, easily-digested food, and everyone in your family needs its special protein goodness every day.

HOW TO CHOOSE IT. Australian Cheddar is sold everywhere in traditional round blocks or loaves, cut to your requirements, or already prepackaged in plastic film. Mild, semi-matured or tasty, there's a cheddar exactly right for every taste. Do a little sampling and find yours! Proper storage is important. Cheese will stay fresh-flavoured and moist if you keep it wrapped in plastic film or foil. It should be stored in the refrigerator, but removed in time to serve at room temperature.

HOW TO USE IT. Australian Cheddar is not only a magnificent table cheese but a versatile cooking cheese as well. It belongs to every meal, enhances everything you cook. Be adventurous with cheese — see what it will do for all the family's favourite foods!

- ★ Top meat or vegetable casseroles with slices of cheese a few minutes before you take them out of the oven.
- ★ Add a big spoonful of grated cheese to your bowl of soup.
- ★ Mix grated cheese with crumbs when coating cutlets or veal schnitzel.
- ★ Mash grated cheese into cauliflower, potatoes and other vegetables.
- ★ Shred cheese into scrambled eggs, omelettes, baked beans and on to grilled tomatoes and salads.



Cheese is your family's protein insurance — HAVE THEY HAD THEIR CHEESE PROTEIN TODAY?

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 6, 1960

CONQUERING ASTHMA

By RONALD McKIE



ASTHMA victim Andrew Cover weighed only 3st. 11lb. when this picture was taken in 1957.

● "To me a miracle has happened . . ."
this is how a reader began a letter to The Australian Women's Weekly.

THE letter was a mother's grateful story how, after years of misery and heartbreak, her son had been freed from crippling asthma attacks and was now a happy, healthy, football-playing youngster.

Her letter led back to the little-known Asthma Clinic operated by the Department of Health's School Medical Service at West Circular Quay, and to a remarkable history of success in the treatment of asthma in children.

It also led to Dr. R. J. Whiteman, a Macquarie Street ear, nose, and throat specialist, who died in 1953, and whose theory and work made the Clinic's success possible.

After years studying chronic upper respiratory tract infection, Dr. Whiteman decided that this form of infection and the common cold were the main causes of asthma in children.

But he found that attacks also were "triggered" by pollens, dust, furs, feathers, and foods, by psychological and emotional problems.

If infections could be cleared and resistance built up against them, then the "triggers" would have nothing to fire and asthma attacks would stop.

In 1950 the School Medical Service opened the Asthma Clinic, in the Hospitals Commission building in West Circular Quay, under Dr. Whiteman's supervision.

But for the next three years, apart from seeing new patients twice a week at Circular Quay, the real clinic was in his consulting rooms in Macquarie Street.

Own expense

All the work, even chemists' bills for poor patients, was at his own expense.

Then Dr. Whiteman died. His nurse, Sister Gillian Grimby, who knew his theory and method, took over as Sister-in-Charge of the Asthma Clinic.

She has continued there since, under the medical supervision of Dr. Noel Solomons, Deputy Director of the School Medical Service.

Children with asthma or bronchitis, or both, generally are sick, miserable children—pale or pasty with dark circles under their eyes. They are generally intelligent children who are scholastically backward because they are often home ill.

They are difficult to handle, and often have a family history of asthma or bronchitis, or some member of the family

suffers from chronic upper respiratory tract infection.

An asthmatic or bronchitic child, through no fault of his own, can make life hell for his parents—and particularly the mother—who have to cope with years of disturbed nights, worry, and general family disorganisation.

Apart from the distressing and exhausting physical side of asthma, a mother is constantly aware that her child can't play with other children, that he is falling behind at school.

Perhaps the most intriguing thing about the successful treatment of children by the Asthma Clinic is that it can hardly be called treatment at all.

It involves no operations, tests, injections, drugs, or special diet, and parents need no specialised knowledge or training.

Segregation

Important, too, is that an asthmatic child loses no schooling during treatment. He is allowed by the Education Department to enrol at the Correspondence School at Blackfriars.

The basis of the treatment is to segregate the child, at home, from sources of infection, to try to prevent colds developing, to minimise their effects if they develop, and to build resistance to infection.

At the first Asthma Clinic appointment the child is medically examined, and methods and treatment are explained to the mother (and child), who is warned that:

● There is no "cure" for asthma. Freedom and security from attacks will depend on how efficiently the treatment is carried out.

● It will take at least a year to build up worthwhile resistance to colds.

● It will take two years' complete freedom from asthma or wheezing before any security from asthma attacks can be obtained. Continued security will depend on intelligent care of the child's health, particularly the prompt clearing of colds.

● The family doctor must be consulted if the mother feels at any time that her child needs medical attention.

● If the mother does not regularly report her child's condition to the Clinic, supervision and advice will cease.

The mother signs a statement promising to observe the treatment and conditions, and is asked to provide photographs of her child before treatment starts and at three months and 12 months.

This is what happens—described by Dr. Noel Solomons in the Medical Journal of Australia:

"When commencing treatment the child is put to bed (in a draught-free room to himself, if possible) for two weeks and given a simple inhalation and a course of Vitamin C . . .

"At the end of the first fortnight the mother reports to

the Clinic. Providing the child has no cold or is showing marked improvement—this is almost invariable—he is allowed up.

"But he is confined to his home surroundings and, as far as possible, allowed contact only with people who are not suffering from a cold.

"At the first sign of a fresh cold, the child is returned to bed and strict treatment continued.

"As soon as the cold has cleared entirely—usually in a few days—he is again allowed up.

"For the first few weeks he may spend more time in bed than out.

"But gradually, as his resistance to colds is built up, his freedom increases.

"Within about three months he is usually up for weeks at a time, and in bed for only four or five days at infrequent intervals.

"The average child is able to return to school and lead a normal life after 10 or 12 months.

"It has been found that, when treatment has been carried out strictly, the majority of children have no asthma attacks after the first few weeks, and many of them do not get asthma at all from the commencement of treatment.

"Where it is considered that maladjustment or behaviour problems are 'triggering' the attacks, and if no improvement is noticed within a reasonable time, the parents and child are referred to a child guidance clinic."

Asthma Clinic statistics show the success of the treatment even more clearly.

Of 284 children who suffered from severe asthma and who were under supervision for two years or more, between January, 1951, and December, 1955, nearly 45 per cent. had no attacks of asthma or bronchitis for at least two years.

Better health

Thirty-three per cent. had only one attack, 16 per cent. had no attacks in the past six months, nearly six per cent. were still getting slight attacks.

The general health of all had improved.

Case histories, too, show the remarkable change in children who, before treatment, had been almost constantly ill.

One of them is Andrew, son of Mrs. Joyce Cover, of Cronulla, who wrote the original letter praising the Asthma Clinic and the work of Sister Grimby.

Andrew, born in England, suffered from colds and coughs almost from infancy. He was three when he came to Australia. Four months later he had his first asthma attack.

His frequent absences from school were reported to the School Medical Service, and led to the Asthma Clinic and its treatment.

"The first year was the most arduous," Mrs. Cover says. "Contact with cold infections had to be reduced to a mini-

mum, which meant no cinema, no buses, no trains.

"For months improvement was slow, and difficult to recognise. At times we thought there was no improvement. And then we began to see results.

"Now Andrew has had two whole years free from asthma! He is back at school as healthy, if not healthier, than his classmates."

But that is only one example.

Behind all these cases—hundreds of them—is Sister Grimby. She not only interviews mothers and children when they first appear at the Clinic, and keeps their records, but is in touch with the mothers every working day—advising and encouraging.

First guidance

She handles up to 40 calls a day from members of what she calls "Our gang."

"All mothers need is simple guidance," Sister Grimby says. "We always say give us a sensible, co-operative mother and we can't go wrong."

"We can take children from 4½ to 15 years, but we do not handle any child who is under treatment by a specialist or a hospital clinic."

"We can treat only about 100 patients a year."

"We do not treat asthma."

● Today, aged 12, and weighing 5st. 4½lb., Andrew is a keen Cronulla R.S.L. Youth Club footballer. Before treatment he could not run the length of the oval.

We treat colds and chronic upper respiratory tract infections which cause asthma.

"Occasionally a child, and nearly always a very sick child, is slow to respond, but after two years he is always much improved. We have not had a total failure over a two-year period.

"We have found that, if asthma returns after the two-year test period, it is nearly always due to the failure by parents to check a cold by the treatment method."

"Thanks originally to Dr. Whiteman, asthma can be stopped. Our record proves it."

"But, as the problem of asthma is too big and too widespread for a single clinic to handle, our advice to parents is to consult their own doctor about treatment."

Note: Dr. Solomons adds: "The treatment has not been adequately tested in Australia on adults."

"One of the objects of the Asthma Clinic is to treat children as young as possible to avoid damage in later years."



The dramatic hostess gown



• The inspiration is Chinese, the color vivid, and the material superb in this exotic hostess suit. The tunic and straight-cut pants are worn under a slim mandarin jacket.



• Printed silk taffeta hostess gown with a tilted hemline is worn over matching slim-fitting knee-breeches.



• Bridal Fantasy, a hostess dress made in flowing white chiffon with a self trim. The skirt forms a train.

from Dior

● Made in two parts — and very worldly—the hostess gown has a top which unfolds to reveal slim pants, an under-dress, or knee-breeches.



● Eastern allure is seen in this slender tunic. The tunic is slashed to reveal elegant jewel-embroidered trousers.



● Blue chiffon princess-line tunic has a matching under-dress. The silver embroidery is patterned in a rose.



● Dress in shadow-pink taffeta unfolds like a gigantic silk rose at front to reveal knee-breeches beneath. The dress sweeps to the floor at back.



NAGGING COUGHS... STOPPED



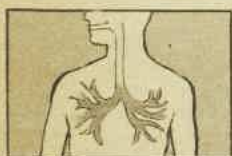
HE SLEEPS ALL NIGHT LONG

NEW FROM VICKS!

ANTI-CONGESTION MEDICINE STOPS NIGHT COUGHS

...WORKS WHERE OTHERS FAIL!

Not only clears chest congestion but drains hidden nasal and sinus congestion as well. His cough goes ... he breathes freely ... he sleeps!



Clears chest congestion to stop coughs.



Drains nasal, sinus areas — he breathes freely.

New, more complete relief. Now, when your child coughs again and again and can't get the sleep he needs, give him new Improved Vicks Cough Syrup.

Unique 3-way anti-congestion action. You see, Improved Vicks Cough Syrup contains a special, medically approved anti-congestant that not only clears chest congestion—it drains nasal and sinus congestion as well. What's more, this unique anti-congestant actually keeps congestion from building up! And with congestion gone ... his cough is gone ... he breathes freely ... sleeps the night through. And you sleep, too!

Plus exclusive deep-penetrating action. Improved Vicks Cough Syrup also contains Cetamium, the amazing deep-penetrating agent that brings soothing medications deep into irritated folds and crevices of throat where other cough syrups never reach!

And Vitamin C. To help your child fight off infection and build his resistance to colds, improved Vicks Cough Syrup contains fresh-fruit Vitamin C!

So don't let a nagging, persistent cough keep your child from getting the sleep he needs. Tonight, give him new Improved Vicks Cough Syrup with Vitamin C!

New IMPROVED Vicks

COUGH SYRUP with Vitamin C

Prescription strength—for adults!

New Vicks FORMULA 44

Especially formulated to fight harsh, adult coughs! Gives faster, more complete relief.



It seems to me

WITHOUT wishing to encroach on Mrs. Dione Lucas' territory, I'd like to announce that I invented a new recipe last weekend.

Having acquired some tripe (oh, well, I bought it if you must know—I rather like it) I proposed to branch away from the familiar white sauce and parsley.

I was at first attracted by the famous Tripe à la mode de Caen, but the recipe book mentioned a calf's foot, which I didn't have, and a cooking time of five hours. Tripe Lyonnaise on the same page looked simpler.

The recipe (from an English book) was a bit sketchy, but I cut the tripe up in strips and began by frying the onions as directed. When the mixture should have been cooked it tasted like sliced sandshoes. So, with nothing to lose, I looked round the kitchen, sighted a red pepper, chopped that up and threw it in, and went back to watching TV.

Hungry by the end of a private-eye session, I had another taste.

No improvement. I threw in half a cup of sherry, put the lid back, and settled down to a further half hour of TV.

Eventually I ate the red pepper and the onion. The tripe by now had acquired a truly remarkable toughness, so I abandoned it. But anyone who is writing a new cook book is welcome to the recipe, provided she calls it by the appropriate name.

It would be a winner under the title of "Mock Octopus."

By



Dorothy Drann

FOURTEEN years ago when I visited Japan for the first time, seven months after the end of the war, I, like many others, was amazed by the docility and civility that the Japanese showed towards the occupying troops.

Among the occupiers were some starry-eyed people, chiefly Americans, who believed that this attitude showed how the Japanese welcomed the beginnings of democracy. You did not need to be over-cynical to question this viewpoint.

A man with long pre-war experience in the East provided an answer: "Oriental people are realists," he said, "and they are not impatient. There is no point in showing their dislike of being occupied, their bitterness at being vanquished. They can afford to wait."

Obviously there is now a large section which feels it has waited long enough.

The demonstrators in the recent disturbances were mostly young, but doubtless there was, among the older people, considerable bland satisfaction that Eisenhower could not set foot on the soil that MacArthur once strode like a god.

Incidentally, President Eisenhower, now nearing the end of his term in office, must surely be looking forward to his retirement.

He will be only human if he obtains some satisfaction from watching his successor try to do better.

THE trouble about the current beehive hairstyles is that old-fashioned shower-caps are inadequate.

You need a chef's cap made of plastic. As for sleeping—the best solution would be to take to those wooden blocks with the curved neck-rests invented by the Japanese.

BACK from his honeymoon, Antony Armstrong-Jones appears, by his photographs, to be sporting a becoming suntan, which reminds me that New Yorkers are said to regard a suntan as a "status symbol."

To have a suntan in the canyons of New York suggests that you have just spent a holiday at some expensive resort.

Here in Australia a suntan may mean no more than that you work shifts.

And yet some store is set by its acquisition in winter.

"What a lovely tan," say the girls at the office, admiring the one who has just returned from holiday.

Since only a few skins genuinely take "a lovely tan" there is many a fresh layer of freckles added in the hope of the compliment.

Nowadays a fair body of medical opinion warns against indiscriminate tanning, and there are some grizzled middle-aged skins around to cast doubt on its worth as a beauty aid.

IN Ottawa, Canada, authorities have reserved a small section of the city for pedestrians. "I think people will come here just to enjoy the plain, relaxed atmosphere," said one of the movers of the scheme.

Pedestrians used to be a class apart, Distinct from motorists, ready to wage war

At slightest insult. Now the purest breed Is dying out, soon will be seen no more. They intermarried with their enemies And bred a curious, schizophrenic race. And fast as they increased, yet faster still

Poured motors from the factories apace. Today's pedestrians are only so part-time,

They undergo strange shifts in points of view,

On foot they shake their fists; behind a wheel,

They cry "Brown's Cows," and "Get a move on, you."

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Each spoonful of Bushells Instant Coffee contains thousands of tiny Flavor-Buds which change into roaster-fresh coffee the *instant* you pour on boiling water.

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GLAD LOVES A FIGHT

By JO WILLIAMS, staff reporter

● Mrs. Gladys Mulcahy, a 46-year-old Sydney housewife, just can't resist a fight.

A NIGHT at the trots, a game of solo or poker, her favorite TV session—she'll throw them all in to watch a ding-dong set-to with the gloves in the ring.

"I've seen five or six fellers fight who've wound up winning world titles," she says.

For 22 years "Glad," as her friends call her, and husband, Frank, have sat in seats 12 and 13 in Row F at Sydney Stadium on Monday nights.

Sometimes she and husband Frank have averaged six fight nights a week.

"Personally," said Mrs. Mulcahy, "I think 90 per cent. of the amateur fights are better than the professional. There are lots of very good amateurs. But they gradually drop out because there's nothing in it.

"Now, if only the big firms would help them. That would be wonderful!"

For years Glad Mulcahy has been one of Australia's staunchest supporters of amateur boxing.

She can tell you punch by punch how all Australia's Olympics boys shape in the ring.

She is "Aunty" to hundreds of young boys who, at one time or another, have shared her joy of a fight.

They're boys who learn to fight at the Chippendale (Sydney) gym of Bill McConnell, who trained Jimmy Carruthers, Australia's only world champion.

Sunday nights when there's a benefit for old-age pensioners at the gym, she and Frank Mulcahy go along to give a hand.

They meet the young boxers and befriend them. They follow some careers from the first K.O.

"Aunty" judged amateur fights once. Once was enough to make her Australia's only woman fight judge.

In corner

Recently she became probably the first woman "second" in an Australian ring.

But not Australia's only woman "second."

The late Mrs. McConnell and Mrs. Jimmy Carruthers were seconds for Jimmy in a championship fight at Bangkok," she said.

"Aunty" has seconded 17-year-old Sammy Calabrese, of



"SECOND" in action... Mrs. Glad Mulcahy shows how she gets promising young Sydney amateur fighter Sammy Calabrese off to a flying start for another round. Besides advising him, she cools him down with water and sponge between rounds.

Paddington, Sydney, in the State intermediate championships, once when he won his semi-finals, and again when he won the welterweight title.

"A second," she says, "tells the boxer what he's done wrong. You watch him and try to help him when he comes back to the corner."

She thought Sammy should have been going for his opponent's midriff — and told him so back in his "corner."

"I've really studied boxing," says Mrs. Mulcahy.

Her husband was manager-trainer for the New South

Wales boys who went interstate for the Olympic trials.

They have been married for 25 years. But "Glad" was a boxing fan before that.

She was one girl in a family of four boys, grew up interested in all sports, has competed in most of them.

Football, trotting, horse racing—she follows them all.

She will stay up all night to hear Test cricket on the air... "Not that I'm passionately fond of cricket," she says.

But she is passionately fond of boxing.

"Don't know what it is," she says, "but I just love a fight!"

Crozzle No. 1 Winner!

● The £500 prize for CROZZLE No. 1 was won by Mrs. R. G. Wright, Box 153, Millicent, South Australia. Mrs. Wright's entry, with a grand total of 357, is shown at right.

One entry — from Queensland — claimed the same score of 357. But it had to be disqualified, according to the rules, because the word "dye" was used twice.

About 20 other entries, with scores of 356, just missed sharing the prize.

NEXT WEEK: Result of CROZZLE No. 2.

CROZZLE No. 1

N	A	V	V	Y		D	
	E	C		C	O	P	
P	O	S	T	M	A	N	N
	T			T	D		R
C	E		S	E	E	R	S
L	A	W	E	R		O	E
O	A		W	E	A	V	E
W	A	R	D	E			S
N	D	R		A	R	T	I
15	24	18	20	15	24	9	18

TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS 167
PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED 190
MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY 357

At this year's Royal Ascot Prince Philip preferred laughing at the hats to looking at the horses. Here are some of the crazy hats he saw at the fashionable meeting.



Londoner Mrs. Eileen Peters in a nylon ice-cream-cone hat. She designed and made it herself.

MAD HATS at ASCOT



Mrs. Stella Munday, of London, called this a "turned-up daisy." It had a green stalk and crown.



Mrs. Nigel Bruce wore a cavernous white straw creation with broad green edging.



Three ladies from London chose tangerine tulle entwined with roses (above), a poppy-festooned lampshade (left), and an island beachcomber hat of green straw (right).



Australians were there

From Adelaide came Miss Margaret Dunn (left) in a white tulle beehive. Another Australian, Louise Paterson (right), attracted photographers with this outsized fluffy pompon.



Janet Schlapp, of Melbourne, Vic., selected a white linen hat for the Royal Enclosure.



Miss Carolyn Venning, of Adelaide, also wore white tulle, and looked pretty in this turban.



Mrs. Anthony Kinsman in a huge water-proof silk hat, enormous earrings, and with a bold jewelled pendant on her forehead.

delicious featherlight **pancakes**
 PERFECT FOR SNACKS, BREAKFAST AND WEEKEND "FILL-INS." JUST BEAT, HEAT AND EAT
quick and easy with **IDEAL MILK**



all you'll need: 4 oz. flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 1 egg, 12-oz. tin IDEAL MILK, lemon juice, sugar.

- 1. BEAT** Sift 4 oz. flour and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt into a bowl. Make a well in the centre, add 1 egg and mix well. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ large tin IDEAL MILK, beat for 5 minutes, then gradually stir in the rest of the IDEAL. No lumps, please.
- 2. HEAT** Melt enough fat in the frying pan to coat bottom and sides. Pour off excess fat, then pour in batter, just covering pan. Toss or turn when cooked on one side.
- 3. EAT** When they're cooked, sprinkle with castor sugar, a squeeze of lemon juice, roll up and serve with golden syrup.

MANSSION'S GLITTERING PAST

*Brookes' entertained lavishly
at "Kurneh," Melbourne*



Sir Norman
Brookes



Dame Mabel
Brookes

● When "Kurneh," home of Sir Norman and Dame Mabel Brookes, is pulled down to make way for flats, much more than a house will vanish.



IT will be the end of an era of glamorous hospitality covering three generations, an era that is part of Melbourne history.

The Brookes' have sold "Kurneh" for a reputed £100,000. They are now in London. When they return they may live at "Elm Tree House," also in South Yarra.

"Kurneh" was the last bastion of Melbourne's entertaining in the grand manner.

There, entertaining called for flocks of servants, for champagne and caviare, for pheasant and Scottish salmon, for 400 guests, for spending anything up to £2000 on a private party.

When the red-and-white awning was up and the red carpet was down, Dame Mabel Brookes, once aptly

described as Melbourne's Hostess with the Mostest, really went to town.

"Kurneh," with its front steps almost to the footpath of Domain Road, became a floodlit fairyland of glittering splendor, a background for

By FRED A IRVING

superbly gowned women and well-groomed men.

Royalty has graced the old home more than once.

Governors and their wives have dined and danced there or attended its charity functions; prime ministers and premiers, too.

And visiting celebrities from sportsmen to intellectuals, ambassadors to service chiefs, "worthy causes" to socialites have all stepped into the

chandelier-lit welcome of its wide hall.

According to a senior C.I.B. officer, "Kurneh" has had more attention from Victoria's detectives, in watching over its guests, their jewels, and its treasures, than all of Melbourne's other private homes put together.

One of Victoria's top C.I.B. "eyes" has attended more functions there than he can count.

Twice "Kurneh" has been credited by the Melbourne Press with "the ball of the century."

First, was the glittering occasion when Sir Norman and Dame Mabel entertained the Duke of Gloucester and 400 top-drawer guests during Melbourne's Centenary Celebrations in 1934.

And, second, the equally glamorous night when they

"KURNEH," the South Yarra home of Sir Norman and Dame Mabel Brookes, which will be demolished this year and replaced by a block of flats. The Brookes' have entertained Royalty here.

entertained another 400 at the debut of their granddaughter Marion Gengoult Smith (now Mrs. Rodney Davidson) during the Queen's visit in 1954.

For both these occasions "Kurneh" put on its best party dress.

A dance floor was erected under a pink-lined marquee on the tennis court. Hundreds of pounds were spent on flowers.

Equally splendid was the house's first Royal occasion way back in the 'twenties, when the Prince of Wales, now the Duke of Windsor, kept the band playing until 5 a.m.

That was the time when the three Brookes daughters, Cynthia,

Elaine, and Hersey, were forbidden to advance farther than the second top step of the staircase to watch the party arrive.

Only Hersey of the three girls had her wedding reception at "Kurneh."

She married champion English golfer John Langley, and had 400 guests to a party after the wedding ceremony at St. Paul's Cathedral.

When Elaine married Reginald Bessemer Clark, great-grandson of English steel magnate Sir Henry Bessemer, the reception — for 500 guests — was at the home of her grandmother, the late Mrs. Harry Emmerton, across the road from "Kurneh."

Her second marriage, to Frederick Roe, English businessman with world-wide tobacco interests, was celebrated in London.

Eldest daughter Cynthia's reception after her marriage to the then Lord Mayor of Melbourne Harold — now Sir

Harold — Gengoult Smith was planned for "Kurneh," but the Melbourne City Council urged Sir Norman and Dame Mabel to allow it to be transferred to the Melbourne Town Hall.

All three girls had their coming-out dances in their famous home, and all three learned their first dancing steps there at weekly classes given by Jennie and Eileen Brennan for some 50 young people.

"Kurneh" has also been a treasure trove of relics of the past.

There is Dame Mabel's collection of Australiana, said to be one of the best in the Com-

monwealth; Napoleonic relics handed down to her from her great-grandfather, William Balcombe, who was host to Napoleon at St. Helena; priceless first editions; her china, her gold and silver plate.

Dame Mabel has a dinner service of Queen's Pattern silver, a collection of 15 Apostle spoons in silver and silver gilt that includes two of the rarest in existence — an Edward VI and an Elizabeth I.

The silver plates, which always came out with the gold plates and dinner service for top occasions, were of never-ceasing interest to the guests. All of them inscribed, they came from the hundreds of tennis and golf trophies Sir Norman won.

Used as a favorite dining-table decoration by Dame Mabel were the two big gold replicas of the Wimbledon Singles Championship cups won by Sir Norman.

But all the glitter and glamor

and all the gallons of champagne were not reserved for the entertainment of VIPs and the Socially Right.

They have played a huge part over the years in aiding one or another of the innumerable good causes Dame Mabel has espoused so strenuously.

Many committees have been set on their way to big money-raising results in the ballroom. And champagne, too, launched one of Dame Mabel's mightiest efforts. It was an antique exhibition of the house's treasures, 800 of them valued conservatively then, in 1956, at £30,000.

It netted £2700 for Dame Mabel's pet cause, the Queen Victoria Hospital, of which she has been president for many years.

Champagne in the ballroom also launched Dame Mabel's campaign as a candidate for the Victorian Parliament.

Toorak and South Yarra eyebrows were raised when a large hoarding appeared in front of the house with "State Election, Toorak, Vote 1, Lady Brookes, C.B.E."

Built by John Collins Levey some 60 years ago, "Kurneh" was the Bowdon Hospital for a time before the Brookes' bought it towards the end of World War I.

In later years it was again a refuge for the sick when Sir Norman and Dame Mabel converted it into a Red Cross Convalescent Hospital for Officers in World War II.

Fame of a different kind came to "Kurneh" last year when film star Gregory Peck and his family lived there while he was in Melbourne for the filming of "On The Beach."

Champagne in ballroom

MEET A WONDER BABY

● Introducing Jenny — Jennifer Louise Daley — one of the cutest young ladies we've met.

JENNY decided to enter this world a full three months too soon, weighing only 2lb. 10z., to the consternation of everyone, except Jenny.

"What's all the fuss about?" Jenny seemed to ask, as she was rushed from her birthplace, the Princess Alexandra Hospital, South Brisbane, to the "premature" nursery at the Brisbane General Hospital.

For three months Jenny lived in a humidicrib, being fed through a tube. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kevin Daley, of Cleveland, near Brisbane, were unable to touch her.

When they took her home and bathed her for the first time, 14-week-old Jenny weighed 7lb. — the average baby's birth weight.

The doctor who delivered Jenny told us: "Lots of smaller babies have survived. But Jenny seemed to ENJOY it all."



BABY JENNY with her mother,
Mrs. Kevin Daley.

"She never once looked back. Just lay in the humidicrib getting fatter every day — having a good laugh at us most likely. I've never seen a baby like her."

Everyone admired the irresistible Mary Bellamy, but there were some who had reason to hate her — exciting new mystery serial

False Scent

BY NGAIO MARSH

ILLUSTRATED BY MAUDSON

WHEN she died it was as if all the love she had inspired in so many people suddenly blossomed. She had never, of course, realised how greatly she was loved, never known that she was to be carried by six young men who would ask to perform this last courtesy: to bear her on their strong shoulders, so gently and with such dedication.

Quite insignificant people were there: her old Ninn, the family nurse, with a face like a boot, grimly crying. And Florence, her dresser, with a bunch of primroses, because of all flowers they were the ones she had best loved to see on her make-up table. And George, the stage doorkeeper at the Unicorn, sober as sober and telling anyone who would listen to him that there, if you liked, had been a great lady. Pinky Cavendish in floods, and Maurice, very Guardee, with a stiff upper lip. Crowds of people whom she herself would have scarcely remembered but upon whom, at some time, she had bestowed the gift of her charm.

All the knights and Dames, of course, and the Management, and Timon Gantry, the great producer, who had so often directed her. Bertie Saracen, who had created her dresses since the days when she was a bit-part actress and who had, indeed, risen to his present eminence in the wake of her mounting fame. But it was not for her fame that they had come to say goodbye to her. It was because, quite simply, they had loved her.

And Richard? Richard was there, white and withdrawn. And — this was an afterthought — and, of course, Charles.

Miss Bellamy paused, bogged down in her own fantasy. Enjoyable tears started from her eyes. She often indulged herself with plans for her funeral and she never failed to be moved by them. The only catch was the indisputable fact that she wouldn't live to enjoy it. She would be, as it were, cheated of her own obsequies and she felt there was some injustice in this.

But perhaps, after all, she would know. Perhaps she would hover ambiguously over the whole show, employing her famous gift for making a party go without seeming to do anything about it. Perhaps —? Feeling slightly uncomfortable, she reminded herself of her magnificent constitution and decided to think about something else.

There was plenty to think about. The new play. Her role: a fat part if ever she saw one. The long speech about keeping the old chin up and facing the future with a wry smile.

Richard hadn't put it quite like that and she did sometimes wish he would write more simply. Perhaps she would choose her moment and suggest to him that a few homely phrases would do the trick much more effectively than those rather involved, rather arid sentences that were so darn difficult to memorise. What was wanted — the disreputable word "gimmick" rose to the surface and was instantly slapped down — what was wanted, when all was said and done, was the cosy human touch: a vehicle for her particular genius. She believed in humanity.

Perhaps this morning would be the right occasion to talk to Richard. He would, of course, be coming to wish her many happy returns. Her birthday! That had to be thought of selectively and with a certain amount of care. She must at all costs exclude that too easy little sum whose answer would provide her age. She had, quite literally and by dint of a yogi-like discipline, succeeded in forgetting it.

Nobody else that mattered knew, except Florence, who was utterly discreet, and Old Ninn, who, one must face it, was getting a bit garrulous, especially when she'd taken her glass or two of port. It was to be hoped she wouldn't forget herself this afternoon.

After all it was how you felt and how you looked that mattered. She lifted her head from the pillows and turned it. There, across the room, she was, reflected in the tall glass above her dressing-table. Not bad, she thought, not half bad, even at that hour and with no make-up. She touched her face here and there, manipulating the skin above the temples and at the top of the jawline.

To lift or not to lift? Pinky Cavendish was all for it and said that nowadays there was no need for the stretched look. But what about her famous triangular smile? Maintaining the lift, she smiled. The effect was still triangular.

She rang her bell. It was rather touching to think of her little household, oriented to her signal. Florence, Cooky, Gracefield, the parlormaid, the housemaid, and the odd woman: all ready in the kitchen and full of plans for the Great Day. Old Ninn, revelling in her annual holiday, sitting up in bed with her "News of the World" or perhaps putting the final touch to the bed-jacket she had undoubtedly knitted

and which would have to be publicly worn for her gratification. And, of course, Charles.

It was curious how Miss Bellamy tended to leave her husband out of her meditations, because, after all, she was extremely fond of him. She hurriedly inserted him. He would be waiting for Gracefield to tell him she was awake and had rung. Presently he would appear, wearing a pink scrubbed look and that plum-colored dressing-gown that did so little to help.

She heard a faint chink and a subdued rumble. The door opened and Florence came in with her tray.

"Top of the morning, dear," said Florence. "What's it feel like to be righteen again?"

"You old fool," Miss Bellamy said and grinned at her. "It feels fine."

Florence built pillows up behind her and set the tray across her knees. She then drew back the curtains and lit the fire. She was a pale, small woman with black dyed hair and sardonic eyes. She had been Miss Bellamy's dresser for twenty-five years and her personal maid for fifteen. "Three rousing cheers," she said, "it's a handsome-looking morning."

Miss Bellamy examined her tray. The basket-ends were full of telegrams, a spray of orchids lay across the plate, and beside it a parcel in silver wrapping tied with pink ribbon.

"What's all this?" she asked, as she had asked for her last fifteen birthdays, and took up the parcel.

"The flowers are from the Colonel. He'll be bringing his present later on, as per usual, I suppose."

"I wasn't talking about the flowers," Miss Bellamy said and opened the parcel. "Florrie! Florrie, darling!"

Florence clattered the firearms. "Might as well get in early," she muttered, "or it'd never be noticed."

It was a chemise, gossamer fine and exquisitely embroidered.

"Come here!" Miss Bellamy said, fondly bullying.

Florence walked over to the bed and suffered herself to be kissed. Her face became crimson. For a moment she looked at her employer with a devotion that was painful in its intensity and then turned aside, her eyes filmed with unwilling tears.

"But it's out of this world!" Miss Bellamy marvelled, referring to the chemise. "That's all! It's just made my day for me." She shook her head slowly from side to side, lost in wonderment. "I can't wait," she said and, indeed, she was very pleased with it.

"There's the usual mail," Florence grunted. "More, if anything."

"Truly?"

"Outside on the trolley. Will I fetch it in here?"

"After my bath, darling, may we?"

Florence opened drawers and doors, and began to lay out the clothes her mistress had chosen to wear. Miss Bellamy, who was on a strict diet, drank her tea, ate her toast, and opened her telegrams, awarding each of them some pleased ejaculation. "Darling Bertie! Such a sweet muddled little message. And a cable, Florrie, from the Bantings in New York. Heaven of them!"

"That show's folding, I'm told," Florence said, "and small wonder. Dirty and dull, by all accounts. You mustn't be both."

"You don't know anything about it," Miss Bellamy absently observed. She was staring in bewilderment at the next telegram. "This," she said, "isn't true. It's just not true. My dear Florrie, will you listen." Modulating her lovely voice, Miss Bellamy read it aloud. "Her birth was of the womb of morning dew and her conception of the joyous prime."

"Disgusting," said Florence.

"I call it rather touching. But who in the wide world is Octavius Browne?"

"Search me, love," Florence helped Miss Bellamy into a negligee designed by Bertie Saracen, and herself went into the bathroom. Miss Bellamy settled down to some preliminary work on her face.

There was a tap on the door connecting her room with her husband's and he came in. Charles Templeton was sixty years old, big and fair with a noticeable corporation. His eye-

To page 47

Mary's grooming was a ritual, which she always finished with the lavish use of her heavy blue Venetian glass scent-spray.







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"chapped-skin" time..
time for **NIVEA**
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DATE WITH DESTINY

A short short story

By **BRET
MARTINE**



Fate had arranged a meeting
for him with a beautiful girl.



MR. FITTER sat staring in complete bewilderment at the date entered for that evening in his diary.

In his pocket diary, a neat, thin booklet bound in dark blue material and containing, in addition to Mr. Fitter's personal statistics, a wealth of information concerning tides, the airports of the world, drachms and firkins, and sundry eclipses all invisible at Greenwich.

But the item now under Mr. Fitter's astonished gaze was infinitely more compelling than any of those invaluable data.

Mr. Fitter, a tidy-minded man who detested being in the dark, rang for his secretary.

She entered: a desiccated, flat-heeled female; a perfect treasure, and quite free from the vice of humor. Mr. Fitter, in his more whimsical moods, rather traded on this.

"Would you say, Miss Twistle," he inquired gravely, "that I am showing the signs of advancing age?"

"Why, no, sir!" replied Miss Twistle, shocked.

"You wouldn't say I'm falling to pieces, or losing my grip, or parting company with my faculties?"

Miss Twistle looked distressed. Elaborate sarcasm was usually the prelude to an explosion. But Mr. Fitter smiled. "It's just that I've a date in my diary — and not the foggiest idea what it's all about!"

Automatically, the perfect secretary reached for the big engagement book on the desk. The boss waved her hand away. "Not in that. A private date, in my pocket diary here. A most intriguing date: yet one that I haven't the slightest recollection of making."

"Dear me, sir," said Miss Twistle. "Do you know the Lido cocktail bar?" Mr. Fitter asked.

"I know of it," confessed Miss Twistle primly.

"Pink shades and blue prices, I gather. Hot music and cool customers. Can you imagine me lurking there, to meet a lady?"

Miss Twistle looked horrified. "Good gracious!"

"If I'm not turning into a Jekyll and Hyde," stated Mr. Fitter, "you're the first person who would know about it. My wife, I fear, would be the last. Time you were off. No use my going home, in view of this date with the unknown."

"Haven't you written any name?" exclaimed Miss Twistle.

Mr. Fitter looked again at his diary. "It simply says," he murmured, "Meet Destiny. I think I'd better do that."

Though Mr. Fitter disliked manufactured mystery, he was not too old to feel the call of the genuine article. Between 5.15 and 6.45 he looked several times at that entry in his diary — Meet Destiny, Lido, 7 o'clock — feeling alternately puzzled, amused, and a trifle awed.

There are so many ways in which a man may keep a date, but meet a destiny . . .

Mr. Fitter, not normally a timid or superstitious man, was surprised to feel his feet dragging, his heart thumping as he crossed the pavement from his taxi, passed through a foyer, and entered the smoky air of the bar.

She was there all right.

Apart from the fact that, so early in the evening, she was the only customer sitting up at the snack-counter — for the Lido awakens when other places sleep — it was obvious at once to Mr. Fitter that this woman, beautifully dressed in black, must have an unusual name.

He perched with commendable agility on the next stool. "You're — er — Destiny?" he ventured.

She smiled. "I am called that, I believe. How nice of you to know."

"How nice for me to know you," he returned, surprising himself by his smoothness. He hadn't indulged in gallantry for over twenty-five years. It was like touching one's toes: a bit silly, but pleasant to find it still possible. "What does Destiny drink? Nectar, I presume?"

"It could be hemlock," she laughed, "but a gin-and-it will do, thank you."

He studied her covertly as she sipped. Darkish hair; light skin. Not too young; poised; soignée, attractive. A woman who could wear black and yet seem to stain with color the radiance of eternity. Good grief, thought Mr. Fitter, that's Shelley, and I haven't quoted him since I was courting . . .

"Your name?" she was asking. "Does it matter?" he replied. "I don't know yours. Oh, yes, Destiny — that's fine. You can call me" — for some odd reason his mind jumped to Army days — "you can call me Fizzer. Now, where do we dine?"

"Anywhere, Fizzer. You show me."

In later, calmer moments, Mr. Fitter endeavored to explain his behaviour by arguing that he'd simply been probing a mystery. Hang it, he told himself, that date with Destiny was there in black and white and he couldn't put the girl off with a sandwich . . .

He took her to a place where the rainbow trout was a dream and the roast duckling a speciality of the house; and the Barsac and the Burgundy things to remember in old age. Mr. Fitter certainly remembered them when totting up his personal expenses a week later.

Destiny listened. She listened while he talked, her large eyes changing, like pools under a summer sky, from moment to moment, returning sympathy, understanding, concern, merriment.

It was a long time since anyone — even his secretary, who was paid to put up with it — had listened to Mr. Fitter in just that way.

"You know, you're as intelligent as you are charming," he declared.

"Most men won't say such things," Destiny answered. "Which shows you're as charming as you are intelligent."

This was after dinner, when they sat in St. James's Park watching the waterfowl in the warm dusk. Long after dinner; and hours and hours after Mr. Fitter's usual time for going home. "It's been delightful," Destiny was saying, "but I must go and so must you. So, goodbye—"

"Until next time," Mr. Fitter insisted, foolishly. And when at last he sat in his suburban train he was able to gaze, with wicked pride, at a new entry in his diary, for the following Wednesday. It said simply: D. Same place, time. Never, he thought with a thrill, has a wild oat flourished in fewer words.

Ethel had settled herself placidly to a knitting session when he got indoors; and young Dilly was stacking records on the radiogram. Mr. Fitter made a brief apology as he changed into his slippers. He'd run across an old school pal and they'd had a bite in a pub . . .

Dilly dropped a disc and a forceful word. "Really, my dear!" protested her mother.

"It was tonight!" Dilly exclaimed. "I'm positive it was tonight! That date — and I distinctly remember writing it down — my diary was by the phone when I took the call yesterday. So was Dad's. Oh, golly, don't tell me I — Dad, look in your diary, there's a darling—"

Mr. Fitter groped for his little book, adjusted his glasses, pretended to make a careful scrutiny. "Would this be it?" he asked, mildly. "Meet Destiny, Lido, 7 o'clock?"

"That's it — I'm a mutt — I'll have to phone her—"

"And who, dear," Ethel asked, "is Destiny?"

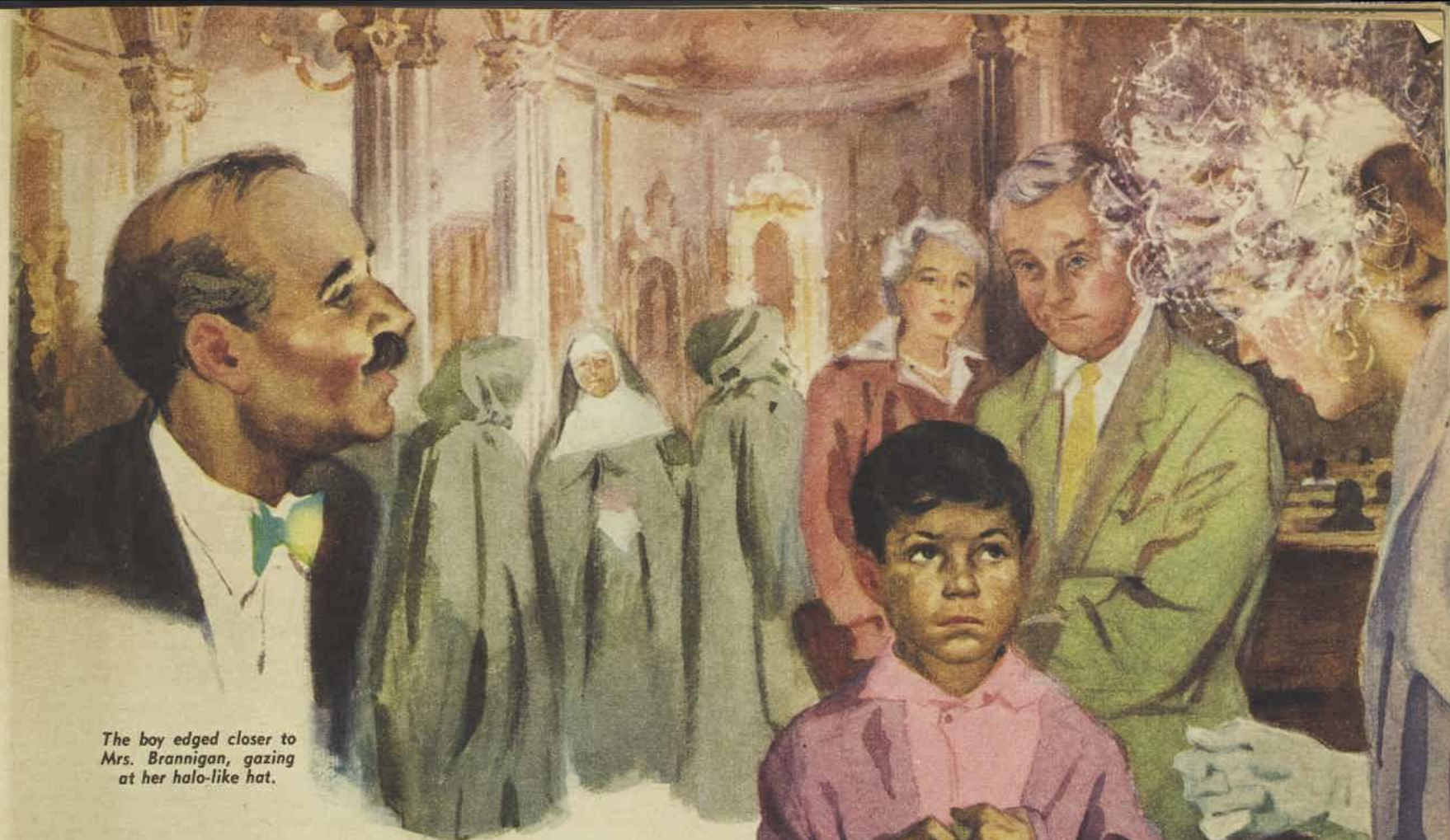
"Oh, she helped to run that drama school effort I went to, way back," said Dilly, casually. "A Miss Destridge. Quite a smasher, but good company for an evening out. We called her Destiny because of her eyes and her way with men. Collects their scalps and throws 'em aside, that's Destiny. Didn't you spot that the entry in your diary was in my writing, Dad?"

Mr. Fitter, pretending to fiddle with his fountain-pen, was diligently blacking out next Wednesday's item. "Oh, quite," he fibbed, with commendable aplomb. "Otherwise I might have kept the date."

Dilly laughed till her pretty curls shook. "Oh, no! You, Dad? A date with man-eater Destiny Destridge? My, that would be the day!"

"It would, indeed," sighed Mr. Fitter. He turned to Ethel and gave her an affectionate smile. "Shall I hold that wool while you wind it, my dear?"

(Copyright)



The boy edged closer to Mrs. Brannigan, gazing at her halo-like hat.

Miracle in Spain

A charming short story

By MARION VALENSI

TO understand what happened to Mrs. Brannigan and, for that matter, what happened to the other Americans on that Spanish tourist bus you have to know Spain. You have to be aware of the red earth, the incredible mountains, golden sand, blue sea, and the shining, miraculous white stillness of little towns. You should also know the fierce pride, the piety, the rash courage, and the gentle kindness of the Spanish people.

The story is, of course, Mrs. Brannigan's. What Mrs. Brannigan was underneath the too-plump flesh, the bleached gold hair, the garish and expensive clothes no one really knew. Her voice was too loud, her laugh too hearty. To the other Americans on the bus she was at once ignorant, bragging, and impossible.

The Americans, strangers at the start in Barcelona, became at once a close-knit group, excluding Mrs. Brannigan. Dr. Welty was a teacher of languages and an intellectual; his wife was quiet, drab, and ingratiating. Miss Berger was an executive in a New York advertising firm, and she worshipped success.

Mr. and Mrs. Markham were from South Carolina. They worshipped family and appreciated art. Mrs. Carmody and her daughter, from Boston, apparently travelled everywhere, satirically and economically. Then there was Mr. Hagedorn, a retired banker. Mr. Hagedorn's approach to the beauty and seductive-

ness of the country was with caution, as if he feared it might be a poor investment; but his position in the financial world made him at once the leader and pivot of the group.

Judging by her wilful tongue and the sparkle of her diamonds, Mrs. Brannigan should have travelled in a private car. She told no one why she had chosen the bus, for she wanted no pity. Her reason was loneliness.

In her hunger for conversation she began at once to tell everyone about the chain of hotels she owned, about Tom Brannigan (rest his soul in peace), who had one pair of shoes to his feet when they started their married life. So it was not surprising that at their first stop, at Tarragona, she found herself alone looking out at the blue sea, while the others gathered round a table in a cafe.

Once more Nora Brannigan cursed herself for a fool for wanting to see Europe. Yes, she almost wished herself back in Chicago, but not quite. She had come to see the Old World, and see it she would if it killed her! For thirty years she had wanted to see it, and now here she was.

Tom had said that Miami and New York were good enough for him, so that had been

To page 45

Illustrated by

John M. Miller

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WORTH REPORTING

SUSAN HILL is an 18-year-old English schoolgirl. Her first novel, "The Enclosure," will be published in England within the next few months.

And Susan is an "angry young writer." She's cross because the English newspapers hail her book as yet another "absorbing and revealing saga of cynicism and decadence."

"The Enclosure," Susan says, "is about an actor-producer (a professional failure) and his novelist wife and the disintegration of their marriage."

"I don't want to be prejudged. I want my book to be criticised on its literary merits. That's the trouble with being so young. They just go on and ON about it."

Susan Hill could hardly be classified as a typical teenager.

She rarely sees a film. She



SUSAN HILL... she found dancing plain revolting.

has the "deepest contempt" for television... "I mean, it's all right for invalids and old people." She doesn't like playing tennis or watching cricket.

Susan isn't interested in clothes, either. And, asked about dancing, she said, "Ugh," then enlarged: "I've never seen such a sordid, revolting, depressing sight as two people clasped to each other, moving to the strains of Victor Sylvester."

This is certainly not typical. So we were reassured to hear that Susan has some enthusiasms.

She's stage-struck. Her second book, "The Release," has a theatrical background. And she's written a play; its message: "more or less, man's inhumanity to man."

NEXT time you go picnicking or walking in the bush, look for COLOR...

Why? Well, Australia may be a sunburnt country—but, according to Sydney artist Herbert Flugelman, "the bush is never drab."

We wandered along to Flugelman's one-man show in Sydney recently.

And, there, his paintings of bush scenes glowed with shades of orange, lilac, yellow, blues, greens, turquoise and shocking-pink.



Kensington Palace's Apartment 10... it sounded "awfully suburban."

The newlyweds at No. 10

EVERYONE has heard of that London address: No. 10 Downing Street. And now there's another famous "Number Ten" in London.

It's Apartment 10 at Kensington Palace, the new home of Princess Margaret and Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones. (Their neighbor, the Duchess of Kent, lives at Number One.)

Why the numbers? "Because the apartments are constantly changing in size to suit the requirements of different residents," said a spokesman from the Lord Chamberlain's office.

"I know it sounds awfully suburban, but we got so terribly muddled 'with the people living at Hampton Court that we decided it was necessary to number all grace-and-favor residences."

A NEW restaurant has opened in London's Leicester Square.

It's called "The Guinea and the Piggy." And there, for £1/1, guests can eat as much as they like...

Eating in style!

You won't eat this pickle

THE newspaper advertisement said that an appliance manufacturer wanted an experienced "vitreous enamel pickler."

Since we're very fond of pickles (especially with cold roast beef), we rang the company. "Pickled enamel sounds delicious, but unusual," we said. "What's it like?"

A company spokesman explained that enamel picklers do not pickle enamel. No. You know those pieces of metal that line the inside of refrigerators? Well, a pickler dips that metal into an acid solution to remove any grease or dirt.

This is called "pickling." Then the cleaned metal is coated with enamel.

BEFORE she goes to bed, a friend of ours always powders her nose, puts on lipstick, and combs her hair carefully into place...

She says she doesn't want the people she dreams about to see her looking untidy.

VISITING Paris recently, Liberace bought a present for his mother.

It was a black-and-white handbag... in the shape of a piano, complete with two gold candelabra.

Dramatic life of a lino

IT'S Sydney's best-known square of linoleum: the "stage" of the intriguing Ensemble Theatre—a converted boatshed with a verandah that hangs out over the waters of Careening Cove.

The lino has had a pretty tragic and dramatic life so far. But relief is at hand, and the lino will soon feel the tread of light-hearted feet...

In the Ensemble's production of "The Man," that linoleum positively shone. It was polished feverishly for almost the whole performance by the main player—a psychopath who spent most of the time on his knees with floor-cleaning equipment (and he finally



HAYES GORDON... an end to death and disaster.

stabbed his benefactor to death).

Freshly painted, the lino suffered the stamping feet of strong passions in Tennessee Williams' "Orpheus Descending," and ended up with the heroine's blood all over it.

It was first-class washable stage blood that flowed after a most realistic shooting.

But tragedy gives place to comedy at the Ensemble this month, when the players will walk lightly through "Lullaby."

Everyone at the Ensemble, from its Governing Director, Hayes Gordon, down to the theatre cat, is enjoying the change; they say they've all had the death and disaster that has raged on ever since the theatre moved to the old boatshed six months ago.

Any way she turns...



the picture of POISE

There's a very special quality about her. It's in the gracious way she moves... the artfully simple way she dresses... the quietly assured way she speaks. She's the kind of person who goes about her living poised and confident. "Problem days" have no meaning for her. She relies on Tampax—knows it completely protects, while it keeps her secret safe.

With Tampax internal sanitary protection, she's never bothered with pads, belts, pins... never worried about odour forming... never concerned with problems of disposal or carrying "spares". Invisible and unfelt when in place, Tampax makes her literally forget there's a difference in days of the month!

No wonder millions of smart young moderns use Tampax! It's certainly the nicer way, the better way of handling those days. Why don't you use Tampax, too? Try it this month. Available in two absorbencies—Regular and Super—to meet personal needs. At chemists and stores everywhere.

If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 7d. in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

BACKACHE? like this



Can't move without agony?

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When your back feels in a vice—muscles stiff and sore—every move a stab of pain—it is often due to accumulations of uric acid deposits in your muscles and joints. The wonder-drug THIONINE, one of the therapeutic ingredients in Mackenzie's MENTHOIDS, helps your system throw off these harmful, pain-producing deposits.

If you or yours suffer rheumatism, aching muscles and joints, bad backs, neuritis, kidney and bladder weakness or constant headaches, start the MENTHOIDS treatment right away. MENTHOIDS, with helpful diet chart, are 15/-, 9/- or 5/- everywhere.

MACKENZIE'S
MENTHOIDS

A DAY TO HERSELF



"Alone at last!"
thought Mary when
the children had left
for school.

At a quarter to six Mary Gilbert opened her eyes and stared up at the safety-pins holding together the large rent in her mosquito net. This, she told herself joyfully, was it! This was the moment she'd been looking forward to for eight weeks—the moment she'd kept tucked away tantalisingly in the back of her mind, like an unopened Christmas present. This was the day the children went off to school again.

Not that she hadn't enjoyed the holidays. Sifting through the maze of sunny hours, spent at the beach or in the bush—hours full of gaiety, games, quarrels, and laughter, she realised thankfully how happy they had been. It was just that during that time everything moved at such a relentless pace.

It was always the next event that was the important one—the next plan, the next outing, until she sometimes felt she was tied to an enormous conveyor belt, always moving on but never actually arriving. Every morning started with an eager "What are we doing today?" and ended with "That was beautiful! What are we doing tomorrow?"

Meanwhile, the routine chores had to be fitted in somehow. Not very thoroughly, Mary thought guiltily, but corners must be cut somewhere. After all, there were things more important than torn mosquito nets, for instance, or unpolished floors. So long as there was plenty to eat and clean clothes to wear, the other things had to slide. I'll do that when the holidays are over was her constant formula.

Along with all the household refinements she'd had to jettison her own personal luxuries. Time to fix her hair, to do her nails, to read, even, she reflected resentfully, to think. It was as though she'd had to suppress her own personality—the essential Mary Gilbert—and submerge it in that of Mum.

Mum, the meal provider, the organiser, the chauffeur, the arbiter of quarrels—friend or foe—according to the prevailing mood. Mum, the

universal symbol, there only for the benefit of the family, with no individual existence of her own.

That had been the way of it for eight strenuous, concentrated weeks. But today was different!

Turning her eyes away from the safety-pins, Mary looked at the clock. The hands were on six, and it was two busy hours later when, washed, fed, dressed, be-lunched, kissed, and admonished, her family set out to catch their train.

Alone at last! The ridiculous cliché danced through her mind. Really alone for the first time for two months! Silence settled round her soothingly as she contemplated the day ahead. How could she make the most of it now it was here?

From sheer habit she flicked dust from the hall seat and picked up a crumpled sweet-paper from the rug. The house needed cleaning right through. There was washing in the basket, a huge pile of mending in the cupboard. She ought to make something special for pudding to brighten the prospect of the evening's homework. All these things were crying out to be done and yet—a sudden feeling of revolt stirred inside her. Were they so essential after all?

The house wasn't too bad, the laundry could wait for tomorrow; the mending, too. She could buy one of the new, fancy ice-cream packs when she went to meet the children. Why not spend today entirely, delightfully on herself, doing all the things she'd been thinking about so wistfully. Why not take Mary Gilbert out of mothballs and get acquainted with her

again—indulge and pamper her like a long-lost friend.

While she ran her bath, Mary hunted through the drawer of her clippings she intended sorting some day. Yes, here it was—the page from the women's magazine that gave full details for restoring order to a neglected appearance. The whole fascinating blueprint from head to toe. "First wash and set your hair, then smooth a rich, nourishing cream with firm, upward strokes" . . . the knowledgeable voice spoke crisply from the paper and Mary set to work obediently. "You must relax completely, a little music will help."

What joy to be able to choose your own programme without argument! She could spend as long in the bathroom as she liked and then back to bed with the paper. No one would be there breathing heavily over her shoulder while she tried to follow that difficult article on thermonuclear advances. And for lunch she could eat that last piece of Sunday's chicken she'd been keeping because there was no way of stretching it fairly between four.

By three o'clock Mary was sitting in the sun on the verandah searching the dictionary for the words she'd written down from past reading and never got around to looking up. The sound of the gate made her turn, and she saw her sister Helen picking her way up the gravel path, delicately, so as not to dirty her bone shoes. Helen—tall, elegant, beautifully groomed—Helen, who looked five years younger than she did, and was, in fact, just that number of years older.

"Hi!" she called in her throaty voice. Mary was suddenly reminded of all the effort and training that

had gone into developing its special, modulated pitch.

"I thought I'd find you up to your ears in housework."

"Not today," Mary smiled.

"Not sick, are you? You look—well—different somehow."

Mary patted her newly done hair complacently and admired the flash of sunlight on her nails.

"How do you mean—different?"

"Sort of unreal—not like yourself. I never think of you as the leisurely chaise-longue type. I always see you with a duster in your hand."

For a second Mary felt furious. Then she laughed. "I guess that's a pretty true-to-life description, but today I'm giving myself a treat. I'm tired of being Mum."

"Oh, I don't know." Helen's voice took on a note that had nothing to do with careful voice production. "I imagine it must be rather nice."

With a swift pang Mary recognised the frustration in her words. Helen, the glamorous, the sought-after, at thirty-five had no children, and no husband, either, now she had started her divorce. She had time unlimited to devote to herself. She could spend hours every day dwelling on the things Mary had imagined she was pining for so much.

Suddenly she realised that much as she'd enjoyed herself, she was already thinking with enthusiasm of the jobs that lay ahead tomorrow. To be someone who mattered—that was the important thing. Not just to yourself, but to the people who depended on you, for all that you could do and give, to make them happy.

She glanced quickly at her watch. "It's time for me to go and collect the gang. Can I drop you somewhere?"

"Just at the corner. I have to go to the dressmaker."

At the fruit shop Mary bought two kinds of ice-cream—strawberry as well as chocolate. Extravagant, she knew, but tonight was rather special. Then the train was there and four flying figures converged on the car.

"I'm in the 'A' form this year!"

"I need three exercise books!"

"You've got to tell Miss White I'm to take extra swimming!"

"My tooth came out—I've kept it for you!"

Everyone shouted. Everyone wanted to tell her their news first. Everyone was bursting with their own concerns. No one asked how she was or how she'd put in her day. She was Mum again with a vengeance—and she'd never felt more happy in her life!

(Copyright)

Page 21

A short short story By ANN FRENCH

BILLY TEA

the tea of distinctive flavour



for good tea
Anywhere, Any time, EVERY TIME

Yes, you really can make good tea every time with Billy Tea . . . and Billy Tea has a captivating flavour that is so distinctly different . . . so fresh! So please your family and yourself change to BILLY TEA.

PART OF THE AUSTRALIAN WAY OF LIVING



DRESS SENSE

By
Betty Keep

● This maternity fashion was chosen to answer a request from a reader who wants to wear the garment as a coat or dress.

HERE is her letter and my reply:

"I recently purchased 3½ yds. of 54in. material in a light woollen fabric. The fabric is for maternity wear and I would like a design that can be worn as a coat or a dress. The design will need to be simple, as I am only average with a needle. I usually take a 32in. bust."

The design I have chosen for you is illustrated at right. My choice is a simple beltless coat that could double as a dress. I do not think that you will find the design difficult to make, as all our patterns include a step-by-step instruction chart and full sewing details.

Order according to bust size before pregnancy; all our maternity patterns are specially drafted to allow room for expansion. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"WOULD you please tell me the correct and smartest length for a day skirt? The dress is for late winter."

Current skirt lengths are short, the most popular length covering the wearer's knees. This length should be varied and governed by three things—personal taste, figure proportions, and silhouette of the garment.

A "big" figure (38 to 48in. bust group) should wear a skirt at least 2in. below the knee. A garment with a slender silhouette should always have a slightly longer hem than one with a skirt width, as a narrow skirt is apt to slither up when the wearer sits.

"MY bridesmaids, aged 17 and 18 years, are wearing pastel bouffant dresses made in pink organdie. Would you please suggest hats made in the same material? We don't want hats with picture brims. Both bridesmaids have dark hair."

Big bonnet berets made in organza would be a pretty idea for bridesmaids' hats. The beret must be very bouffant and caught into a head-hugging band of self-material. Be sure the girls wear the berets back to show the hairline.

"PLEASE tell me what my mother and my future husband's mother should wear to our wedding. The wedding is formal and is taking place at 4 p.m."

The bride's and groom's mothers will be correctly attired in street-length afternoon dresses. The material for the dresses can be quite formal; lace, chiffon, and taffeta would all be suitable.



DS408.—Maternity coat-cum-dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 54in. material or 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Hats for such an occasion are usually small and often flower- or feather-trimmed. A large hat, if more becoming to the wearer, is quite correct; shoes, gloves, and handbag should harmonise with the dresses.

"I LIVE in a country town, and part of my time is taken up car-driving. The work is voluntary and I do not wear uniform. I don't wear slacks and would like a suggestion for a comfortable skirt that would also be warm."

I suggest a culotte (divided

skirt). This type of skirt is currently popular in the U.S., where it is worn for active and spectator sports or as a "car skirt."

"I HAVE some fire-engine-red wool I wish to use for a theatre coat. The wrap is to go over a slim ankle-length skirt in black wool and a black embroidered sweater."

I suggest a sleeveless knee-length coat with an elbow-length cape collar. The cape takes the place of sleeves. Wear long black gloves to complete ensemble.

"I AM making a silk organdie evening frock with a gathered skirt line and can't find a way to finish the bodice. Would you suggest an idea? I have a good bustline and shoulders."

An off-the-shoulder neckline finished with a bertha collar would be a pretty idea for the bodice of your dress.

"COULD you advise me on the following problem? I have two pieces of silk I wish to combine for a short evening frock if you consider them suitable. One piece is plain mauve, nearly 2 yards, and the other piece, printed in purple and green flowers, is a little over 3 yards. I am medium build."

French designer Pierre Cardin showed a very attractive short-skirted evening dress in his spring collection; the dress combined a plain bodice and printed skirt. I suggest you follow this idea, with the sleeveless easy-fit bodice in plain fabric topping a short, balloon skirt in printed fabric.

"MY problem is about the shade for a ballerina I am wearing to a buffet taking place at 7 p.m. I wanted to wear a beige tone, but was not sure if it was correct for after-dark."

Quite correct and very new, too. A burnt-sugar beige or pale magnolia would look extremely attractive made in chiffon. If you prefer a printed material—and it's very new for spring—look for a white ground patterned in beige and brown.

"IS it correct to wear black in the spring? The outfit I have in mind is for day wear, and I want it to be practical as well as fashionable."

Correct, yes; but, personally, I am not an admirer of black. In fact, I consider black adds ten years to most women's looks. This, in my opinion, means that it is necessary to be in the 18-year-old age group, and preferably a blonde, to wear black successfully. For practical reasons, I know black has merits. But, if and when a dark color is necessary, instead of black wear such shades as deep garnet, espresso-brown, a black-green, or a deep dark amethyst.

However, I must add in defence of current world fashions that the all-black outfit, including gloves, handbag, hat, and shoes, is a spring trend in the United States.

"WOULD you tell me a smart color and the newest length for a separate wool jacket? The jacket will be mostly worn over a black woollen sheath frock made with a deep V-shape neckline."

For the color choice I like the idea of beige or one of the new orange-red shades. The smart length for a jacket is cropped at the waistline or a trifle longer.

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Ace of hearts

A new trump card for lip-beauty

by **YARDLEY**

The advertisement features a woman with blonde hair styled in a bun, wearing a white long-sleeved top and a full skirt with a large yellow floral pattern. She is holding a small card with a red heart symbol. To her right is a large red heart containing the words 'Ace of hearts' in a cursive script. Below the heart, the text 'A new trump card for lip-beauty' is written. Further down, two Yardley lipstick tubes are shown: one with a red cap and one with a gold cap. The brand name 'YARDLEY' is prominently displayed in bold capital letters.

Bottle of Port

By BARBARA McILROY

TWO intent backs stood bent over the exhibit. Heavy breathing denoted intense concentration. One back was tweed-jacketed, hacking style, the square flap stretched tightly over flannel trousers. Solid brown heels, polished like horse-chestnuts, rested squarely on the floor. The trousers were worn and the jacket was worn, but both were neatly patched and mended.

Their owner had no gloves. One of his shiny-backed old man's hands, the veins standing out like a tangle of grey wool, held the other behind his back. The frayed edge of a clean cuff showed below the jacket sleeve.

The other back was grey-suited and dapper. Its owner held a silver-topped cane in both hands across its lower parts. A pair of black heels, neater and no less polished than the brown, rose and fell occasionally below crisply-turned-up narrow trousers. The fingers of butter-yellow gloves, negligently holding the cane, quivered as the heels descended.

The exhibition was organised by the Society of Model Railway Engineers; and the exhibit was a model, in the smallest gauge, of the Golden Arrow, built by a clergyman from Sunningdale.

After a quarter of an hour the dapper back straightened. The tweed jacket, aware for the first time of another's presence, squared his shoulders. Reluctantly they acknowledged each other.

"Interested in model railways?" asked the owner of the butter-yellow gloves, revealing a face rosy with exertion and adorned with a neat Edwardian moustache.

"Trains. Hobby, y'know. Prefer steam."

"Infinitely. But no space at home. Small bungalow. Can't run steam decently on less than gauge one."

"Mean you've got a model track?"

"Small one. Zero gauge. Runs in the spare room."

The other sighed. Without further comment he bent his back again.

The dapper old man settled a hand-knitted stock below a stiff collar. He frisked his trouser-leg with his cane and balanced it on a polished toe. His moustache twitched upwards in a smile. "You got one?" he asked.

The other straightened up again. "No room," he said, "landlady. Perfect curse."

"Nuisance. Like to show you my track some time."

"Ah, mm. My name's Blount. Colonel. Decent of you."

"Guillamore. Delighted."

They shook hands. They bent their backs. They were silent.

At five the exhibition closed.

"Cup of tea?" asked Guillamore.

"No, thanks. Don't usually."

"Could arrange a meeting, perhaps," tempted Mr. Guillamore.

Surreptitiously Colonel Blount felt in his pocket.

"Might as well," went on Mr. Guillamore, "my party, y'know. Place just over the road. Often go there."

Colonel Blount's fingers encountered half his ticket for the exhibition, sixpence, and his pocket handkerchief.

"Good of you," he said carelessly.

In the teashop they sat punctiliously facing each other over a plastic-topped table, the dirty plates and crumby cake-papers of the last eaters puddled with tea. Guillamore leaned his cane carefully against a chair and hung his grey homburg on it. The ridges in the petersham primly binding the edge of the brim regimented themselves against the steamy atmosphere.

"Tea?" asked the waitress, looking away from them into the middle distance.

"And cakes," said Guillamore firmly. Colonel Blount nervously stroked his trouser pocket.

"Don't usually," he mumbled, as Guillamore handed him a plate of cakes, the synthetic cream moulded on them like plaster cornices.

"Oh come, must eat."

"Well, thanks," the jacket sleeve hitched back, neatly bound with leather. Fingers with clean ribbed nails closed round the ribbed cake-paper, not so clean.

"Live in Reading?" asked Mr. Guillamore.

"Near the station. Good view of the track. Swindon and the West."

"That's the line I live near, by jove. Maidenhead. Just a four-roomed bungalow, but it's my own, y'know, and a bit of garden. Been thinking of laying the track outdoors, but that means no work on it in winter."

Colonel Blount nodded. Four rooms, he yearned, and a bit of garden.



Colonel Blount and Mr. Guillamore talked about the old days as they companionably sipped their wine.

"I live in a boarding-house," he said. "Just a room. Much better to have a place of your own." He stirred his tea, surprised at the feel of the spoon in the cup, which was plastic. Their waitress yawned into a steamy mirror, patting her mouth with her hand.

"Not married?" asked Guillamore delicately.

Colonel Blount flushed. "My wife—chronic invalid. Lives in a nursing home. Like to keep her comfortable."

His hand strayed again to his pocket. He looked fixedly at a cake with rose-madder icing and a piece of cherry on it.

"Always been interested in trains," he said after a few minutes. "May sound a bit silly to you, having a track and all that, but I've made a map of the complete track at Reading. I can see most of the trains from my window through binoculars. Mark 'em on the map with flags—rolling-stock and so on."

"Mean to say you've done the map to scale, and so on?"

"Certainly. Twenty-four inches to the mile."

"Jove, that's interesting. Most interesting."

Guillamore hung one arm over the back of his chair and crossed his legs, pointing and unpointing his toe. Colonel Blount sat with his legs apart, but very erect. They sat for some minutes without speaking.

The waitress came with an evil-smelling, damp cloth; she snapped it once or twice over their table and removed their empty cups and plates. Guillamore waited until she had gone and then pulled out his watch.

"Train goes in ten minutes. Must be off. Now when can you come over for an afternoon?"

"Well," said Colonel Blount. Endless empty afternoons yawned before his mind. Only Saturdays, when he saw Nettie—

"Saturdays I go to the nursing home," he said. "Most other days—"

"Suppose we say Friday, then? Good. Now mind you bring that map of yours. We can have a shot at reconstructing it, eh? I'm a dull dog, mind you, but if you're interested in trains—"

"Most good of you. Delighted."

"Now don't trouble about this. Glad to have company. A florin should cover it, I think. Thank ye." Two shillings in neat, small fingers passed to the waitress' cupped palm. Hats lifted, a cane twirled, backs turned, hats replaced, and Guillamore was off to catch his train.

And that was five months ago.

Five months, for Colonel Blount, of excitement and desperate saving for his ticket to Maidenhead; for Mr. Guillamore of excitement and little extra spendings on tiny nuts and bolts, strips of rail, and hardwood sleepers. With Colonel Blount's map spread on the floor they forgot their stiffening joints and knelt happily, fingers tracing tracks for the preliminary survey. They crept about the floor like bears, bent double, squinting at a spirit level. They made minute calculations for the super-elevation of curves, brows furrowed, pencils laborious. They talked of trains. And trains. And trains...

Then, one evening, when he got back to his room at the top of the boarding-house, Colonel Blount sat down before the gas fire.

"I'll go just once more," he said to himself, "and then stop. Can't afford the fare, anyway. Can't even ask the chap to tea, as things are at present. Can't do a single thing for him." The fire started to pop and splutter, and Colonel Blount, knowing the meter and its ways, slowly undressed and climbed into bed. He sorted out his mending and, with Nettie's fitted workcase beside him, thrust his hand into a sock.

His mother had given her that workcase, he remembered,

To page 47



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• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

Fathers should do the pacing

I THINK husbands should get up to the children when they wake during the night. Many mothers would be most grateful for just one night's unbroken rest, whereas husbands have peaceful nights year in and year out — baby or no baby.
£1/1/- to Mrs. S. Bell, Oakey, Qld.

Back-seat wisdom

MANY jokes are made about back-seat drivers. But you don't often hear about a motor accident where a driver was accompanied by his wife. I wonder if the sane, if at times annoying, common-sense of wives shows a good influence?
£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Ferris, Calliope, Qld.

Guilty silence

AS I stood beside a woman in a large chain-store recently, I saw her perform a very neat shoplifting job. My first impulse was to inform the assistant, but I hesitated and did not act. Was I right or wrong to remain silent?
£1/1/- to Mrs. N. Grabbe, W. Bundaberg, Qld.

Too familiar

ALTHOUGH friends and neighbors are always asking me to call them by their Christian names, I can't seem to do so. They get hurt and think I'm a snob, but far from it, I think it's too familiar—unless I knew the person before his or her marriage.
£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Small, Chatswood, N.S.W.

Gift came back

A FRIEND received a present recently and found it to be the gift she had sent the donor for Christmas. She was rather amused, but we agreed people who hoard gifts for later distribution need good memories. A safe plan would be to write the sender's name on paper and pin it to the article.
£1/1/- to Miss B. McDougall, North Hobart.

Those vitamins

LOOKING at the advertisements for vitamins, one wonders if the Australian race is fading away. Our food lacks this and that, we're dying of night starvation and daytime stagnation. Is it possible our fruit has no food value, our eggs no nourishment, our beef no nutrient value?
£1/1/- to Miss F. Tomkins, West Footscray, Vic.

Patients' hairdress

THE regular services of a hairdresser in the women's wards at hospitals would greatly benefit long-term patients. Besides being a morale booster, it would relieve the nurses, who, although training for the care of the sick, are not trained in the art of shampooing and cutting.
£1/1/- to Mrs. A. R. Taylor, South Johnstone, Nth. Qld.

Small, but noisy

HAS anyone ever noticed that little dogs and little people are always yapping and snapping about something—whereas big dogs and big people are quiet and good-tempered?
£1/1/- to Mrs. V. Kellon, Gladstone, Qld.

Local product

WHILE conducting a class on Western Australian products, my schoolteacher friend asked the children to bring something which was made in W.A. to school. The next day one small boy arrived with a spoon engraved W.A.G.R., the letters standing for "West Australian Government Railways."
£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Kurak, Collie, W.A.

Lure of Aussie

EVERY second Kiwi one hears of these days seems to be "hopping over to Aussie" for a break. And they always stay much longer than they anticipated. Do Australians have the same interest in New Zealand? With one sister and a brother in Australia already, my second sister is planning a trip later this year. You must certainly be a hospitable bunch of fun-loving folk.
£1/1/- to T.H. (name supplied), Auckland, N.Z.

Admitting Asians

• Readers overwhelmingly rejected the suggestion by Miss D. Dixon (N.S.W.) that the White Australia Policy should be abolished and people of over-populated races admitted to our vast "wasteland" areas:

MISS DIXON need only look at the situations in Little Rock (U.S.), South Africa, and London to see what would happen if the White Australia Policy was abolished. While we wish to help these people, I don't think any Australian could live side by side with their customs.
£1/1/- to Miss R. V. Blanden, West Marden, S.A.

BY all means we should be generous, but our safest means of exercising this generosity is through extension of the Colombo Plan.
£1/1/- to "Aussie" (name supplied), Sisters Creek, Tas.

I WONDER just how generous Miss Dixon would be feeling when millions of Asiatics came streaming unchecked into Australia? Would these people, who would soon outnumber us, be content to remain in our wastelands?
£1/1/- to "Wondering" (name supplied), Ayr, Qld.

MOST Asians would have a better chance of making a living in their own overcrowded countries than from Australia's dry, unfertile, unused lands.
£1/1/- to "Student" (name supplied), Bayswater, W.A.

BEFORE thinking of abolishing the White Australia Policy we should help the hundreds of our own aborigines in need of assistance.
£1/1/- to Mrs. P. Carey, Parkes, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

NEW LOOK

I HAVE just got my first glasses — two pairs, in fact. One pair is for close work like cutting my younger daughter's fingernails, the other for long-range jobs such as watching TV.

I am lucky to be getting glasses at a time when they have become so popular. In the old days if you wore them little boys called out "Four eyes!"

My children, on the contrary, were pleased when I got my glasses. They seemed to think I had gone up in the social scale.

Many people regard glasses now as a success symbol, like an extra pair of headlights on a car.

Girls are wearing glasses more than ever, and very fancy ones, too, shaped like cats' eyes.

The old rhyme that no one makes passes at girls who wear glasses is out of date. Girls in glasses are constantly beating off passes from men—many of whom also wear glasses.

Not so many girls wear sunglasses to make themselves mysterious, it is true. This is probably because they want people to see their black or green eye-shadow.



to have people frightened of you, and taking you seriously. But I was not sure I could live up to these glasses.

I finally decided on a milder frame of the eager-young-executive type.

The glasses are very useful for

looking through. I can read the letters and telegrams in TV films, and even the names of actors and make-up men that whiz past at the end.

But I still have a good deal to learn in general glassmanship.

Once I used to work for a man who could make you feel small just by the way he polished his glasses.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Campbell," he would say, taking off his glasses, "we're not altogether satisfied"—here he pulled out his handkerchief—"with your attitude to your work." He rubbed the glasses slowly while I mumbled excuses.

I have known other men who could get a withering effect by peering at you from over the top of their glasses. Girls should never do this, however, as it looks too grandmotherly.

There is an art in knowing when to bite the end of the arm of your glasses, or twirl them round your fingers. Properly done, these things create an impression that you are having weighty thoughts.

But if you don't mind I must stop. I can't find my glasses!

Design for boy

THIS is a comfortable and easy sweater for a boy to wear. Its simple style makes it ideal to wear with short or long pants or jeans. It is easy to knit in stocking-stitch.

Materials: 6 (7) balls 2090 (sky-blue), 1 (1) ball each of shade Nos. 2101 (royal-blue), 5701 (white), and 2138 (scarlet) Peacock 4-ply wool; 1 pr. No. 11 needles, 1 set of 4 No. 12 needles.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 15 (17) in.; chest, 26 (28) in.; length of sleeve seam, 14 (15) in.

Tension: 7½ sts., 1 in.; 9½ rows, 1 in.

Abbreviations: s.b. sky-blue, w white, r.b. royal-blue, s scarlet.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles and s.b. wool, cast on 92 (98) sts. Work in st-st. for 2½ (2½) in., cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every foll. 10th row until inc. to 100 (108) sts. When work measures 11½ (12½) in., shape armholes by casting off 4 (4) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 3 (4) rows, then every 2nd row 3 (4) times. When armholes measure 5 (6) in., shape shoulders by casting off 8 (8) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Cast off 9 (10) sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Cast off.

FRONT

Work the same as for back to armholes.

Next Row: Cast off 4 (4) sts., k 46 (50) sts. (leave rem. sts. on a spare needle).

Cont. on last 46 (50) sts. K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next and every foll. 3rd row, at the same time k 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 3 (4) rows, then every 2nd row 3 (4) times. Cont. to k 2 tog. at neck edge every 3rd row until dec. to 26 (28) sts. When armhole measures 5 (6) in., shape shoulder by casting off 8 (8) sts. at the armhole edge of the next row. Cast off 9 (10) sts. at the armhole edge every 2nd row twice. Join wool at centre front and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles and s.b. wool, cast on 50 (54) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 (2½) in. Change to No. 11 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th row until inc. to 76 (80) sts. When sleeve seam measures 14 (15) in. or required length, k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 52 (40) sts., then every row until dec. to 24 (24) sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work towards you, using 4 No. 12 needles and w wool, pick up and k about 144 (150) sts. around neck. Work as follows:

1st Round: K (dec. 1 st. each side of "V" every round).

2nd Round: Work in rib of k 1, p 1.

Rep. 2nd round twice.

5th Round: Using s wool, k.

6th Round: Rib.

Rep. 6th round twice.

9th Round: Using r.b. wool, k.

10th Round: Rib.

Cast off in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and a damp cloth. Sew sleeves around armholes. Sew up seams. Make 1½ in. hem around lower edge of pullover.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S
WEEKLY — July 6, 1960

HOME AND FAMILY

FOUR OF A KIND

● Below are good-looking sweaters in stocking-stitch with rib trimming for boys and girls. The boy's design has a V-neck and long sleeves, the girl's a circular neck and short sleeves.

Directions are given for both designs.



Design for girl

Materials: 4 (5) balls 2090 (sky-blue), 1 (1) ball each of shade Nos. 2101 (royal-blue), 5701 (white), and 2138 (scarlet) Peacock 4-ply wool; 2 prs. needles Nos. 11 and 12; crochet hook; 4 (5) in. zip-fastener.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 15 (17) in.; chest, 26 (28) in.; length of sleeve seam, 2½ (3) in.

Tension: 7½ sts., 1 in.; 9½ rows, 1 in.

Abbreviations: s.b. sky-blue, w white, r.b. royal-blue, s scarlet.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles and s.b. wool, cast on 92 (98) sts. Work in st-st. for 2½ (2½) in. Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. ea. end of the next and every foll. 10th row until inc. to 100 (108) sts. When work measures 11½ (12½) in., shape armholes by casting off 4 (4) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 3 (4) rows, then every 2nd row 3 (4) times. When armholes measure 2½ (2½) in., divide sts. for back opening.

Next Row: K 40 (42) sts. (leave rem. sts. on a spare needle). Cont. on last 40 (42) sts. When armhole measures 5 (6) in., shape shoulder by casting off 8 (8) sts. at the armhole edge of the next row. Cast off 9 (10) sts. at the armhole edge every 2nd row twice. Cast off. Join wool at centre back and work other side to correspond.

FRONT

Work the same as for back (omitting the back opening). When armholes measure 3 (4) in., shape neck as follows:

Next Row: K 31 (33) sts. (leave on a spare needle), cast off 18 (18) sts., k 31 (33) sts.

Cont. on last 31 (33) sts. K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 3 (3) rows, then every 2nd row until dec. to 26 (28) sts. When armhole measures 5 (6) in., shape shoulder by casting off 8 (8) sts. at the armhole edge of the next row. Cast off 9 (10) sts. at the armhole edge every 2nd row twice. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles and w wool, cast on 66 (70) sts. and work as follows:

1st Row: Using w wool, work in rib of k 1, p 1.

Rep. 1st row.

3rd Row: Using s wool, k.

4th Row: Rib.

Rep. 4th row twice.

7th Row: Using r.b. wool, k.

8th Row: Rib.

Rep. 8th row twice.

Change to s.b. wool, inc. 2 (2) sts., and cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. ea. end of every 3rd row until inc. to 76 (80) sts. When sleeve seam measures 2½ (3) in., k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 52 (40) sts., then every row until dec. to 24 (24) sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work towards you, using No. 12 needles and r.b. wool, pick up and k about 90 (94) sts. around neck. Work as follows:

1st Row: Work in rib of k 1, p 1.

Rep. 1st row twice.

4th Row: Using s wool, k.

5th Row: Rib.

Rep. 5th row twice.

8th Row: Using w wool, k.

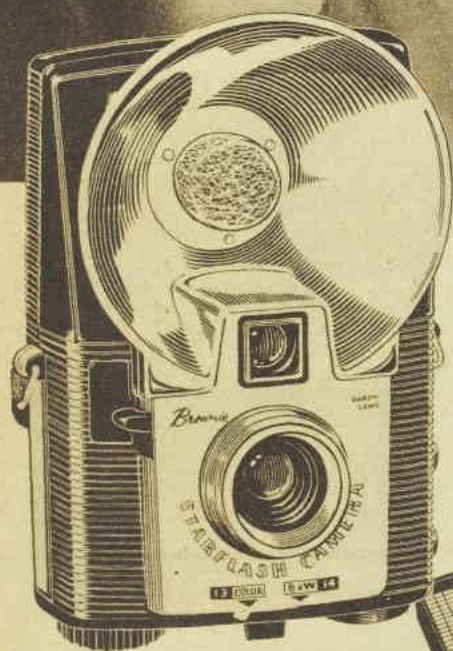
9th Row: Rib.

Cast off in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

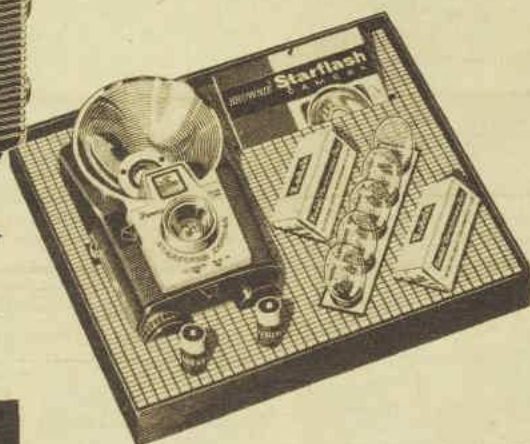
Press with a warm iron and a damp cloth. Sew sleeves around armholes. Sew up seams. Work 1 row of d.c. around back opening, and sew in zipper. Make 1½ in. hem around lower edge of jumper.

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Home Dressmaking

● Most newcomers to sewing regard gussets as a headache — and, indeed, they're not easy to do.

THE directions below will, however, help those who have formerly had trouble.

It is often necessary to add an underarm gusset to a kimono sleeve (where the sleeve and body of garment are cut in one piece) to allow the arm to be raised easily.

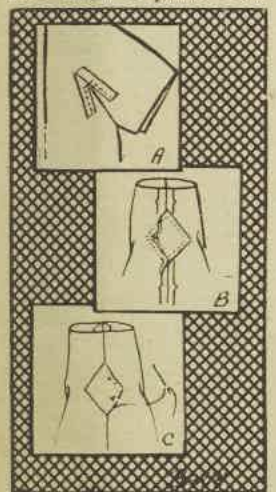
The gusset relieves strain and adds comfort. It is usually a square with two opposite points fitting into the ends of a slashed opening, and the other two to the underarm seam.

For a one-piece gusset:

If the pattern doesn't call for a gusset and you wish to add one, mark a diagonal line across the underarm for a slash 3½ in. long.

Before slashing, reinforce the slash ends with matching ribbon seam binding.

Place binding on stitching line. Stitch to point. Now



● Gussets.

pivot garment on needle and fold binding over, placing the edge on the opposite side of the slash. Take one stitch across the point, catching edge of binding.

Turn garment and continue stitching. (See Sketch A.) Now slash to point and turn ribbon to wrong side. Turn evenly on stitching line and press.

You can also reinforce the points by making a small bar tack at each point. But I prefer the ribbon method.

For the gusset, cut a 4½ in. square of the garment fabric on the straight grain.

Step by step

Pin gusset in place, right sides together, and stitch. (Sketch B.) The stitching line should be along a ½ in. seam allowance on the gusset, but should taper on slash to almost nothing at the points.

Press seam away from gusset and edge stitch.

If you still have difficulties, try this: Take the 4½ in. square and press under the seam allowance on all four sides. Then place wrong side of gusset over slashed opening on right side of garment. Fit and pin in place. (Sketch C.)

Slip-baste gusset to slashed edges. Stitch over this basting line. Press seam away from gusset and edge stitch.

For a two-piece gusset:

Mark at underarms as for one-piece gusset and apply the same principles, this time working with two pieces.

After gussets are stitched, press seams away from gusset and edge stitch.

Stitch underarm seam, including gusset sections, in one continuous line.



● A flat-setting neckline.

● Some women making a scooped, round, or bateau neckline find the finished neckline gapes instead of setting flat.

The best way to conquer this is to work in cheap muslin before cutting out the garment.

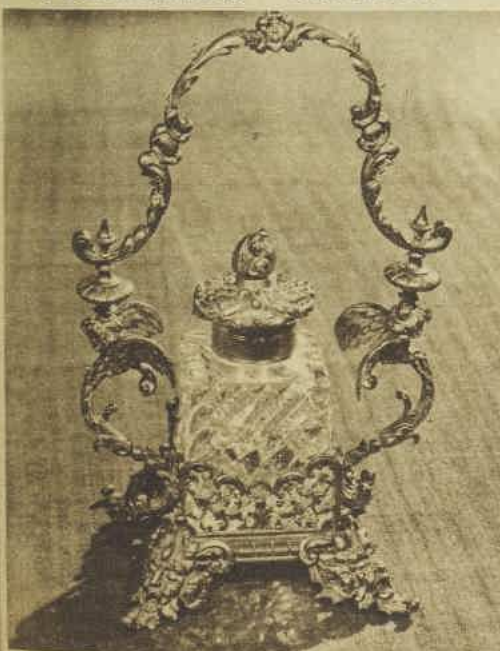
Cut your pattern out in the muslin. Then take in two or three darts, beginning at neckline and tapering to zero three inches below edge of neckline. (See illustration.)

Dart either front or back, or both if necessary, until you get a perfect set.

Then take the same size darts out of the PATTERN, in exactly the same places as on the muslin.

The altered pattern must be used to cut out the garment, because once the garment is cut the extra fullness that caused the gaping cannot be taken out.

Collectors' Corner—



NINETY-YEAR-OLD INK WELL

● Readers wishing for information about their antiques may send a photograph and description of the object to Collectors' Corner, G.P.O. Box 4088, Sydney.

One question only should be asked. A drawing of any markings and a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the return of unused pictures should be enclosed.

Questions are answered by Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, of Sydney.

Question—

"We have a large inkwell about 15 in. high and made of brass. The elaborate design of the handle features heads and wings of cherubs. The feet are formed with heads of the god Pan. Is it French?"

—Miss D. Russell, Bellevue Hill, Sydney.

Answer—

It is English, but obviously based on a French design. The glass is a good indication of where this was made. The date is about 1870.

Scented with rare, costly French perfumes

... rich with beauty-giving creams



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Cashmere Bouquet

the gentlest Beauty Soap in the world

The unique creamy formula with its exquisite fragrance pampers your skin with a gentle beauty treatment every time you use Cashmere Bouquet soap. The rich deep cleansing lather brings to your skin a youthful glow, a satin smoothness that lasts all day. Fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap is so long-lasting, so economical. Let your whole family enjoy it — now in the colours you love ...
PINK • SKY BLUE
PRIMROSE • WHITE

Kept fresh and fragrant
in gleaming foil



So lavish,

luxurious, yet it costs no more than ordinary soaps!

Bake a Pineapple Pie that's simply perfect — with "Mother's Choice" 3-way recipe! Just . . . **Combine** . . . 1½ cups drained small cut Golden Circle pineapple, ¼ cup coconut, 1 level tablespoon Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour, 4 tablespoons pineapple syrup. **Line** . . . Greased 7" or 8" pie plate with pastry of your choice.

See the Mother's Choice recipes for "short" or "sweet" crusts set out below. **Spread** . . . with filling and cover with pastry or nutty topping. **Cook** . . . Short crusts 10 mins.—hot oven, then moderate oven 30 mins. Sweet pastry — 30-35 mins. in a moderate oven. Nutty top (short crust base) — moderate oven 35-40 mins.

short

nutty

sweet!



SHORT CRUST Rub . . . ¾ cup (6 ounces) shortening into 2¼ cups Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour, sifted with ¼ level teaspoon salt. **Mix** . . . with 3 tablespoons of water. **Roll** . . . as desired and glaze with milk. **Cook** . . . as directed above.

NUTTY TOP Make . . . ½ quan. short crust to line pie plate. **Mix** . . . ¼ cup shortening, ¼ cup firmly packed brown sugar, ½ cup Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour, ½ cup chopped walnuts, ¼ level teaspoon cinnamon to form crumbs. **Cook** . . . as directed above.

SWEET PASTRY Rub . . . 4 level tblspns. shortening into 1½ cups Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour, sifted with ¼ cup cornflour, ¼ teaspn. salt. **Mix** . . . with 5 level tblspns. sugar, 1 egg yolk and 2 tablespoons milk beaten together. **Roll** . . . as desired, glaze with egg white and sugar. **Cook** . . . as directed.

make the perfect topping for your pie...
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Vitamin enriched Mother's Choice Flour in every home.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 6, 1960

This article, the third of four from a book on gifted children by DR. RUTH STRANG, concerns children in the primary school age-group—that is, from about five or six years of age to about thirteen.

The gifted SCHOOLCHILD

● The pre-adolescent years should build for the talented child a broad base of health and vitality, confidence tempered with caution, joy in work and play, knowledge, creativity, and character.

ONE of the best character builders is the reading of books.

Gifted children become avid readers, and they know what they like. One bright youngster, who said he had read such-and-such a book because all his friends were talking about it, added: "But I disliked it so much I got new friends."

Both boys and girls are intensely interested by a great variety of subjects, ranging from prehistoric ages when gawky monsters roamed the

Books

earth, to the unexplored future of space travel.

Books bring delight. They expand and enrich the child's interests and experience. They help him to interpret life situations and appreciate the beauty of the world.

They make it possible for him to gain insight into human characteristics and relationships, as he sympathises with the characters and lives through their ups and downs.

Good literature also arouses noble emotions and stimulates the mind.

Children tend to do more free reading during pre-adolescence than at any other time in their lives.

"Lost" in a book

Gifted children can be expected to learn to read easily and to read more than the average. Often they will become completely absorbed in a book.

An inquiry showed that one group of gifted children spent an average of twenty hours or more a week reading.

They can be encouraged to choose a wide variety of books; animal and nature stories, science and science-fiction, adventure and biography, tales from other lands, and so on.

But books must suit the child's age. His pleasure is gone if a book is either too advanced for him or too "babyish."

If he is guided towards the "right" books for his particu-

lar stage of maturity, he may turn to comics or other inferior reading.

Probably most gifted children pass through a stage of comics-reading and then go on to other types of reading of their own accord, as they mature and become interested in more serious things.

Interest in comic cuts

But some may retain their interest in comics after the age of eleven (1) if they lack other, more worthy interests, (2) if they have difficulty in making friends and are thrown back on easy reading for companionship, (3) if they feel antagonistic to the persons who forbid them comics.

Despite the attraction of social activities, radio, television, and motoring, most gifted children find considerable time for reading.

This is because they find reading an enjoyable and rewarding experience which challenges their active minds and satisfies their desire for knowledge.

Gifted children usually have a above-average health—a fact which enables them to explore their environment and enjoy their work and play more freely than children with physical defects (some of whom nevertheless overcome their handicaps and achieve distinction in various fields).

It is tragic to waste their school years, when they are so eager and quick to learn.

Understanding parents and fine teachers are the best supports for the child's natural ability and desire to do well.

Usually gifted children enjoy sports and games, grasp the rules quickly, and even invent new games.

Especially between the ages of nine and 12, they are great collectors—stamps, historical objects, rocks, beetles, frogs, bugs, bottle-caps, and other things quite incomprehensible to adults may be gathered and hoarded.

Such collections are one of a child's ways of establishing his identity with his age-mates, giving himself status away from the family group.

Children should choose their own hobbies (musical instruments, boats, bicycles, a sport, growing flowers, art, and so on). Parents may help get them started and encourage them, but they shouldn't force a child into a hobby against his will.

Increasingly, as gifted children grow older, they need tasks worthy of their best efforts—tasks that require thinking and reasoning.

Puzzling questions appeal to them, but they despise "baby stuff."

They do well at school, but tend to do better in English, history, mathematics, and science (all "thinking" subjects) than in subjects requiring manual skill such as writing, sewing, and art.

The ability to create something quite new, something that never was in the world before, is characteristic of the gifted person.

This "creativity" shows in a child when he paints an original picture, finds a new solution to a problem, comes out with a new, vivid description. ("See the tree with its feet sticking up in the air!" exclaimed one child, describing an uprooted tree after a hurricane.)

Other points about the pre-adolescent years:

● Over-dominating adults tend to suppress the constructive and creative thoughts of children. So help if necessary, but don't interfere too much.

● If a child is exceedingly intelligent, he is likely to be lonely. He may be too far ahead of his companions to be interested in them, and they may be jealous of him, or dislike the feeling of inferiority they get from his superiority.

(This trouble is often straightened out if the gifted child is "put up" in school into a grade at his mental level instead of his age level.)

● Moral development is usually more marked in highly intelligent children.

A study of a group of gifted children revealed that they surpassed an average group in prudence and forethought, self-confidence, perseverance,

sense of humor, desire to excel, conscientiousness, and truthfulness.

They are not, however, faultless.

Their good points are often at least partly the result of wise guidance by parents and teachers, and they can have tantrums, fears, and naughtiness, just like anybody else.

But their superior good health and better reasoning powers help them—given the right environment—to get over emotional problems more quickly than average children.

The facts on cheating

In a study of cheating, it was found that children from the higher income groups became more honest as they grew older, while those from poor homes grew less honest.

However, certain children from exceedingly poor home environments did not cheat even in classes where more than half their classmates did.

● Gifted children like their efforts to be appreciated.

Praise should not, however, be indiscriminate or continual.

It should be genuine and used to mark really worthy achievements.

● Intelligent children love a job well done, and there's nothing they hate more than doing nothing. Usually they are eager to go to school.

It is the parents' business to be interested and care about their child's development. They can help, guide, and love the child.

But parents who nag make

his mind

a mistake. Most children would rather be spanked than put up with parents' continual nagging.

However, spanking should be a last resort. In a well-conducted home where everybody has rights and responsibilities it is seldom needed.

Next week: The Gifted Adolescent.

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MERINGUES . . .



CHILDREN'S FAVORITE party sweet, meringues piped to resemble swans, have bodies filled with luscious jellied strawberries. See recipe.

● The sensation of biting into a mound of foamy meringue is certainly one of the pleasures of life. Here are a variety of meringue recipes and some suggestions for ways in which they can be served.

THERE are three types of meringue mixtures, each of a different consistency. They are:

1. Soft: This is used for toppings on hot or cold desserts. To make it, 1 or 2 tablespoons of sugar are needed for every egg-white, depending on its size.

2. Medium: Two or three tablespoons sugar to each egg-white used makes a suitable meringue for pies, frostings, tarts, etc.

3. Firm: The crisp dry shell of baked small or large meringues and Pavlova shells is made with 3 or 4 tablespoons sugar beaten with each egg-white.

Successful meringues cannot be made in a basin or with a beater which is not perfectly dry and free from any spots of grease. Wet or humid weather also tends to be detrimental to making a firm, dry mixture.

Long, slow cooking is necessary, for a good meringue shell which is barely colored. A slightly warmer oven can be used for pie toppings, etc., which are required to be crisp to the touch, but soft in the centre. Cracking, splitting, and weeping are caused by too hot an oven or insufficient cooking.

Meringues and unfilled meringue cases will keep well if stored in an airtight tin.

Spoon measurements given are level.

SIMPLE MERINGUE

Two egg-whites, pinch salt, 4 tablespoons sugar.

Beat egg-whites and salt until mixture stands in peaks. Gradually beat in sugar, beat until sugar grains have disappeared.

BUTTON MERINGUE

Three egg-whites, 3 tablespoons castor sugar, 3 tablespoons icing sugar, pinch salt.

Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt. Gradually add castor sugar and beat well until sugar grains are thoroughly dissolved. Lastly, fold in sifted icing sugar.

Note: These meringues do not harden thoroughly until they have been taken from the oven and allowed to cool.

ITALIAN MERINGUE

Three egg-whites, 7oz. sugar, 1/3rd cup water.

Place water in saucepan, add sugar and bring slowly to the boil. Boil to 240deg. F. or until a little syrup dropped in cold water forms soft ball. Stand a few minutes. Beat egg-whites in heatproof basin until mixture is thick and stands up in peaks. Gradually add syrup, beating constantly until smooth consistency is obtained.

THRIFTY MERINGUE

One egg-white, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Beat egg-whites stiffly in basin; gradually add sugar and beat 2 or 3 minutes longer. Add vinegar and boiling water and continue beating until very thick. Lastly fold in baking powder.

Note: This meringue has a sugary appearance which becomes smooth during baking.

COMMERCIAL MERINGUE

Four egg-whites, 10oz. sugar, pinch salt, few drops acetic acid, 1 dessertspoon icing-sugar.

Place egg-whites, sugar and salt in a basin, beat until thick and mixture stands in peaks. Fold in sifted icing sugar and acetic acid.

FROSTING MERINGUE

Two egg-whites, 1½ cups sugar, 4 tablespoons hot water, pinch salt, pinch cream of tartar.

Place water, salt, sugar, and egg-whites into heatproof basin that is standing over saucepan of boiling water, and beat over heat until stiff and shiny (approximately 14 minutes). Remove from heat, fold in cream of tartar, coloring, and flavoring as desired. Use at once.

FRENCH MERINGUE

Four egg-whites, 1lb. castor sugar.

Place egg-whites into bowl and beat until stiff peaks form. Add 1 tablespoon of the measured castor sugar and beat for 1 minute. Fold in remaining castor sugar.

PAVLOVA MERINGUE

Six egg-whites, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1½ cups sugar, 3 dessertspoons cornflour, 3 teaspoons vinegar.

Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt, then gradually add sugar, beating well after each addition. Continue beating until the mixture is smooth and able to hold its shape. Fold in cornflour and vinegar, and mix well. Color and flavor as desired.

FROSTED CHERRY CAKE

Half pound butter or substitute, 1lb. sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, ¼ teaspoon vanilla essence, 2 tablespoons rum or brandy, 4 eggs, 1lb. glace or drained cherries, 4oz. crystallised pineapple, 4oz. sultanas, 4oz.

raisins, 10oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup milk.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, vanilla and lemon rind until soft, white, and fluffy. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beat well after each addition. Fold in fruit and rum or brandy, then sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Turn into 8in. round tin lined with 1 layer of greased paper. Bake in moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours. Allow to cool in tin.

Frosting: One quantity of frosting meringue, ¼ teaspoon vanilla essence, cherries, pineapple slices (which have been colored by adding orange food coloring to syrup before draining).

Prepare frosting meringue and flavor with vanilla essence. Quickly spread over top and sides of cake. Decorate with cherries and pineapple pieces.

APRICOT CRISP

One quantity of simple meringue, 2 cups well drained cooked dried apricots or tinned pie apricots (sweetened), 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 3 cups crushed cereal flakes, walnut pieces.

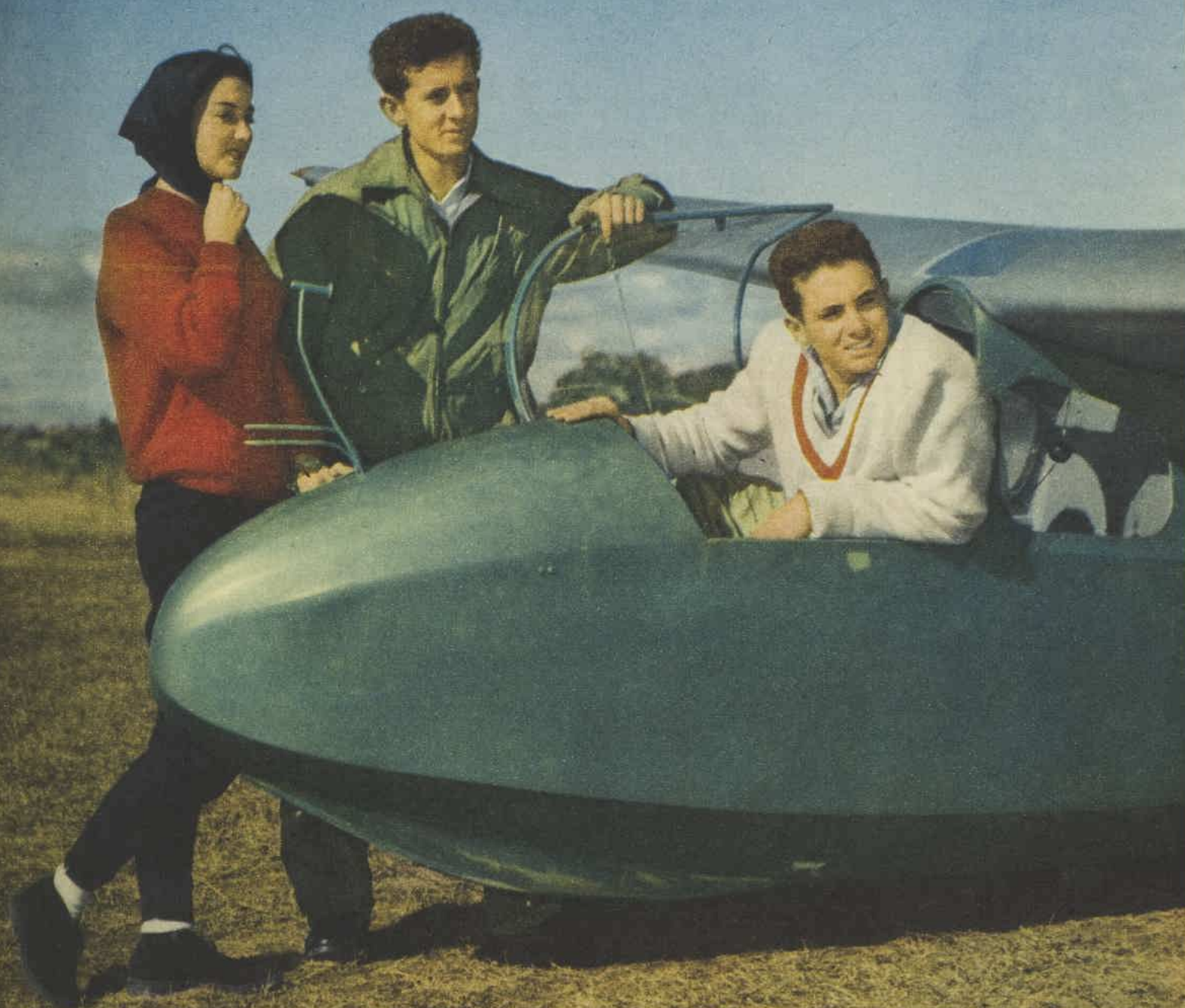
Place apricots in greased ovenware dish. Cream butter or substitute with brown sugar and lemon rind until very soft. Add beaten egg and mix well. Fold in crushed cereal flakes. Spread evenly as possible over fruit. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Remove from oven, spoon meringue (which has been flavored with lemon rind) over top of sweet. Sprinkle with walnut pieces, return to very moderate oven to set.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

July 6, 1960

Teenagers'

WEEKLY



SOLO GLIDER AT 15 . . . page 5

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

A typical Australian teenager

A CZECHOSLOVAKIAN friend asked me to send him a description of a typical Australian teenager. After great thought, I wrote as follows: "He can be tall or short, fat or thin, plain or handsome, but he is well mannered, intelligent, and has a great sense of humor. He is unconceited, enthusiastic, has a deep feeling of sympathy for those less fortunate than himself. He has application, untiring sources of energy, and is proficient at least at one type of sport. He has initiative, ambitiousness, knows what he wants and makes an effort to get it. He has great respect for older people and will always give them a helping hand." I asked my mother what she thought of this description, and she said, "Oh, no, that's not a typical Australian teenager, that's an ideal man!" So what am I to write? What do others think is a good description of a typical Australian teenager? — Winsome Evans, Lane Cove, N.S.W.

Dancing drill

RECENTLY we attended a school social and we were disgusted by the way the boys asked for a dance. They would descend in a group, consult together about which of us they would dance with, and then, to top it off, one would ask for the other. For instance, "Hey, he wants to dance with you!" We are only in First Year and we know the boys have had no experience in asking for a dance, but surely they can learn. And we would like to feel that they were dancing with us because they like us, not because they won us in an "eeny, meeny, miney, mo" game! — "Bartered Partners," Singleton, N.S.W.

Let love wait

WHY is it that some boys of my age (12) chase about after girls? I have a young pup who takes all my time without me chasing about after girls and writing love-letters in school. So, boys, leave love until you are older. — David Barton, Longwood, S.A.



David Barton

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Union or League?

AS an ex-G.P.S. boy now attending a State school I think it's a great pity that G.P.S. and State schools play a different game of football—one plays Rugby Union, the other Rugby League. I think that if both played the same game there would be greater interest, more competition, and a higher standard of football. — J. McPherson, Nambour, Qld.

Cure for shyness

I WONDER if a dodge I have found useful for myself would help other shy teenagers? Whenever I feel diffident and scared about doing something new—going into an imposing shop, meeting a brilliant person, or appearing in public—I try not to think of what I shall have to say, or of what people may think of me. Instead, I fix my mind on the imaginary "me" of twenty years' time, and think how much I shall have benefited in wider experiences and become a more interesting and complete personality. Try it some time—it works! — H. K. Wiencke, Brisbane.

Sincerity, please

NEARLY all pop-songs of today are written about love. That would be all right if they

were sincere. Years ago lovers wrote songs about sweethearts, into which they put all their heart and soul, with understandable words. Now little pip-squeaks with no idea of what love is yell out something without the slightest bit of feeling. — R. Smeaton, East Lindfield, N.S.W.

Girls who smoke

MY friends and I have been wondering whether boys really approve of their dates smoking. When I go out with a boy who smokes, he always offers me one although I am a non-smoker. Later in the evening I hear him say girls look cheap if they smoke. My friends have found the same with their dates. Boys! Do you or do you not approve of girl smokers? — Carole Walker, Manly, Qld.

Paper-girl

WHY don't more girls do paper rounds? Each Saturday night I sell about four dozen papers in our district—among 15 boys I am the only girl—and it's a very interesting and profitable job which only takes about an hour. — H. Meredith, Glenorchy, Hobart.

Teens and taxes

WHEN teenagers leave school and start working, they find that, in June of each year, they have to fill in the income-tax returns and give details of their income. Most teenagers, however, are not prepared for this and do not know the correct way to fill in these returns. I

think that high-school classes should be shown how tax-return forms are completed. Teenagers could learn why income tax is paid and how it is assessed. Such tuition in schools, I am sure, would lead to there being many more well-informed young taxpayers in our community, and a much happier lot for the Income-tax Department officials. — "Looking Ahead," Tamworth, N.S.W.

Gay stockings

COULD I have some opinions on the subject of colored stockings? I would like a pair for casual wear during the winter, but due to my two brothers' disapproval I am not allowed to wear them. I think that they would be warm and look attractive with a matching skirt or jumper, and I haven't seen a widge in a pair yet. I am sure that many girls would be interested to hear the boys' ideas. — "Kwan," Bendigo, Vic.

Bully for beats

WHAT a pity the ideals of beatnikism are being exploited and commercialised. Real beatniks are well-educated people who think deeply about life and the arts. To them, beatnikism is not a gimmick but a way of life. Why don't the shallow-minded exhibitionists who look on beatnikism as an excuse for "dressing-up" go back to their Elvis Presley records and leave the glamor of jazz, philosophy, and coffee-haunts to the true beats? — Helen Coleman, Ben Lomond, N.S.W.

More fun

TEENAGERS would have a lot more fun if they didn't have to worry about what other people thought. — J. Kurrell, Gladstone, S.A.

Should weekend homework be abolished?

FOR . . .

I AGREE that we should not be given homework over the weekend. We should be free to do what we like then after slaving away at school during the week. A break is necessary, otherwise students could have a breakdown of some sort. I agree that teachers tend to pile on homework to make up for what they fail to teach. — "Disgusted," East Devonport, Tas.

MOST of our teachers give us twice as much homework during the weekend and when we complain they say we have two whole days to do it in. When are we to find the time to enjoy the fresh air and exercise we are always being told is so good for us? — "No Spare Time," Devonport, Tas.

WE are supposed to have a two-day rest during the weekend, not to do homework. But do teachers know that? I join with "J.B." in a common cause: — "Down with weekend homework!" — "Derek," Manly, S.A.

● It's unfair for teachers to set homework for the weekend, said "J. B." (T. W., 25/5/60). He suggested that they did so to make up for what they failed to teach in class. Readers are fairly evenly divided on this issue.

I FEEL that weekends at least should be homework-free to enable students to have some social life. I also feel that there shouldn't be much homework at any time. Then I would enjoy school and work harder during school hours. — "Fatigued," Cowandilla, S.A.

THERE should be no homework prescribed for Intermediate and Leaving students. Surely they have enough work without the burden of homework? I get so much homework that I have no time to go over work done during the day. — M. R., Applecross, W.A.

. . . AGAINST

I FIND that homework is necessary, especially at weekends; otherwise we would have to spend an extra year at school. If I organise my weekend properly I have time for sport and relaxation as well as study. On fine sunny days I set up a table on our back lawn so I'm not confined to my room. — Barbara Williams, New Town, Tas.

I CAN sympathise with "J.B." about weekend homework, but no teacher sets homework simply to atone for what hasn't been taught. Rather, it is used as a means of fixing the work taught more firmly in a student's mind.



Lynne Holmes

Fun with parents

I AM fourteen and still go out with my parents; some teenagers think I am mad; they say, why don't you get out and have some fun? I tell them that our parents are not always young and able to go out. We have the rest of our lives ahead of us. — Lynne Holmes, Yarralumla, A.C.T.

Help for Chile

I AM absolutely appalled at the lack of care everyone seems to be showing for the earthquake and tidal-wave victims in South America. I think it would be a good idea if the Olympic Games were put off this year and the money used to help these unfortunate people, many of whom are homeless. — Jenny Matthews, Geelong West, Vic.

Boy-girl clothes

I WISH girls buying jumpers wouldn't go to the men's stores and buy the biggest size they can get. Why don't the stores sell men's jumpers in the girls' department—then we wouldn't have dozens of girls tramping through the men's stores and trying on these jumpers in public. Anyway, I think girls look more sophisticated in their own jumpers than in "sloppy joes." — Fred, Fullarton, S.A.

Remember that the same teacher has to set the homework and then mark 30 or 40 sets of it—no light task. Teachers must also spend some two hours a night—weekends included—preparing lessons for the next day, making charts and maps, and marking assignments. Remember, "J.B." it's your future career which will be decided by your examination results. — M.B. (A teacher), Kalgoorlie, W.A.

DOES "J.B." want to grow up ignorant? Teachers don't give homework for spite, but in order to help your education. In class, teachers explain lessons and then give practical exercises to do at home. Weekend homework is necessary. — Rosalind Stuart, Greenacre, N.S.W.

THE weekend is long enough to allow homework to be done and still leave a fair amount of time for pleasure. We should be willing to sacrifice some of the weekend in order to make successes of ourselves. — "A Student," Murrumbidgee, Vic.

By JOAN WHITE

What can you say



in difficult situations?

● The telephone will ring in a minute and it'll be him. Oh, help! What can you say when he asks you out again? Not that you don't like him. You do, in fact. But . . .

WELL, what CAN you say when he makes a beeline for the park, instead of the bright lights of home, after the show?

You're silly, you know. You should have made the position clearer last time it happened, instead of staging that "splitting headache." But what could you say?

Ah, there's the telephone!

Say you'll go out with him, because he IS nice. But next time the parking-in-the-dark deal arises, you'll have to say something . . . something honest, yet sophisticated — and essentially something friendly, because you still like going out with him.

How about (just when he has turned off the ignition and his head blocks your view of the stars) saying: "Hey, I've loved this evening and we have had fun, haven't we? Well, let's not ruin it, because I just don't approve of this sort of thing. Even with YOU. I'm sorry, but . . ."

You really have to steel yourself to say things like that, and, miserably enough, the terrible dilemma of "what to say" crops up regularly.

It's doubly complicated because, though you know what you ought to say, you still don't want to offend any-

one — especially a guy whom you'd like to see more often.

If only you had more time to think what to say, before you HAVE to say something! But it's never like that. It's always got to be something fresh off the cuff.

● And then there's drinking and driving . . .

Say your boy-friend has borrowed the family car and taken you to a party where he has had too many drinks.

What do you do? Or, rather, what can you say, because something must be said pretty soon?

It's pointless just to blast him for drinking; you've got to be constructive. You've got to see that both of you are driven home safely.

So, BEFORE it's time for him to drive you home, why not ask another boy, sober and with a driver's licence, to drive you both? Or you could ask your brother or father to come and get you both.

Anything like this could probably get your date in some pretty hot water from your parents, you, and his parents . . . but hot water's a lot more comfortable than a cold slab, hospital, or gaol.

... and being alone in the house . . .

You've made plans to baby-sit for an evening and suddenly a boy-friend suggests he just drop in and see how you're getting on.

What can you say, knowing that neither the parents of the babies nor your own would like him to come?

Simply the truth. "Thank you. But I'm supposed to be doing a job — just one, baby-sitting. And I don't think anyone would be too happy if you came

along, too. I know you understand."

It may seem odd, but you'll find he does understand.

... and being asked to lend money . . .

Take the case of the boy-friend money-borrower. He asks you to the pictures and suddenly finds that he has only a £5 note, doesn't want to break it, and says, "Can you lend me a pound?"

You can, and do, but then the weeks roll by and he seems to have forgotten about the pound.

It's too mean to ask him point-blank, "Where's my pound?" You'd be embarrassed and he, supposing he has just forgotten it, would be, too.

Also, you tell yourself, he has been spending a lot of money on you lately.

But then something niggles in the back of your mind. Yes. There's a principle at stake. But what can you say?

The thing is to do it quite naturally, but rather subtly. Just a gentle reminder like, "Would you mind picking up my dry-cleaning? Oh, and you can take the cost of it off the pound you borrowed for the pictures."

And if he doesn't take the hint, or if he persists in treating you as his personal bank account, you'll just have to remove your capital and presence. Forget about him.

... or to go to the banned night-spot . . .

Maybe a crowd of you have been to the pictures or a dance. Someone says, "Let's go to Joe's." It sounds terribly exciting and you've always wanted to go — ever since your parents have been hammering the point that it's not a suitable place for "the young."

You'd love to go, just to see it. But

you know you're scared that someone might see you there and tell your parents. You feel you'd have to tell them, anyway. There might be "trouble" there and you might be involved.

No. You can't go. You'd feel too guilty. But what can you say without sounding as soppy as a wet blanket?

Start with an I'm-in-a-terrible-spot look and say, "You know I'd love to come. But I wouldn't enjoy it much because that's one of the places to which Mum and Dad forbid me to go. I'd worry all the time and be a dead loss — and probably ruin it for all of you. Sorry."

Having said it, you're terribly relieved. There's a sort of freedom again.

... and small points of ordinary behaviour

Even some petty thing, like a boy saying he'll come round to see you next Saturday afternoon, may make you worry.

You know that he has this nervous habit of flicking his ash on the carpet, and if there's one thing your mother hates it's careless ash-droppers.

But you can't say anything to him before he arrives. You'll have to just fill the room with ashtrays and hope he uses them. He comes and, bingo, Mother's noticing the little puddles of ash slowly spreading over the carpet.

Action on your part now. Just pass him the biggest ashtray in the room and say, "Try this. And I'll keep the other one for us over this side of the room."

Easy, isn't it?

● So why worry? Just be honest with yourself — and him. Be firm — but friendly

JON WAS QUITE A CUP OF TEA

By Cynthia Strachan

● Tea for two can be a pretty dull affair. But when the tea-party includes blond charmer Jon Henricks, conversation over a cuppa takes on a new fascination.

I CAN assure you of this after a morning-tea meeting with the Australian Olympic swimmer, who recently returned from an American campus to train for next month's Rome Games.

"I'll just pop on the kettle," he said, when I arrived at his parents' home in the Sydney suburb of Rhodes.

As he poured the tea he confided that it "mightn't be much of a cuppa" because in nearly three years in California he'd become used to making it with tea-bags.

"What, no coffee?" I asked. "No," he replied, as he stacked the sugar into his cup. "I love the smell of coffee but I don't like to drink it. But tea I could drink all day. I have it weak without milk, and it's my excuse to eat up the sugar. I'm a great sweet-tooth, you know." I didn't know—but I thought

his choice of beverages was fitting. For as I looked at this poised, handsome six-footer I felt sure he'd be most girls' cup of tea.

The only sad thing for the local girls is that Jon has plans to marry "some time next year." And the lucky girl—who will be in Rome to watch him swim at the Games—is 20-year-old Bonnie Wilkie, the pretty, fair-haired daughter of one of America's liveliest millionaires.

Jon, like fellow Australian swimmer Murray Rose, is completing a four years' course in television production at the University of Southern California.

As Jon began to talk of his life in the States and of his plans for the future, he edged a little nearer the two radiators which had the room temperature jazzed up to something more like a Californian summer than a Sydney winter.

"Say, this cold is terrible," he said, as he flashed one of his frequent, disarming smiles. "I'd always thought of Sydney as a warm place, but I guess three years in L.A. make a difference."

'Thousand laughs'

He spoke in a voice which didn't have a marked American accent, but which clearly indicated where he'd spent the most recent of his 25 years.

I commented on it. "But I don't believe I have an accent," he protested. "In fact, at parties in L.A. people stand around and ask me to repeat words just so they can have a thousand laughs. It's pretty disconcerting, I tell you."

Of University life, Jon said: "Life on the U.S. campus is what you make it. If you want to be riotous, it's there. But if you want to buckle down and work, all the facilities and opportunities are there for that, too."

"The sororities and fraternities are very gay, but most of their members flunk out in their first year."

Of Hollywood, Jon said: "By



JON HENRICKS, one of Australia's major swimming hopes for the Rome Olympics.

day it looks as jaded as all get-out, because those masses of neons don't look too healthy in the bright light. But by night it's a fairyland. There are wonderful places to eat and wonderful nightclubs.

"But as I like to dance, and as you can't dance in Hollywood without peeling off the dollar bills, I save these night-spots for special occasions."

Of American girls, Jon said: "I didn't go to the States to compare their girls with others. Girls are girls. They're wonderful the world over."

Jon, who won two gold medals at the 1956 Melbourne

Games, has packed a lot into his 25 years.

He was working as an electrical salesman in Adelaide till 1957, when he went on a business trip to Sweden. On the way home he stopped off in California and organised the scholarship which has kept him there since.

Future uncertain

After the Games he'll continue his studies, probably concentrating more on business administration.

"I'm enrolled in the same school as Murray Rose, but he's concentrating more on the

drama side of things, while I've been battling on with TV production and direction. I think station management is more my line," he said.

Broadening his grin, he added: "I might even buy a station . . . but say . . . don't take me seriously, will you?"

Where will he settle when he's finished his course? That's the 64-dollar question that Jon hasn't even answered for himself yet.

"A place is as good as the circle of friends you cultivate," said Jon. And on that reckoning, with his personality, he should be able to find happiness pretty well anywhere.

There's a good chance he'll finally settle for Australia, however. "It's really great to be back here. However happy you are you can't help getting a bit homesick," he said.

But one thing is sure. Wherever he lives will be close to a beach, and preferably a roaring surf. "You see, I'm a beach bunny," he said, and his warm blue eyes twinkled with humor.

That requirement for Jon's happy living possibly—but only possibly—gives Australia one up on California. "Certainly the surf here is much, much better, and the water's warmer," he said. "But there aren't any sharks off California, and I don't like sharks."

By this time the tea was well and truly cold, and Jon had to pack for Townsville, where he's now training with the Olympic squad.

So the tea party was over. But I went away convinced that however a girl likes her tea, a dash of Jon Henricks gives it added flavor.

I could hardly believe it, HAIRSETS FOR 4d!

Yes, when Jill said I would get 15 lovely hairsets from one 4 1/2 tube of concentrated Curlypet, wasn't I just amazed. But it's true, definitely true. I'm now saving pounds on my hairsets and find that Curlypet gives me the best hairdo's I've ever had. Like Jill I'm telling all the girls how good, how economical Curlypet really is. It's the most!

So—Quickset with Curlypet!

Curlypet

OUR PIN-UP

● Swimmer Murray Rose, a triple gold medallist at the Melbourne Olympics, who is pictured on our back cover this week, has a very special good-luck charm to take to Rome.

IT'S a four-leaf clover, but it doesn't, in the best tradition, come from Ireland. It was sent to Murray by Asae, a pretty 19-year-old Japanese artist, who regularly corresponds with the 21-year-old champion.

Asae, whom Murray met when he was in Japan last year, found the clover in her garden. "I thought it might bring you good fortune," she wrote, "but as I think of you I have faith in you. I know you will succeed."

Murray, who flew home from America in March to train for the Olympics, receives a large fan-mail from people as widely scattered as Sweden and India, South Africa and Canada.

Many of the letters are from

teenagers, merely wanting autographs, etc., but many are from people asking for help with their diets.

Murray, who has been raised on a special vegetarian diet to become a powerful Adonis of 6ft. 1in. and 13st. 6lb., doesn't treat these pleas lightly.

"I don't feel I personally can help these people much, but I have friends in the States who own a big health-food store, and they answer most of the requests for me. Otherwise I enlist mother's help, for she knows the subject thoroughly."

Murray, who is studying with Jon Henricks at the University of Southern California, plans to retire from big swimming after the Rome Games.

He glides through the air with the greatest of ease



By KIRSTEN WARD

● I always thought that flying without an engine was strictly for the birds—until I saw young Rex Booth in action. Rex, who is 15 and in fourth year at Randwick High, Sydney, is the youngest solo glider pilot in New South Wales.

HE was sitting quietly, confidently in the cockpit of a Grunau baby sail plane on Camden Airfield.

The tow cable was connected and a fellow-member of the Southern Cross Gliding Club held a wing tip to keep the glider level.

Rex signalled that he was ready for take-off, and another lad spoke by field telephone to the winch operator about a mile down the runway.

The cable gently tautened and the glider rolled forward on its single wheel with the boy at the wing-tip running with it, keeping the wings horizontal.

By the time he could run no faster, the glider, holding itself steady, pulled away, and 100 yards down the runway, at about 40 miles an hour, lifted smoothly into the air.

With the cable still attached it zoomed quickly to about 1500 feet from the ground.

Rex levelled his flight, released the cable and was flying—strictly like a bird.

"Watch for hawks"

He hovered, turned, effortlessly soared 1000 or more feet, circled, and slowly glided back to earth to tell me all about it.

"The main thing to watch is your height," he said. "If you find you're getting too low, the idea is to look around for a thermal—a strong upward current of warm air—which will lift the glider up with it."

"You can circle till you feel the push of one on the tip of a wing, or, better still, watch out for hawks. High flying birds use the thermals, too, you

know, and they seem to know instinctively where they are.

"The whole purpose of gliding is to work with the elements, not against them as you do with power aircraft."

Controls for a glider are basically the same as for powered aircraft, he said. You can turn right or left, head up or down, and air-brakes, or "spoilers," are used to control the rate of descent.

"The controls are so simple that there's nothing to go wrong," he said.

"And a glider is designed so that if it goes into a dive or a spin it automatically rights itself."

To land a glider you need only about 100 yards of level field, provided there are no high trees blocking the approach.

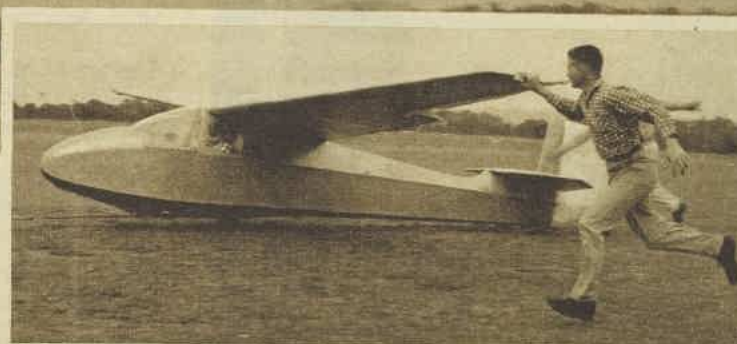
At Camden the club has made a rule that members are not to fly too far away from the field, unless on a special flight. But if a pilot is forced to land away from the airfield, the club has trailers to bring the glider back.

"The odds against crashing in a glider are remote," said Rex, "but if you do, the chances are you'll step out without a scratch, even if the plane is a write-off. It's because the plywood is shock absorbing."

Rex said that on the day he joined the Southern Cross Flying Club he was given lessons in aerodynamics, the theory of flying, and in the controls of a glider. Then another member took him up for his first flight.

After 45 flights with a qualified pilot, Rex was given an oral test on navigation and airmanship rules.

The chief flying instructor attached to the club took him up to see how he handled the controls and gave him the O.K. to fly solo.



"My first solo flight was only five minutes and I only got to about 1500 feet," he said. "It was towards evening and pretty dark."

But on his second solo flight he stayed up for 90 minutes and climbed to 3300 feet, and his flight was judged the best of the day.

Instruction free

The Southern Cross Gliding Club fees are £15 to join and £10 a year, or £5 a year for anyone still financially dependent on his family. Each launching costs 5/-, but instruction is free.

These costs are about the same in most of the 36 gliding clubs in Australia, which have a total membership of about 1300.

The Australian gliding record for distance is 303 miles, set by Mervin

Waghorn, of the Sydney Soaring Club. For altitude it's 24,000 feet, set by Martin Warner, also of the Sydney Soaring Club.

The Australian speed record was recently broken by a South Australian boy, Romilly Barrat, who's only 20. Romilly is from the Waikerie Club, and his record was 46.36 m.p.h.

World records are: Distance, 542 miles; altitude, 42,100 feet; speed, nearly 59 m.p.h.

Rex may have his head in the clouds, but his feet are firmly on the ground.

He's a sensible, likeable young man, knows what he wants, and is prepared to work and make sacrifices to get it.

Sacrifices such as getting up with the crows every morning to polish his father's taxi and doing a paper run to earn the money he needs for gliding.

And he has a rule that if he goes flying (or bushwalking, or water skiing, or skindiving, or any of his other sports) on a Saturday, then he studies on the Sunday.

"My Leaving Certificate is very important if I want to make aviation my career," he said. "Especially maths."

"My ambition is to pilot a helicopter on charter work, but whatever I do, it must be outside work. I don't like being indoors."

OUR COVER shows Rex in the cockpit with fellow-members Lorraine Suttie, 17, of Campsie, and Ray Bryant, 19, of Sans Souci.



HOW ADAM ROCKS

● Just a few facts, man, nothing but the facts about Adam Faith. I know quite a few. Because I've just spent a week with young Mr. Faith, the latest English disc idol to rocket to stardom on girlish squeals.

HIS EVES

By
UNITY HALL,
in London

FROM an unknown face in a London crowd, Adam has become a 19-year-old £1250-a-week rock-'n-roll star who was presented to the Queen at last month's Royal Variety Show.

He has made only three records—but in England they've sold well over a million, and in Australia his "What Do You Want?" stayed 10 weeks in the hit parades.

He's made a film with Richard Todd and Peter Sellers.

But behind all the glitter and phoniness of success, what's he like, really like?

ADAM IN ACTION
gives no hint that he gets butterflies in his stomach before every show. Below, he watches television at home with his parents.

Adam has got that hungry look girls go for. His thatch of blond hair looks as though it has been cut with a pair of pliers.

Under the thatch his smile is impudently bright—but bony. Which isn't really surprising—all week I saw him eat only ONE real meal, at the Variety Club luncheon.

For the rest of the time he seemed to exist on the snatched sandwich, pie and cake, chips . . . anything he could eat quickly.

For eating, declared Adam Faith—real name Terry Nelhams—"is a drag. It takes too long."

He swallows an incredible amount of tea and cokes. I finished the week awash with both.

He is the only person I have ever met who could fall asleep with a Count Basie record going full blast and stay out cold through a collection of rock-'n-roll numbers.

Never has money

Like royalty, he never carries money.

"I leave that to my brother Dennis, who travels with me all the time," he said. "I just keep about twopence on me."

This can be expensive for his friends if brother Dennis is not around.

However, Adam is violently extravagant on clothes.

His black drainpipe trousers for everyday wear cost £24 a pair. White buckskin boots set him back £45.

I first met him in Glasgow, where he was playing at the Empire Theatre. Outside the stage-door about 100 girls were chanting and calling for him.

I pushed through the crush to his dressing-room, but I couldn't see Adam for girls.

When I found him at last, I nodded towards the girls.

"Friends or fans?" I asked him.

"Girl-friends," he said. "In this life you have to have girls in every port."

Outside, the girl fans had discovered the window of their idol's dressing-room. Fingers rapped on the window. "Sing to us, Adam," voices pleaded.

Adam grimaced and turned up the record-player, which was

playing Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique" Symphony.

We talked about music as his curtain time ticked nearer.

"I think Tchaikovsky's the greatest," he said. "And Sibelius. But not Beethoven. I don't dig him. He's too mechanical."

Adam was very restless.

"It's the butterflies," he explained. "Always get them in my stomach before I go on. Every single time."

The record ran out. Adam pulled down his blue leather jerkin, ready for the fray on-stage.

I learned a lot more about Adam as we drove back to London in his big £3000 American car—he drives fast and on motorways he gets the last atom of power out of it. But he's a good driver and takes no chances.

"Let's face it," he says, grinning. "I've got a lot to live for."

I think the secret of Adam Faith's success is that he is a typical teenager.

And all the teenage girls prefer him that way. He is just like their boy-friends.

As he wanders spotlight about the stage, bent in an extraordinary way and bellowing into the mike above the shouts, squeals, and screams, he is still one of them. A teenager.

Not a moron

"It makes me mad," he said, "when people think all rock-'n-rollers are morons and talentless. I bet you thought I was going to be a moron, now didn't you? Well, I'm not."

Agreed. He is not. He is bright, sharp-witted, intelligent, and witty.

"It makes me mad when people think we're without talent," he said. "In this business it's not quality that counts—it's knowing what the kids want. And if you know that, believe me, man, you're no moron."

In spite of all the adulation he gets, Adam is lonely.

"Loneliness is the worst thing about this business," he said. "I can't stand being on my own."

"Perhaps when I get older





ADAM FAITH with Connie Francis at the Variety Club lunch.

and more used to it I won't mind. But now I hate being alone."

As well as loneliness, he has the usual problem of a newcomer who has suddenly shot to the top. He is still not quite a professional.

At a Variety Club luncheon last month he was surrounded by old stalwarts of the disc business... Mantovani... George Black... Connie Francis... Lonnie Donegan... Liberace.

Adam's speech was short, shy, unprofessional. His appearance the same. Those who followed him were very polished.

Adam and I drove away together from the Dorchester after the lunch. He was very silent. Then, suddenly, he said:

"That was dreadful. I felt like a peasant. I didn't know what I had to do. No one told me. And next year they probably won't ask me. I'll probably be finished. And never get a chance to show them..."

I think he is wrong. I think he will get the chance. Reports say he's very good in "Never Let Go"—the film he has made with Richard Todd and Peter Sellers.

So when Adam Faith is finished rock'n-rolling he may well emerge as an actor. But he still has to find a balance between his public and private life—the gap is still very, very wide.

He still lives with his mother and father in their council flat in Acton, London.

Crowded home

The flat is constantly bursting at the seams with people—friends of his two brothers and two sisters, who treat this teenage idol brother casually.

The flat itself is shabby—a typical home where a family of rowdy children have grown up.

His mother told me: "Adam wants me to stop work. I won't. I've got a nice little job across the road as a cleaning supervisor. I've got 83 women under me, and I enjoy it."

His father said: "I've cut down on my work a little. I'm a coach-driver, and it's tiring work now I'm getting on a bit. But with Adam's help I can afford to put my feet up and only work five days a week."

Adam is building himself a £16,000 house near Weybridge,

Surrey—a fair way, geographically and socially, from Acton Town.

"I'm going to live in it by myself," said Adam. "It will be better if I build a separate home for the family."

He has noted the difference between his parents' flat and the lush homes of stars whose acquaintance—if not friendship—he has made, but he has missed the point that his own home is a warm and friendly place where his friends are welcome and where cups of tea are produced in a profusion of hospitality.

Adam, I think, is at his happiest around home—even though he may not realise it.

Few friends

He has no special friends in show business.

"I don't go to the places they hang out," he said. "I'm not interested. My real mates are still the lads I went to school with."

"Friends are the most important thing of all. If you've got one real friend you're lucky. I have. My friend Ergie. And Dave. They are the greatest."

Ergie—real name Roger Van Engle, aged 19—works in Pine-wood Studios' cutting-rooms—a job Adam was doing before he was discovered.

The other, 21-year-old David Irons, is a printer.

What do they do when they are together?

They slump in front of the television set and slide into a trance. Silence reigns, even throughout the commercials.

Yet halfway through a programme which seems to be holding them to the point of deafness and muteness they suddenly get up and leave.

Not that they have anything in particular to do. They just drive around the block in Adam's big car.

They peer at the engine. They talk cars. Then drive around the block again.

Adam has discovered that life does not automatically become a bed of roses when you shoot to the top as a rock star. Especially if you're only 19 and lack the training and background necessary for handling wealth.

But, as he says, he's no moron. He is intelligent and learning all the time.

LISTEN HERE

—with Ainslie Baker

● Johnny Ashcroft, whose "Little Boy Lost" was top of Australia's Top 40 for five weeks, has two new singles ready.



Johnny Ashcroft

FIRST is "Big River," the story of a flood. Johnny has given it an Australianised Country and Western treatment, which he thinks has a better beat than "L.B.L."

Tony Withers, the Sydney disc jockey, collaborated with Johnny in composing "Big River," as he did with "Little Boy Lost."

Flip is a bright and different little number, all about a small boy's dream of "The Flying Red Horse," composed by Frank Scott, who, like Johnny, is a Sydneyite.

Johnny's second 45 (both are on Columbia) is "Little Kangaroo," which gives a new twist to the story of Ned Kelly's girl-friend, The Roo. Victorian Kevin Shegog composed it.

A cool, jazzy flipside, "It's Your Turn To Cry," by George Dasey, who wrote the tune "They're A Weird Mob," makes it another all-Australian effort.

Local talent: Not many country towns can boast of a jazz band that has kept its identity for 13 years, appears at national jazz conventions, and makes an LP. So congratulations to the Cootamundra Jazz Band, of N.S.W. Their "Country Barn Dance" (Columbia) shows them in dance-date mood with a bunch of country-hop favorites.

THERE are plenty of laughs when Sydney-based comic Joe Martin jumps on Rolf Harris' "Kangaroo" bandwagon with a sequel of his own, "Cut Me Kangaroo Loose" (Rex 45).

Pops: Lots of girls would like to take up the offer of Carl Dobkins Jr. to be "Exclusively Yours" (Festival 45). The Cincinnati teen rage with the friendly voice sings "One Little Girl" on the flip.

BOB BECKHAM, who had "Just As Much As Ever" and "Crazy Arms," comes up with an infectious little French-flavored pop, "Mais Oui." Flip is an attractive romantic ballad, "Only The Broken Hearted." (Top Rank 45).

SOMETHING of a Presley-type singer, Charlie Rich, with "Lonely Weekends" (London 45) echoes the feeling almost everyone has known at some time or another. In the same vein, but more beaty, is "Everything I Do Is Wrong" as the flip.

AS an alternative title to their LP "Lonnie Rides Again!" Pye might have chosen "The Many Voices Of Lonnie Donegan." The English ex-skiffle king shows amazing versatility and a high degree of artistry in a group of numbers that show him as blues singer, folk singer, and superior balladist. A terrific disc.

Hymns: The pleasing and well-drilled voices of America's Ray Charles Singers in "Sweet Hour of Prayer" are heard in an offering of hymns and songs of a devotional character including "Beautiful Isle Of Somewhere," "I Love To Tell The Story" and "Now The Day Is Over." (Festival LP, monaural or stereo).

Classics: Beethoven's mighty Ninth ("Choral") Symphony is given a stirring reading by Ernest Ansermet and the Swiss Romande Orchestra. Supporting the glorious soprano of Joan Sutherland are Norma Procter, Anton Demota, and Arnold Van Mill. (Ace of Clubs LP.)

IF violinists are a weak spot in your library, you might consider the 18-year-old Bolivian-born winner of the 1959 Queen Elizabeth of Belgium international competition, "Presenting Jaime Laredo" (R.C.A. LP) introduces the contest's youngest winner in a programme that includes a Vivaldi sonata and a Paganini caprice.

Movie music: Splendid though many of the other "Porgy And Bess" recordings have been, Coronet's original stereo soundtrack LP tops them all. Voices, excepting that of Cab Callaway as Sportin' Life (played on the screen

by Sammy Davis Jr.) are those you hear in the film, with Robert McFerrin singing for Sidney Poitier, and Adele Addison for Dorothy Dandridge. A thrilling and memorable performance of Gershwin's great folk opera.

A Roulette LP, "Pearl Bailey Sings Porgy And Bess," offers Pearl, one of the few to do her own singing in the movie, in six of the show's great tunes, together with half-a-dozen other evergreen Gershwin numbers.

Jazz: Whenever the late Belgium-gypsy guitarist Django Reinhardt, jazz violinist Stephane Grappelly, and the Quintette of the Hot Club of France got together, European jazz history was being made. A Pye International LP, "Django Reinhardt," provides the opportunity of hearing these legendary figures in 14 heady, heartfelt tracks, most of them Reinhardt compositions.

CAMDEN has run on to one LP, "Great Jazz Brass," ten tracks featuring such famous trumpets as those of Armstrong, Beiderbecke, Buck Clayton, Ziggy Elman, King Oliver, Mugsy Spanier, Jack Teagarden, and Wingy Manone. They are heard with the bands of—among others—Hoagy Carmichael, Benny Goodman, Eddie Condon, Gene Krupa.

Worth hearing

MOZART: Piano concertos

MOZART, as well as being one of the greatest of composers, was one of the leading keyboard-players of his day, an exponent both on the harpsichord and the then newly fashionable piano. His concertos for piano and orchestra were written for his own public appearances.

They are not the thundering display-pieces that we get from the later romantic composers, though they are often very difficult to play. They are beautifully balanced, highly civilised dialogues between the soloist and the orchestra.

But the emotions underlying them may sometimes be dark and even tragic—as in the famous concerto in D-minor. This concerto is magnificently played by the Russian pianist Sviatoslav Richter on a DGG recording. The happier Mozart is represented in two concertos (both in B-flat) on another fine disc with Ingrid Haebler as soloist (Vox).

—Martin Long

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ORDER NOW for budget sewing by writing to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. **BE SURE** to state size required, and name and address in block letters—PLEASE!



5737. This tailored shirt-waister is made in soft wool. Bodice has push-up sleeves, the skirt unpressed pleats. Requires 3½ yds. 54in. material. Sizes 30-36in. Price 4/6.

5738. Sheath dress in tweed, which can be worn two ways—belted or unbelted. Note the bare-armed look—the newest thing in fashion. Requires 2 yds. 54in. material. Sizes 30-36in. Price 4/6.



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — July 6, 1960



5736. A pattern specially for the teenage figure. The fitted midriff section is braid-trimmed and the skirt has all-around pleats. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material and 5yds. rick-rack braid trim. Sizes 30-36in. Price 4/6.



5741. Bare-armed party dress in coin-spotted taffeta. The moulded bodice has a high neckline in front, a V at back. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Sizes 30-36in. Price 4/6.



5739. A slick front-buttoned one-piece finished with a contrast bind trim and ultra-large pockets. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material or 4½yds. 36in. material. Sizes 30-36in. Price 4/6.



5740. Full skirt and fitted top are combined in this pretty one-piece. The bodice is lace-trimmed for extra glamor. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. lace. Sizes 30-36in. Price 4/6.

Fun and games for a **Birthday party**

<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4817992>

Like to have a facial?

By Carolyn Earle

● A "quickie" treatment for the young that can be administered at home in just ten minutes is the soapsuds facial. This excellent facial leaves the skin feeling marvellously clean and has the great advantage that it can be used on most skin. Proceed as shown in pictures.



▶ ALWAYS start and finish your facial with a sparkling - clean skin. That's the secret of a good treatment.



▶ FIRST cover face and neck with thick lather of really warm soapsuds. Let suds set while you soak pads and strips of gauze or cotton-wool in cold water. Place pad on each eye.

▶ NEXT place saturated strips of gauze or cotton-wool across the forehead, the centre of the face and the chin, pressing down all over. The colder these are, the better.



▶ THEN remove soap residue at the end of 10 minutes with a clean towel or facecloth wrung out in warm water, redamping and applying it as often as necessary to clear the soap. Now rinse with warm, then very cold, water.



▶ FINISH your facial by swabbing skin all over with skin freshener and fanning it dry. Remember, there's nothing better than a soap-and-warm-water facial for freeing young skin of impurities and leaving it clean, clean.



Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Courting custom

"I LIKE a girl in my class at school very much. We have known each other for a very long time, but have never seen each other a great deal. We are both 16, and she is pretty and fairly popular. I have asked her out several times, but have been refused, though she said it was not because she didn't like me. Some of her actions seem to indicate that she likes me, while others don't. At school, news that I had taken a girl out would probably go round the school quickly, and I think this is probably why she will not go out with me. She seems to like me when we are on our own at home, for instance, but is reluctant to be seen with me at a dance and I feel very self-conscious then and I think she does, too. I have never felt as if I would like to take any other girl out except her, and I have not taken one out as yet. Do you think I am too young to take a girl out every Saturday or to go steady with one? I have asked advice from a trusted friend and he suggested I forget all about this girl, but I am not sure I can, for I like her a lot."

E., W.A.

You're doing all right as you are, I think, and you surely must know this girl likes you. I don't see why you should forget about her, as your friend suggests, but then I don't see why you should be making such a thing about a simple situation.

At 16, I think you are far too young to go steady, far too young to have a definite Saturday-night date with anyone. You are a schoolboy still and should keep a schoolboy's place. I am sure that is why the girl you are interested in doesn't want to go out with you to dances and so on. She would know that you are both too young and that school and passing exams are what you both should be most concerned with now.

The simple answer is best



"WHEN a certain boy asks a girl out, and this particular girl isn't over-keen on this boy and she doesn't want to go, what should she say so she won't hurt his feelings?"

"Worried Feelings," N.S.W.

"No, thank you" is your answer. Any refusal of an invitation is disappointing, but not necessarily hurtful. Just refuse politely and don't talk about it. I mean don't talk to your friends about it. If you did, it would get back to the boy who asked you out, and that would be both hurtful and humiliating.

tend to shield myself from him and I can no longer talk normally to him. Could you please tell me if there is something wrong with me for feeling like this, and whether I should try to go out with more boys, even though I am quite content to go on as I am? What I think I really am trying to say is that even though I am 17 I am not very interested in boys, and compared to my friends I somehow feel abnormal. Could you give me your opinion, please?"

"Fancy Free," N.S.W.

Every girl becomes interested in boys at a different age, and I am not at all surprised that with your full life and the hard work you are doing to matriculate you are not yet interested in boys. I don't think for a moment you are abnormal.

I think girls who, like you, have men friends and a brother often become interested in boys later than other girls. They have not the curiosity about boys that girls without brothers have. This curiosity often triggers off the interest in boys—that is your next emotional step—much earlier. Don't worry about it.

Obviously, passing your exam means a great deal to you. I am sure that when you try to "shield" yourself from the friendship of boys who obviously like you, a subconscious fear that he will come between you and a matriculation pass makes you do this.

Concentrate now on passing the examination. In the months that follow, when you've relaxed from all the hard work, I'm sure your interest in boys will equal that of your girl-friends.

Likes me, likes me not

"I HAVE known a girl for two years, and we have been very good friends. Then last week she told a friend of mine that she did not like me. Then she said she did like me, but she did not like to talk to me. She said I embarrass her. Could you please help me?"

"B.K.," N.S.W.

Take no notice of what your friend says. See the girl and ask her if what your friend says is true. If she says it is, stop seeing her. There is no pleasure in such a friendship.

Romantic 14

"PLEASE do not think I am feeling sorry for myself, but, because my parents have been separated for quite some time, I have had to look after and find out things for myself. I am a girl of 14, quite attractive, and love singing. My trouble is that just lately I have grown more than fond of a boy who is seven years older than I. His parents and sister and I get along very well, and often when I am there there are hints of my being their daughter-in-law. One day he made a joke of my legs being dirty, due to the heavy mud outside. He did this to see if I could take it. I did. He explained this to me later and gave me an apology kiss. This kiss, however, turned into more than an apology kiss, and showed that his interests in me are more than that of a friend. My mother has met him and thinks he is a straightforward person. I know that if we keep seeing more of each other our friendship could bloom into a romance. However, some friends think that he is too old for me. We have discussed this together. We have an agreement that a young girl has a respect for an older person, although she knows when the older person is her husband that she will get love and be cherished and not be treated as a housemaid. Could you tell me will our ages come between us? I want to

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



AM I excited? For the first time I can say that I am writing something in response to Public Demand. It's colossal. What everyone wants on these cold days is my recipe for washing woollens.

Make up a mixture in a screw-top jar of half a packet of gentle soap flakes (I said flakes, remember), a cup of methylated spirit, and two dessertspoons of eucalyptus. Mix together into a thick glug (the flakes won't dissolve completely), and put a tablespoon of the mixture into a large basin of lukewarm water. Take your sweaters and dunk them gently up and down.

Don't rub them or wring them, and don't rinse them. If you feel they should be rinsed, get a fresh basin of water, add some more of your mixture and dunk again. You'll ruin everything if you rinse them.

Wash them quickly. Never, never soak woollen sweaters.

Washing ordinary undies is something every girl knows how to do. But why not do as the French do and add a few drops of cologne or your favorite scent to the last rinsing water? It is very nice, very French, and gives you a signature scent that adds allure.

know so I will be able to stop myself falling deeply in love. If our friendship does go on I will probably be nearly 18 when we get married. I would not like to lose him."

"Longing," N.S.W.

You seem to have done quite well for a girl of 14 who has had to find out things for herself, but not quite well enough. You are far too young to be having a love affair with a man of 21 and be discussing marriage. I think you should end this association and concentrate on being a successful schoolgirl.

If his love for you is real he'll still be waiting when you reach the age of 16, which is the minimum age at which you should start any romantic attachment.

EMERALD, N.S.W.: Don't worry. Go to a doctor straight away. None of the things you mentioned in your letter would have anything to do with the condition. There's no need to mention them.

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

POINTS OF ETIQUETTE

Who goes first?



● When a boy takes a girl out he must know when to say "after you" and when to lead the way himself. This young couple on a dinner and movie date give you the drill. Just follow them and all will be smooth and cool and correct.



ENTERING a taxi, car, or other less exalted form of transport, the girl goes first. This allows the boy to help her if necessary and, if it's a car or taxi, to close the door.

DOORWAYS present no problem—the girl always goes first, whether the occasion is formal or informal. If the door is closed, he moves ahead to open it, holds it open for her, then closes it after they have passed.



IN A RESTAURANT the boy goes forward to the supervisor or head-waiter to ask for a table, while the girl stays a little in the background. As they are led to their table, the boy follows the girl, then steps forward and adjusts her chair as she sits down.



AT A MOVIE, concert, or theatre the boy steps forward to present their tickets, then follows the girl as they are shown to their seats. The girl enters the row of seats first and they should say "Excuse me" as they squeeze past anyone already seated.

LEAVING A TAXI or any other form of transport the boy goes first, holds the door open, and extends a hand to help the girl. The date is over—and their knowledge of what makes manners good has made it a great success.





A GUY puts the rock into musicals and... SOUTH PACIFIC GOES WEST!

● I've never understood why no one has written a rock-'n-roll musical.

I KNOW there have been films with rock-'n-roll stories and songs. But there has never been a hip musical in the grand tradition.

There's been no attempt to rock the *Showboat* or really dig Oklahoma's bright, golden-hazy cornfields.

Not being a Rodgers, a Berlin, or a Hart (any girl will tell you I haven't got one!), I wouldn't presume to write a new show to the rock.

But the least I can do is picture how some of the classic musicals might have turned out.

Quiet, in front! The curtain's going up . . .

First, let's have some mutiny on the high C's of *South Pacific*. Imagine it was written by Dig Richards.

Now forget the old story about the young American servicewoman who is in love with the older

French planter. In the rock version she's a teenager with a crush on a 22-year-old square.

He sings "Some Enchanted (Six O'Clock Rock) Evening."

Not being a Johnny O'Keefe fan she comes back with, "I'm Gonna Wash that Man Right Out of My AIR!"

Another fine number in this show (much better than the original's

Tongue in cheek

GIRLS! Can't you see Robin Adair is talking about us with his tongue well in his cheek? If you leave out about half of what he says and take the rest with a pinch of salt, you'll find there's truth in it. For goodness' sake, though, don't get so hot under the collar. Just read and laugh.—"Sue," Moree, N.S.W.

"Bali Hai") is "Ballyhoo," sung by that brilliant group, Lee Gordon and The Headliners!

Next I proudly present Oklahoma-uh-huh. The production number is, "Oh, Dig This Crazy Morning."

Another big hit song is "Every-one Has a Date in Kansas City."

Then there's the theme song, of course, the one that ends, ". . . Oklahoma—O'Keefe!"

The curtain could also have risen on that saga of the Mississippi, *Go-Man-Goboat*. In this William Warfield sings "Daddio River."

My rock-'n-roll *Rose Marie* features a beautiful ballad, "The Indian Love Col (Joye)."

And if *The Pajama Game* had been *The Matador Pants Game* the stars would yodel "Hey there, you with the Lucky Starrs in your eyes . . ."

And in *Annie Get Your Electric Guitar* audiences would thrill to that rollicking number, "There's No Business Like Big Show Business!"

And who could forget the hero singing "The girl that I marry will have to be, as soft and as pink as lovely Connie . . .?"

Or that duet "Anything you can do I can do Booka?"

If Kookie had written the lyrics for *My Fair Lady* a beat Eliza Doolittle might sing dreamily the number "Wouldn't It Be Ginchy?" It starts, "All I want is a pad somewhere . . ."

Then Professor Higgins tries to get Eliza to understand hep talk by giving her the test piece, "Like man, the rain in Spain falls way out on the plain. Crazy."

And, when Eliza gets with it, Higgins cries, "By Elvis, she digs it!"

Well, that's the Broadway musical—in a broad way!

And it could even have happened to opera if Giuseppe Verdi and his mates had been around at the present time.

The Elizabethan Opera Company then might be putting on shows like *Faust and the Devil!*

And maybe something could have been done with *The Barber of Seville*. If he was hep to crew-cuts, that is.

—Robin Adair

MAKING MOVIES



Frame the picture carefully before beginning to shoot.

● Few youngsters have the opportunity to break into professional movies—especially in Australia—but they can make their own movies. And who hasn't wanted to be a film star or director!

AMATEUR movie-making costs are surprisingly low.

An efficient 8mm. movie camera costs from about £18, and good projectors can be bought from about £30.

Film costs about £2 for four minutes color or £1/10/- black and white. As these prices include processing, a four-minute

movie costs roughly the same as a 20-exposure roll of ordinary 35mm. color film.

The only other basic equipment required is a light-meter—£5 to £15—and a film-splicer for editing (from £5).

Movie-making, while basically similar to still photography, differs considerably in some respects.

Correct framing of the pic-



A modern 8mm. editing machine like this costs up to £30.

ture is of paramount importance in movies. What you see in the camera viewfinder is exactly what will appear on the screen.

You cannot "crop" unwanted detail or correct lopsidedness as in still pictures.

In small-gauge movie cameras everything is sharp four feet from the camera. The operation, apart from setting the lens aperture (use the meter), is as simple as with a box camera.

But if you want to make real movies and not a series of animated snapshots, you must **PLAN** your films.

Draft a shooting script and rehearse your actors.

The film will then unfold itself smoothly on the screen with the minimum of subtitles or synchronised commentary.

In the scenario below the shots are arranged for best effect. You can, of course, shoot them in any order you like—even on different days.

Take the same care with the simple record of a day's outing as with an ambitious "story" movie. Time spent preparing a script will be more than repaid by improved results. You will save film, too, by eliminating unnecessary shots.

The length of each shot is important.

It must be long enough to convey its meaning to the audience, but not so long as to become boring.

Apart from "cut-ins" for special effects, a shot should not be shorter than 3 seconds or longer than 20. However, always overshoot a few frames to allow for editing—you can cut an overlong scene, but you cannot put in what isn't there.

For steady pictures use a tripod whenever possible—or at least steady the camera against a wall or any other solid object. The slightest tremor of the cameraman's hand is greatly magnified on the screen.

Beginners have a tendency to "pan" (move the camera during a take). This is essential for following a moving subject, but it must be used sparingly. Overpanning is distracting, and can destroy continuity.

The same applies to the use of a "Zoom" lens, fitted to some more expensive cameras.

This lens can be used as a wide angle, standard, or telephoto lens. It can be altered while the camera is running to give the effect of the camera zooming up to, or away from, the subject.

The effect can be dramatic, but zooms must be used sparingly or they become irritating.

Home movies may be made into talkies with a synchroniser coupling the projector to any standard tape-recorder. Music, sound effects, and commentary can be added to the silent film.

But do not attempt this until you have become proficient at making good silents.

Any beginner taking up home movies will benefit tremendously by joining an amateur movie club. There are clubs in most cities and towns, where you will get valuable advice and friendly criticism of your work.

Also, you will be able to take part in the making of the more ambitious competition films made by these clubs each year. This is invaluable experience.



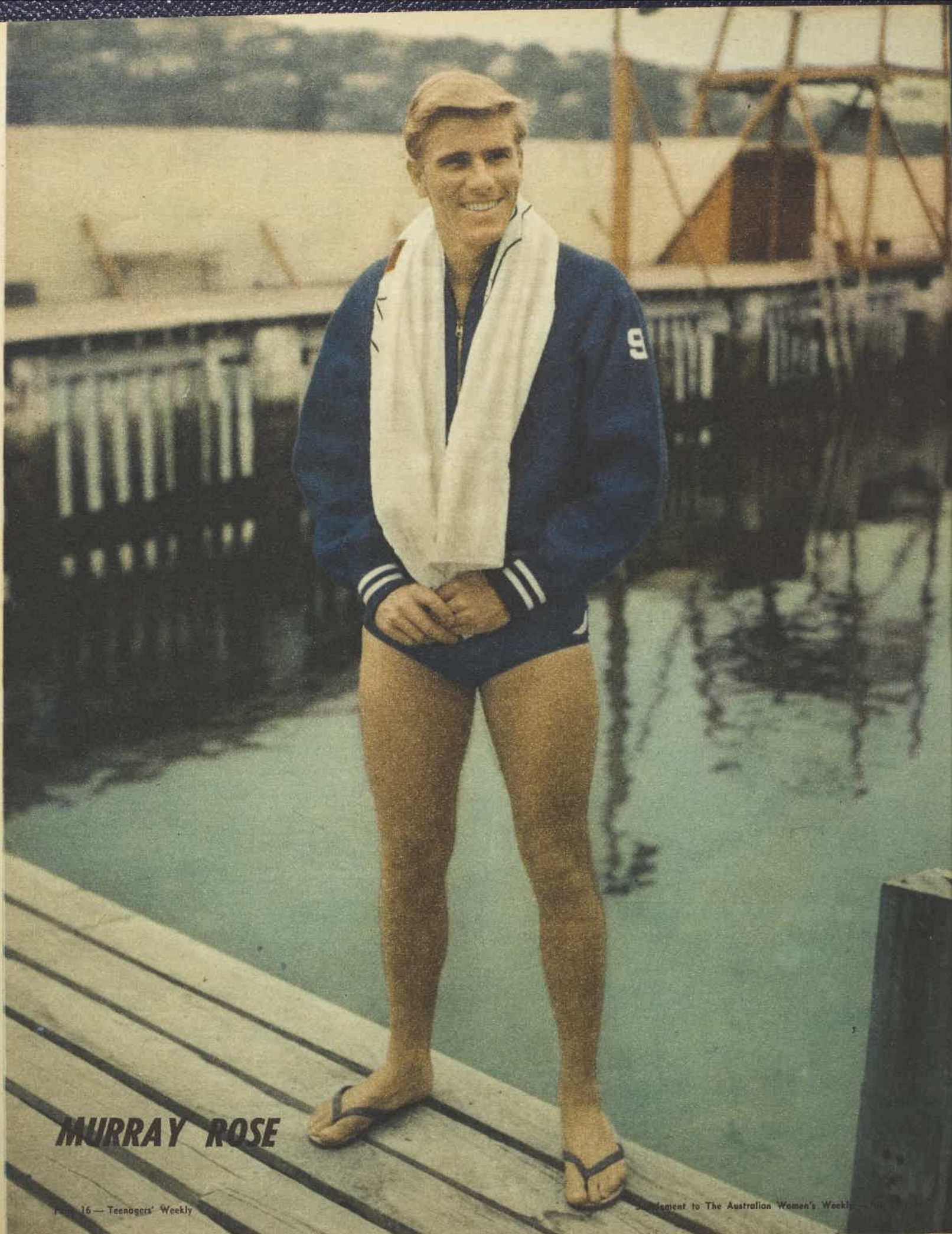
This shot is being taken from too high an angle. It will show only the tops of the subjects' heads. Tripod legs should have been shortened.

Sample shooting script

THIS is a simple shooting script for an interesting little movie. It is broken up into individual scenes. Distances are given in parentheses for each scene: c.u. for close-up; m.c.u. for medium close-up; m.s. for medium-distance shot; l.s. for long-distance shot.

- 1 (c.u.): Lead title, "A Day's Fishing." 10 sec.
- 2 (m.s.): Members of family getting aboard boat at jetty. 10 sec.
- 3 (l.s.): Boat leaves jetty. 10 sec. Fade out. 3 sec.
- 4 (c.u.): Anchor going overboard. 3 sec.
- 5 (m.s.): Someone casting fishing-line. 5 sec.
- 6 (m.s.): Pan faces of party. Rapt expressions. 8 sec. Fade out. 3 sec.
- 7 (c.u.): Clock face. Hands move two hours. 4 sec.
- 8 (m.s.): Fade in (3 sec.) same as Scene 6, but pan in reverse direction, showing bored faces.
- 9 (c.u.): Mother. She gets a sudden idea: "Let's have lunch." (Title.)
- 10 (m.s.): Family eating. Cut in close-ups. 10-15 sec.
- 11 (c.u.): End of fishing-rod bobbing violently. 3 sec.

- 12 (m.s.): Everyone stops eating and excitedly watches Father pulling in line. 8 sec.
- 13 (c.u.): Mother's face. Look of anticipation replaced by dismay, then laughter. 8 sec.
- 14 (c.u.): Line swings with old boot hooked. 4 sec.
- 15 (m.s.): All family laughing. 5 sec. Fade out. 3 sec.
- 16 (l.s.): Fade in boat returning to jetty. 3 sec.
- 17 (l.s.): Car driven off. 4 sec.
- 18 (c.u.): Dad, at the wheel, speaks.
- 19 Title: "What'll the neighbors say!" 3 sec.
- 20 (c.u.): As Scene 18: Father worried. 3 sec.
- 21 (c.u.): Foot applying brake pedal. 3 sec.
- 22 (m.s.): Father emerges from shop with fish. 7 sec.
- 23 (l.s.): Neighbors working in gardens. Pan to car arriving. 9 sec.
- 24 (m.s.): Father gets out of car. 5 sec.
- 25 (m.s.): Neighbors run towards him. 7 sec.
- 26 (m.c.u.): Father holding up fish. 4 sec.
- 27 (c.u.): Father turns to camera, slowly winks. 4 sec. Fade out.



MURRAY ROSE

Page 16 - Teenagers Weekly

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

crystallised pineapple, 4oz. sultanas, 4oz. return to very moderate oven to set.

THEY MELT IN THE MOUTH

By LEILA C. HOWARD
OUR FOOD
and COOKERY EXPERT



FRUIT SALAD PAVLOVA,
*Australia's own dessert, and
the snowy cake-frosting are
both recipes which use a
meringue as their base.
Recipes are on these pages.*

ORANGE CRESCENTS

One quantity of thrifty meringue, 2 large navel oranges, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, chopped nuts.

Peel oranges, carefully remove all white pith. Cut each orange into 4 sections. Place on greased oven-slide and sprinkle with little lemon juice. Spread meringue thickly over each orange section, completely covering each one. Sprinkle with chopped nuts. Bake in very moderate oven approx. 1 hour or until meringue is crisp and lightly browned. Serve with ice-cream or custard.

BANANA CREAM PIE

Pastry: Half pound plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 5oz. butter or substitute, 2 egg-yolks, 3oz. sugar, juice of half lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add egg-yolks, lemon juice, and vanilla. Work in sifted flour and baking powder. If necessary add a little water. Roll on board dusted with flour and ground rice. Roll to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness, line a 9-10in. tart plate, prick well, bake in hot oven 15 minutes.

Lemon Butter: One and a half lemons (grated rind and juice), 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter, 2egg-yolks, 2oz. sugar.

Heat lemon juice, rind, sugar, and butter to boiling point. Remove from heat. Pour on to beaten egg-yolks and cook in double boiler, stirring constantly until thick. Cool.

Banana Mixture: Half dozen bananas, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Custard: Two egg-yolks, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons sweet sherry, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons castor sugar.

Add sugar to beaten egg-yolks and beat until dissolved and mixture is thick and

creamy. Add warmed sherry and continue beating over hot water until thickened.

Meringue Topping: Double quantity of button meringues, glace cherries.

Spoon meringue mixture in small teaspoonfuls on to greased oven slide. Bake in low oven 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

Assembling sweet: Spread thick layer of lemon butter over base of pastry-case. Add thick layer of mashed bananas and lemon rind. Pour the cooled custard over bananas. Decorate top with meringues and cherries.

PARTY SWANS

One quantity commercial meringue, 1 tin frozen strawberries, raspberries, or loganberries, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ dessertspoons gelatine, 2oz. sugar.

Line three oven-slides with greased paper. Using star tube, pipe the meringue mixture in oval shape for the body of swan, making one end narrower than the other, then build up the sides to form nest, leaving space each side to fit the wings in. Pipe number required. On the second oven-slide pipe the wings, which are three slightly curved lines each shaped to fit close together. On the third oven-slide pipe long shell shapes for the tails and very slightly curved S shapes for the necks. Cook in very slow oven until dry.

Meanwhile thaw the berries, measure juice and make up to 2 cups with water. Soak gelatine in 2 tablespoons cold water, add to fruit juice with the sugar, stir over low heat until gelatine and sugar are dissolved, cool slightly, fold in berries, allow to set.

To assemble Swans: Fit wings into spaces on side of swan body, fill cavity with berry jelly, place less curved end of neck in the jelly at the narrow end of body and tail at the wide end; chill and serve.

FRUIT SALAD PAVLOVA

One quantity of pavlova meringue, ice-cream, fruit salad.

Prepare meringue. Grease large oven-tray and place on top 9in. circle of greased paper. Spoon meringue over base of circle and build up sides to form a nest. Bake in very slow oven 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours or until crisp and dry on the outside and marshmallowy inside. Cool, slide on to serving dish. Fill with scoops of ice-cream and fruit salad.

BOMBE ALASKA

One quantity of Italian meringue, 1 7in. sponge cake, 1 pint ice-cream, vanilla.

Place sponge on piece of board (approx. 9in. square and 1in. thick), which has been covered with greaseproof paper. Prepare meringue, flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla essence. Turn ice-cream on to top of sponge and cover completely with cold meringue,

making sure meringue completely seals the contents. Place in moderate oven until outside of meringue is hardened and slightly colored (5 to 10 minutes). Remove and place on serving-plate, serve immediately.

For added effect, place couple of eggshells in uncooked meringue. When baked fill cavities with rum or brandy and flame.

ALMOND FINGERS

One quantity of French meringue, 8oz. butter or substitute, 8oz. sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons milk, 1lb. plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 4 tablespoons corn-flour, pinch salt, almond essence, 4 tablespoons almond meal, almonds.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add beaten egg-yolks, then milk. Fold in sifted flour, baking powder, cornflour, and salt, making very dry mixture. Turn on to lightly floured board and roll out to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness. Cut into finger lengths and place on greased trays. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. Prepare French meringue, fold in essence and meal. Spread on biscuit fingers, top with chopped blanched almonds. Place in slow oven to brown lightly.



for that
moment
of luxury..



... when a pause in a gay
evening says, "Time for a cup of drinking chocolate".

The smooth, milk chocolate taste and exquisite aroma
of Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate relaxes as it pleases, creating
that most memorable moment in an evening's
enjoyment ... the moment of luxury with ...

Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate

In ½-lb. and the 1-lb. economy packs. SO EASY TO MAKE ... SO GOOD TO DRINK



PIPING-HOT savory medley roll served garnished
with tomato slices and parsley would be an ideal
dish for winter luncheons. See recipe below.

Readers' recipes

● This week's main prize of £5 is
awarded to a Tasmanian reader for
savory medley roll.

THE savory roll could
be cut into slices and
served piping hot as a
party savory or TV snack
if desired.

Consolation prizes of £1
each are awarded for an
orange cake with an unusual
crunchy topping and choco-
late truffles, a party favorite.
All spoon measurements are
level.

SAVORY MEDLEY ROLL

Eight ounces shortcrust
pastry, ¼ lb. bacon rashers, 1
small apple, 1 small onion,
1 small tomato, 1 cup soft
breadcrumbs, salt, pepper,
chopped parsley, pinch herbs,
tomato slices, parsley, milk.

Roll pastry thinly into rect-
angular shape. Chop bacon,
apple, onion, and tomato into
small pieces. Spread over
pastry, then sprinkle with
breadcrumbs, pepper, salt,
parsley, and herbs. Moisten
edges of pastry and roll up as
for swiss roll, pressing end of
roll lightly together. Glaze
with milk, place on greased
oven tray. Bake in hot oven
20 to 30 minutes or until
pastry is cooked. Serve cut in
slices garnished with tomato
wedges and parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs.
S. Dart, 31 Hogg Street, Wyn-
yard, Tas.

CRUSTY-TOP ORANGE CAKE

One large orange, ½ cup
walnuts, 1 cup seeded raisins,
4oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup

sugar, 3 eggs, 2 teaspoons
baking powder, 2 cups flour,
½ cup milk, extra ½ cup sugar,
1 teaspoon mixed spice, extra
½ cup finely chopped walnuts.

Mince together pulp of
orange (keeping the juice),
walnuts, and raisins. Cream
butter or substitute with sugar,
add eggs one at a time, beat-
ing well after each addition.
Sift baking powder and flour,
fold into the mixture alternat-
ely with milk. Stir in minced
ingredients, mix well. Pour
into greased loaf-tin and bake
approximately one hour in
moderate oven. While the cake
is still warm, pour a little of
the orange juice gradually
over cake. Combine extra
sugar, mixed spice, and finely
chopped walnuts. Sprinkle
over cake and press gently
with fork.

Consolation Prize of £1 to
Mrs. M. Lawson, 18 Watt
Street, Gympie, Qld.

CHOCOLATE TRUFFLES

Four ounces butter or sub-
stitute, 4oz. icing-sugar, 2oz.
cocoa, few drops vanilla es-
sence, 6 tablespoons coconut,
1 cup chopped combined dates,
raisins, and ginger, extra coco-
nut.

Cream the butter or sub-
stitute with icing-sugar until
light and fluffy. Add vanilla
to taste, cocoa, coconut, and
chopped fruits. Roll into
small balls, toss them in dish
of extra coconut. Leave to
dry overnight. Chill.

Consolation Prize of £1 to
Mrs. J. Murray, South Street,
Crows Nest, Qld.

FAMILY DISH

WHEN the first course is substantial, balance the menu
with a light, fruit-flavored sweet such as pineapple
souffle. The dish, which is quick and easy to prepare, costs
approximately 5/- and serves 5 people.

PINEAPPLE SOUFFLE

One tin pineapple pieces or crushed pineapple, 1 cup
water, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon arrowroot or cornflour,
2 eggs, 4oz. chopped marshmallows

Place pineapple and syrup in saucepan with half the
water and half the sugar. Blend arrowroot with remainder
of water. Stir into the pineapple, stir over heat until
boiling. Simmer 3 or 4 minutes. Stir in beaten egg-yolks,
allow to cool. When cold fold in egg-whites, beaten to
meringue consistency, with remaining sugar and chopped
marshmallows. Spoon into serving-dishes, serve with cream
or custard.

● This handsome rug in the Royal Stewart tartan was made by Mrs. Cecille Morgan, of Brisbane. The rug is easy to crochet and can be copied in any clan tartan or in an unlisted tartan like that shown below.



TRAVELLING-RUG at right was worked on a basic crocheted mesh through which crocheted chains are woven to make the tartan pattern.

EASY-TO-CROCHET TARTAN RUG

THE rug is worked in crochet wool on a foundation mesh through which crochet chains are threaded. It is the arrangement of colors in the rows, which is repeated in the threading (unless otherwise specified), which makes the pattern.

Chains are worked from 3 to 4 inches longer than the finished rug, leaving a strand of wool (the length of the fringe) at each end of the chain; these are threaded from the top—finished end—to the bottom—or commencement of the rug, using an elastic threader through which the commencement of the chain has been threaded, and are threaded under the right side rows and over the wrong side rows from top to bottom; the ends are then caught with the fringe at both ends of the rug.

Chains are worked on a size 11 hook.

Using a size 12 metal hook the mesh is started with a foundation chain of double the number of spaces required, plus 4, and is worked thus: 1 treble in the 6th chain from hook (this makes 1 space). * 1 chain, miss 1 chain of foundation chain, 1 treble in the next chain, repeat from * to the end of the row.

2nd Row: 4 chain (for 1 space), 1 treble in the second-last treble of the preceding row (taking the stitch through both sides of the loop at the top of the treble), then 1 ch.

1 treble in next treble to the end of the row, and this row is repeated throughout, excepting the first space of the row when changing color, which is worked thus: Make a loop on the hook, wool over needle, and work the first treble into the last treble of the preceding row.

Sew all ends back into their own colors, and finish off the edge on what will be the right side of the rug, with one row worked thus: 1 chain, 1 double-crochet into a space; start this row at a corner, and leave an end which can be taken into the fringe (about 5 inches long), repeat into every space, and three times into each corner.

When working fringe, insert the hook into the end of the weaving chain and through both loops of the d.c. stitch, and draw the folds (2) of the fringe strands (which are cut 20 inches long and doubled twice) through these loops. hook under all 5 strands, and draw them through the fold.

ROYAL STEWART

Wool required: 21 red, 10 black, 6 green, 2 royal-blue, 3 white, 2 yellow skeins Daphne crochet wool.

Weaving: 14 red where 15 rows.

217 spaces. Commence with 438 chain.

Work Rows: 8 red, * 1 royal-blue, 2 black, 1 yellow, 1 black, 1 white, 1 black, 3 green, 2 red, 1 black, 1 red, 1 white (this white row is the centre of the pattern), 1 red, 1 black, 2 red, 3 green, 1 black, 1 white, 1 black, 1 yellow, 2 black, 1 royal-blue,

and 15 red. Repeat from * 4 times (for 5 patterns), ending with 8 instead of 15 rows red.

Chains required are: 102 red, 50 black, 30 green, 10 royal-blue, 15 white, 10 yellow.

UNLISTED TARTAN

Wool required: 19 red, 10 green, 6 blue, 4 black, 3 white, 2 yellow skeins.

211 spaces. Commence with 426 chain.

Rows: * 11 red, 2 black, 1 red, 1 yellow, 1 red, 1 white, 5 green, 2 blue, 1 red, 1 blue, 1 white (this white row is the centre of the pattern), 1 blue, 1 red, 2 blue, 5 green, 1 white, 1 red, 1 yellow, 1 red, 2 black. Work 5 patterns and end with 11 red. In weaving: 4 green in each green group in place of 5 green rows.

Chains: 96 red, 40 green, 30 blue, 20 black, 15 white, 10 yellow.

MACBETH TARTAN

Wool required: 13 royal-blue, 10 navy, 6 green, 6 red, 5 white, 2 yellow skeins.

211 spaces. Commence with 426 chain.

Rows: 11 royal-blue, 1 yellow, 2 navy-blue, 1 white, 1 navy-blue, 1 white, 1 navy-blue, 3 green, 2 red, 1 navy-blue, 1 red, 1 white (this white row is the centre of the pattern), 1 red, 1 navy-blue, 2 red, 3 green, 1 navy-blue, 1 white, 1 navy-blue, 1 white, 2 navy-blue, 1 yellow. Work 5 patterns, and finish with 11 rows royal-blue.

Chains: 66 royal-blue, 50 navy-blue, 30 green, 30 red, 25 white, 10 yellow.



SAMPLE shows how the crochet chains are threaded through basic mesh. A mesh of 211 spaces makes a rug approximately 50in. by 60in.

Designs are easy to copy

MRS. CECILLE MORGAN, of Brisbane, who designed the rugs on this page, has won two prizes for this unusual handwork.

All three rugs given at left are similar in construction.

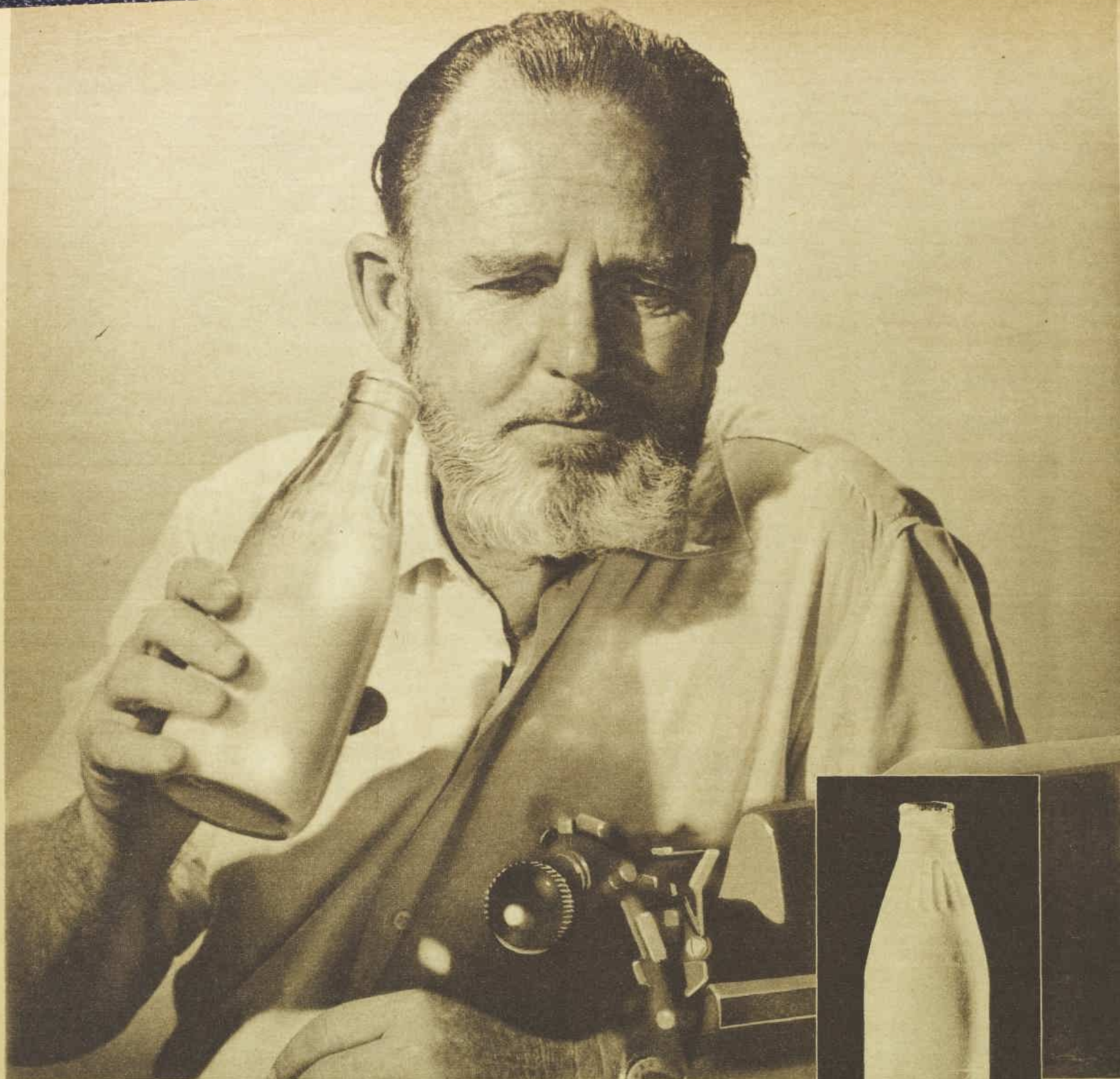
Other tartans which could be copied easily are the Prince Charles Edward Stewart, which, although of the same coloring as the Royal Stewart, has a narrower red band; and the Dress Stewart, which replaces the broad red band of the Royal Stewart with a band of natural oatmeal color.

Many tartans are similar in construc-

tion to the famous regimental tartan the Black Watch. They include Gordon, Lamont, Forbes, Campbell of Argyll, Farquharson, McKenzie, and MacLachlan.

One of the earliest records of the Royal use of the tartan was in 1471, when one was purchased for King James III of Scotland and his Queen. King Charles II of England wore tartan ribbons on his coat when he married in 1662.

Dress tartans originated when the ladies of the clan wanted lighter-colored patterns. These tartans included a white background and were variations of the clan pattern.



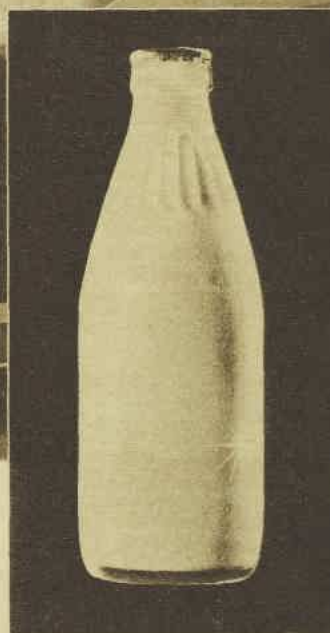
John O'Grady (alias "Nino Culotta" to 250,000 readers of "They're a Weird Mob") stops tapping out his new novel, "Cop This Lot," to crack a bottle of milk.

let's crack a bottle

What milk can do for Australians—old, new and adolescent—would fill a book . . . and there wouldn't be a word of fiction in it. But why get your facts from books, when there's a far more enjoyable way to find out what milk means to you, firsthand? Next time you work late on your latest novel (or write the letters you've owed so long) . . . next time you play arm-chair cowboys with some TV hero . . . break off and fix yourself some milk. Bring a bottle straight from the fridge to drink cold and creamy as you go on working. Or, if it's bedtime and you want a luxury ticket to Sleepy Hollow . . . fill a big beaker with warm milk and add your favourite flavouring. Either way, you'll know in no time. You've never enjoyed such a creamily delicious, more companionable, contenting drink as milk . . . and never felt so refreshed and relaxed.

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Have you noticed the way eyes shine, complexions glow and hair gleams, for the pint-a-day people? How they never seem to tire of proving life is good? Here's the reason. Milk supplies bone-building calcium, body-building protein, energising sugars and all the known vitamins that tone you up and keep you fit. You never outgrow your need for milk.



MILK ... for a refreshing lift any time

Gift woollies for new prince

● These two garments are part of a nine-piece layette sent to the Queen for her new baby, Prince Andrew, by the Yass (N.S.W.) Graziers' Association. Yass district is noted for its fine wool.

HERE are the directions for knitting the frock and bonnet. Both are trimmed with rosettes embroidered after the knitting is done.

FROCK

Materials 4 balls Patons Pearl Knit 2-ply, 1 pr. each Nos. 10 and 12 needles, crochet hook, 3 buttons, 1yd. fin. white satin ribbon, embroidery thread for roses.

Measurements: To fit 20in. underarm; length from top of shoulder, 17in.; sleeve seam, 2in.

Tension: 8½ sts. to the in. in width.

FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 145 sts.

Knit 8 rows in g-st.

Proceed as follows:

** 1st Row: K 1, * w.fwd., k 11, w.fwd., k 1, rep. from * to end of row.

2nd and Alt. Rows: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: K 2, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 7, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 3, rep. from * to last 13 sts., w.fwd., k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 7, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 2.

5th Row: K 1, * (w.fwd., k 2 tog., t.b.l.) twice, k 5, (k 2 tog., w.fwd.) twice, k 1, rep. from * to end of row.

7th Row: K 2, * (w.fwd., k 2 tog., t.b.l.) twice, k 3, (k 2 tog., w.fwd.) twice, k 3, rep. from * to last 13 sts., (w.fwd., k 2 tog., t.b.l.) twice, k 3, (k 2 tog., w.fwd.) twice, k 2.

9th Row: K 1, * (w.fwd., k 2 tog., t.b.l.) 3 times, k 1, (k 2 tog., w.fwd.) 3 times, k 1, rep. from * to end of row.

11th Row: K 2, * (w.fwd., k 2 tog., t.b.l.) twice, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.o., (k 2 tog., w.fwd.) twice, k 3, rep. from * to last 13 sts., (w.fwd., k 2 tog., t.b.l.) twice, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.o., (k 2 tog., w.fwd.) twice, k 2.

13th Row: K 3, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., t.b.l., w.fwd., k 3, w.fwd., k 2 tog., t.b.l., w.fwd., k 5, rep. from * to last 10 sts., w.fwd., k 2 tog., t.b.l., w.fwd., k 3, w.fwd., k 2 tog., t.b.l., w.fwd., k 3.

15th Row: K 4, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., t.b.l., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.o., k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 7, rep. from * to last 11 sts., w.fwd., k 2 tog., t.b.l., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.o., k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 4.

2 tog., p.s.o., k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 4.

17th Row: K 5, * w.fwd., k 3, w.fwd., k 9, rep. from * to last 8 sts., w.fwd., k 3, w.fwd., k 5.

19th Row: K 6, * sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.o., k 11, rep. from * to last 9 sts., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.o., k 6.

20th Row: K 1; p to last st., k 1, **.

Rep. from ** to ** 4 times.

Work 12 rows in st-st.

Using No. 12 needles, proceed as follows:

1st Row: * K 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1 (73 sts.).

Work 3 rows in g-st.

5th Row: K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row.

Work 3 rows in g-st.

Using No. 10 needles, proceed as follows:

1st Row: * K 9, inc. once in next st., rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 3 (80 sts.).

Work 7 rows in st-st.

Cont. in st-st, cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, 3 sts. at beg. of foll. 2 rows, then 2 sts. at beg. of foll. 2 rows.

Work 2 rows, dec. 1 st. at beg. of needle in 2nd row (61 sts.).

Work as given from ** to ** for skirt once.

Work 4 rows in st-st. ***.

In Next Row: K 24, cast off 13 sts., k 24.

Cont. on last 24 sts., dec. once at neck edge every row until 17 sts. rem. Work 1 row without shaping.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next row and 8 sts. on foll. alt. row.

Join in wool at neck edge and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

BACK

Work exactly as given for front to ***.

Cont. in st-st. without shaping until armholes measure same as front armholes.

Shape shoulders by casting off 9 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Cast off rem. sts.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 50 sts.

Work 12 rows in st-st.

With right side of work facing and using a fine spare needle, pick up 50 sts. along cast-on edge, place at back of needle in use.



FROCK is suitable for baby boy or girl, has rosette trim on bodice, and is finished with a ribbon tie.

13th Row: K plain, knitting tog. one st. from each needle to form a hem.

Next Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

Using No. 10 needles, proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 19, (inc. once in next st.) 11 times, k 20 (61 sts.).

2nd Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

Work 16 rows in st-st.

Dec. once at each end of needle in every row until 53 sts. rem.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 2 tog., k 1, * w.fwd., k 11, w.fwd., k 1, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

2nd and Alt. Rows: K 2 tog., p to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: K 2 tog., k 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 7, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 3, rep. from * to end of row.

5th Row: K 2 tog., k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 5, (k 2 tog., w.fwd.) twice, k 1, * (w.fwd., k 2 tog., t.b.l.) twice, k 5, (k 2 tog., w.fwd.) twice, k 1, rep. from * to end of row.

7th Row: K 2 tog., k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 3, (k 2 tog., w.fwd.) twice, k 3, * (w.fwd., k 2 tog., t.b.l.) twice, k 3, (k 2 tog., w.fwd.) twice, k 3, rep. from * to last 12 sts., (w.fwd., k 2 tog., t.b.l.) twice, k 3, (k 2 tog., w.fwd.) twice, k 1.

9th Row: K 2 tog., k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 1, * (k 2 tog., w.fwd.) 3 times, k 1, (w.fwd., k 2 tog., t.b.l.) 3 times, k 1, rep. from * to last 5 sts., k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 3.

11th Row: K 2 tog., k 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.o., (k 2 tog., w.fwd.) twice, k 3, * (w.fwd., k 2 tog., t.b.l.) twice, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.o., (k 2 tog., w.fwd.) twice, k 3, rep. from * to last 10 sts., (w.fwd., k 2 tog., t.b.l.) twice, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.o., k 3.

13th Row: K 2 tog., k 2, w.fwd., k 2 tog., t.b.l., w.fwd., k 5, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., t.b.l., w.fwd., k 3, w.fwd., k 2 tog., t.b.l., w.fwd., k 5, rep. from * to last 6 sts., w.fwd., k 2 tog., t.b.l., w.fwd., k 4.

15th Row: K 2 tog., k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog., t.b.l., w.fwd., k 7, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., t.b.l., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.o., k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 7, rep. from * to last 5 sts., w.fwd., k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 3.

17th Row: K 2 tog., k 2, w.fwd., k 9, * w.fwd., k 3, w.fwd., k 9, rep. from * to last 3 sts., w.fwd., k 3.

19th Row: * Sl. 1, k 2 tog.,

p.s.o., k 11, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

20th Row: K 2 tog., p to last st., k 1.

Cont. in st-st, dec. once at each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 25 sts. rem. Cast off.

Work another sleeve in same manner.

NECKBAND

Sew up right shoulder seam. With right side of work facing and using No. 12 needles, k up 67 sts. evenly round neck.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 2, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 1, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

Rep. 1st row twice. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew up left shoulder for fin. Sew in sleeves, placing seams to side seams and matching patt. Using crochet hook, work 1 row of double crochet round shoulder opening, making 3 button loops on front shoulder. Sew on buttons. Thread ribbon through holes at waist. Embroider roses on yoke as desired.

THE BONNET

Materials: 1 ball Patons Pearl Knit 2-ply; 1yd. satin ribbon, embroidery thread for roses.

Measurements: Width round face, 10in.

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 85 sts.

Work 12 rows in g-st.

Change to No. 10 needles and work as given from ** to ** for frock twice.

Work 2 rows in st-st, dec. once at end of needle in last row.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: * K 10, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row.

2nd and Alternate Rows: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: * K 9, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row.

5th Row: * K 8, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row.

Cont. dec. in this manner in every alt. row until 14 sts. rem.

In Next Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

In Following Row: * K 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row. Break off wool, run end through rem. sts., draw up, and fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly. Sew up back seam. Using No. 12 needles and with right side of work facing, pick up 74 sts. evenly round back of bonnet. Work 4 rows in g-st. Cast off. Sew on ribbons. Embroider roses round bonnet as desired.

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BONNET from layette is in a lacy stitch to match the frock, and is embroidered with tiny rosettes.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 6, 1960

Page 37



What wonderful whiteness!

The extra sparkle of her wash catches Mrs. Ross Lindner's eye, when she takes her ironing out to the sunny verandah of her charming home in the Barossa Valley, S.A. "Must be some magic in New Rinso's suds!" she tells her pretty little daughter. "See how beautifully white and bright everything is!" There's extra cleaning action in New Rinso.

That's what puts that extra whiteness, extra brightness in your wash. Yet those richer, softer Rinso suds are so gentle, so safe for busy hands. (That's why all smart women use New Rinso for washing-up, too!)

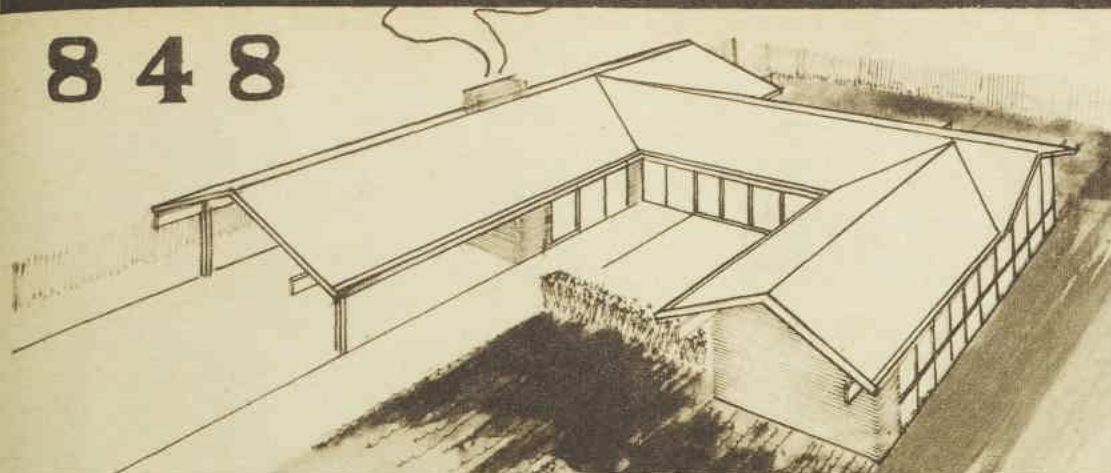
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A COURTYARD FOR PRIVACY

848



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH of plan No. 848, showing front view with carport, courtyard, and entrance gallery. Bedrooms are on right.

● This week's Home Plan was designed under the direction of architects Borland and Trewenack. Its courtyard makes it ideal for an overlooked, suburban site.

A COMPLETE set of working drawings and specifications for this house, No. 848 in our series of Small Home Plans, can be bought for £10/10/- from any of our Home Planning Centres. Addresses are in the panel below.

Area of the house is 11 squares in timber and 11.8 squares in brick. It has been designed so that the bedrooms form a separate wing — an ideal arrangement if you entertain a lot and have a young family.

The bathroom is conveniently placed for both the living and sleeping wings, and the toilet has access from the laundry as well as from the bathroom.

Play area

Main approach to this spacious house is across the courtyard to a wide entrance gallery. This gallery is large enough to double as a play area for the children or as a sunroom.

Year-round use can be made of the courtyard. It not only captures the sun, but is pro-

tected from the wind. It also supplies a private outdoor living area on an overlooked site.

Outdoor living has really become a part of the Australian scene, and a courtyard such as this could become a focal point for summer family entertainment.

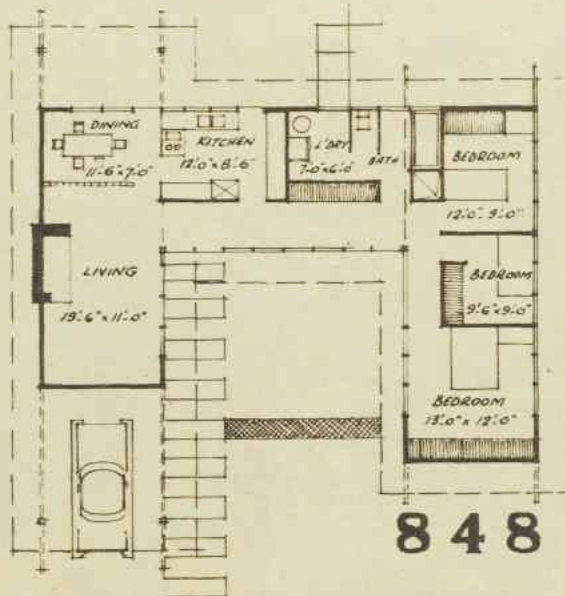
In this design, the dining-room has been separated from the living-room by a screen, but the division can be made by a wall, or perhaps sliding doors. The spacious living-room has a large open fireplace and opens on to the courtyard.

Cupboard space

The kitchen, bathroom, and laundry are centrally placed and there is plenty of cupboard space throughout the home.

A feeling of balance and added length to the design is supplied by the front carport. If necessary, it could be placed beside or behind the house, depending on the site.

Frontage of plan No. 848 is 58ft. The price of building the house in timber would be between £3400 and £3900, and in brick from £3800 to £4400. Costs depend on the



848

FLOOR PLAN for design No. 848 shows bedroom wing and convenient grouping of kitchen, bath, room, and laundry. Plan also includes a courtyard and sun gallery and a front carport.

site and the materials chosen, but your local Home Planning Centre will supply you with accurate costs for your own land.

Although the area of the house is not large, it costs approximately £250 above that of a more conventional house of the same size because of its extended plan.

If you have a problem about any aspect of home building, please consult your local Home Planning Centre. Our Centres are staffed by qualified personnel, and their services are free to our readers. If you have trouble with plans, tenders, finance, or your local council, return the plans or specifications to the Centre and they will solve your problems quickly and return the plans to you.

Various plans

The wide variety of Small Home Plans on sale at these Centres are available in mirror reverse position, and they can be placed at any angle on the site. They can, in most cases, be built on stilts or on the side of a steep hill.

Both contemporary and traditional style houses are available. Windows, window areas, and positions can be varied if you wish.

On some plans a kitchen is

shown opening directly on to the living-room, but it can be walled off.

Oil, electric, or gas heating can substitute open fireplaces. Cooling systems can also be incorporated in all our Home Plans.

How to order

If you order a plan by mail, please state its number, whether you want it constructed in brick or timber, roofing material required, whether the site is sewered, whether plan is required as already drawn, or in the mirror reverse position.

Please enclose a cheque, money order, or postal notes for the fee of £10/10/- for the plan.

Modification can be made to any of our plans, but if drafting or printing is involved in these alterations, an extra charge is made.

Carports or garages are not shown on every Small Home Plan, but these can be incorporated in the design. The cost is approximately £175 to £250 for a carport, and £325 to £400 for a single brick garage.

For a small fee the Centres will arrange for an expert to inspect your site and advise you on the type of home most suitable for your land and your budget.



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WHERE TO BUY THIS PLAN

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TOOWOOMBA: Pigott & Co. Pty. Ltd., Ruthven St. (phone 7733).

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd., Brickfield Hill (all mail to Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney).

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd., Civic Centre (please phone J2311 to consult architect).

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd., The Valley (phone 50121).

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium, Lonsdale St. (phone 32044).

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Mulop St. (please phone X6111 to consult architect).

ADELAIDE: John Martin & Co. Ltd., Rundle St. (phone W0200; mail to P.O. Box 79).

HOBART: Fitzgerald & Co. Ltd., Collins St. (please phone 27221 to consult architect).

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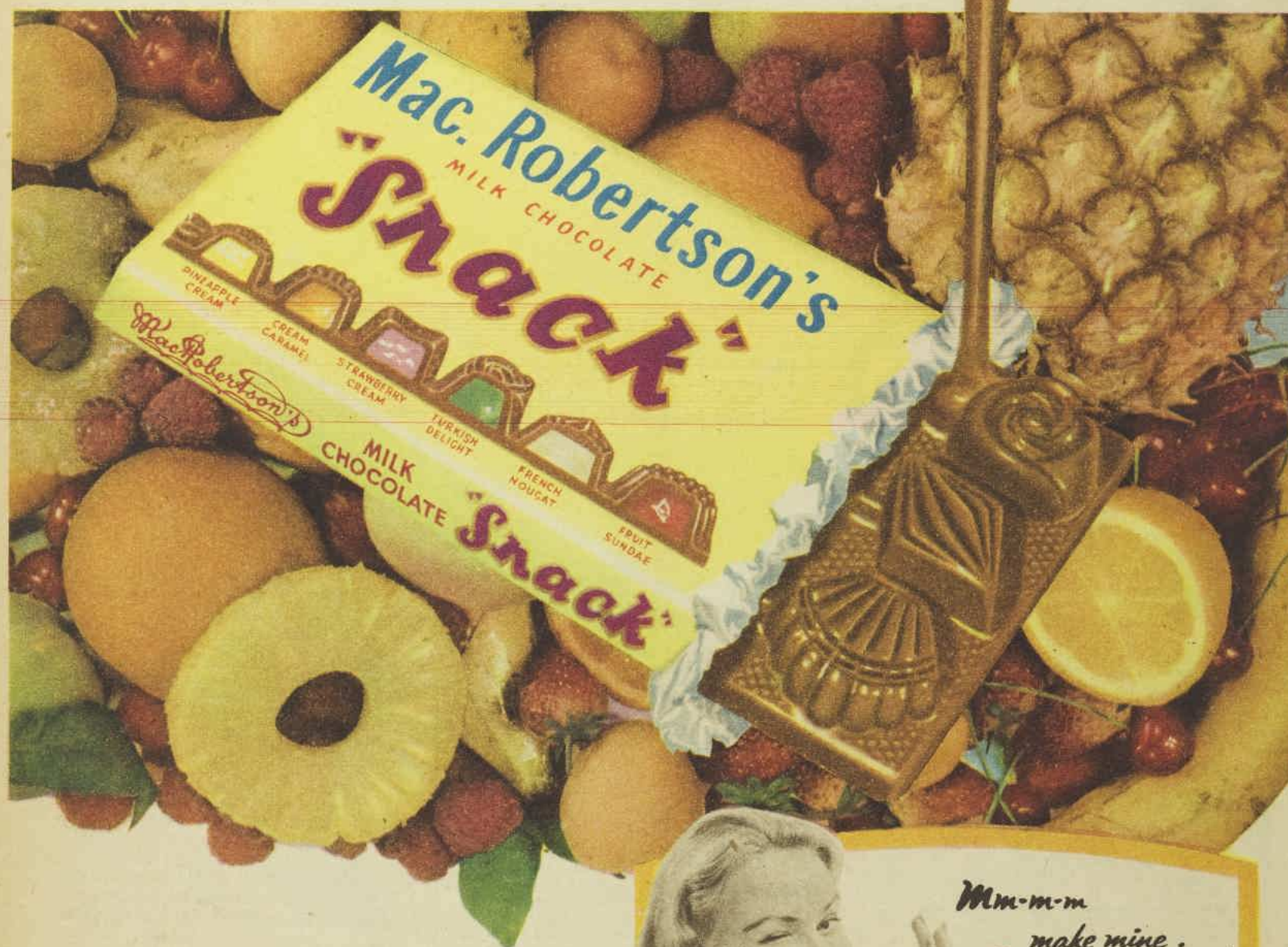
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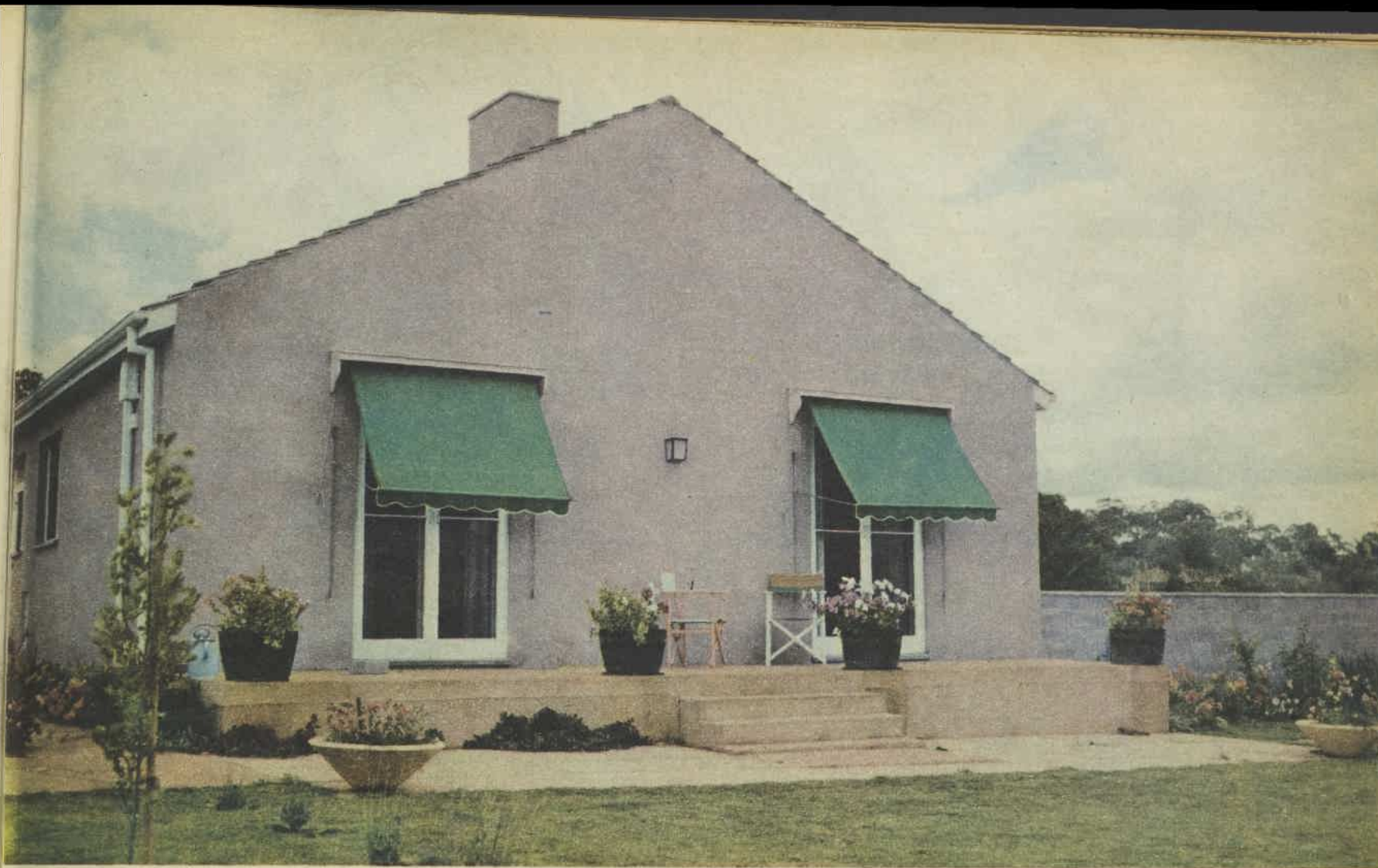
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AUSTRALIAN

HOMES

OLD AND NEW. The house, above, at Canberra, built just over a year ago, is the home of Sir Ragnar Garrett, Chief of the General Staff, and Lady Garrett. After making 20 homes during her married life, moving now holds no terrors for Lady Garrett.

Already the Garretts have transformed the surrounding paddocks into a lovely garden by planting 300 trees and shrubs and beds of annuals. The Garretts have two children, Mr. David Garrett and Mrs. Graham Keys.

The house, at right, is in Adelaide, and is more than 100 years old. Now the home of Mr. Henry Krips, conductor of the South Australian Symphony Orchestra, and Mrs. Krips, it is believed to have been built as a hotel or coach inn.

Since Mr. and Mrs. Krips bought the property eight years ago, they have done extensive renovations. Still preserving the character of the old limestone dwelling, they have added a single-storey wing which contains Mr. Krips' study and a bathroom.

The hotel bar is now the living-room. The second bar, or taproom, is a bedroom for the Krips' sons, Henry and Michael.

ABOVE: The Canberra home of the Chief of the General Staff, Sir Ragnar Garrett, and Lady Garrett is the 20th home they have lived in during their married life. Keen gardeners, they have transformed a bare block into an attractive setting. Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

BELOW: Century-old house of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Krips, in North Adelaide. Formerly a coaching inn, entrance to the bar was through the side door, now blocked by a high brush fence. A new wing, added by Mr. and Mrs. Krips, is on the other side. Picture by Max Farrell.



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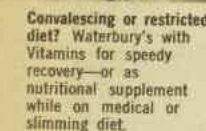
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NIACINAMIDE—an important member of the Vitamin B Complex
Group essential in good health.

RIBOFLAVINE—which assists in tissue repair and growth ... is
especially valuable during pregnancy and lactation.

health giving, energy giving, pleasant to take

**SAFEGUARDS HEALTH OF WHOLE
FAMILY.** Vitamin supplemented and
rich in minerals, phosphates, malt,
glucose and other essential health
factors, Waterbury's Compound with
Vitamins is the complete tonic for the
whole family—children, parents and
grandparents alike.

**COMBATS PHYSICAL AND MENTAL
STRAIN.** For people who work hard,
either manually or mentally, energy-
burning sportsmen and growing
youngsters, Waterbury's Compound with
Vitamins is a source of strength ...
combating fatigue and that "worn-out"
feeling.

**REVITALISES THE BODY,
STRENGTHENS NERVES.** Providing
material for tissue repair and growth,
rich in nerve-nourishing elements, Water-
bury's Compound with Vitamins speeds
recovery to sparkling health ... then
helps to keep you well by building up
your natural resistance to sickness.

**VALUABLE AS PRE-NATAL AND
POST-NATAL TONIC.** To meet the extra
demands nature places upon her, the
mother-to-be or nursing mother often
requires a tonic supplement. The
enriched formula of Waterbury's
Compound with Vitamins makes it an
ideal health tonic for mother during this
precious and critical period of her (and
her baby's) life.

**HEALTH GIVING, ENERGY GIVING,
PLEASANT TO TAKE—ideal for
children!** Waterbury's Compound with
Vitamins combats deficiencies often
associated with modern diet and
provides a rich supplement of health-
giving, energy-giving elements. Extremely
palatable, it's the tonic children like
to take!

ASK YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST—HE KNOWS!



for effective DECONGESTIVE treatment of colds, 'flu
and bronchitis, ask for

Waterbury's Red Label

Widely recommended for the treatment of
respiratory ills and as a general health aid. Quickly
clears bronchial congestion ... breaks up
stubborn colds fast!



A DUSTER-GLOVE that you can knit in next to no
time. Materials required are 2 skeins coarse white
knitting cotton, set of four No. 12 knitting needles,
and a bodkin.

Cast on 48 sts., 24 on 1 needle and 12 on each of
the other two needles. Knit 1 1/2 in. of 2 plain, 2 purl,
rib, then knit in st-st. until glove is 7 in. long. Then
start casting off one stitch at each end of needles (4
altogether) every 2 rows, the same as one does the
toe of a sock, until 24 stitches remain on needles.
Graft off as one does a sock toe. Then take a bodkin
and thread with 2 yds. cotton—use double—pass bod-
kin through a stitch of the knitting and pull thread
through, cut, leaving 5 in. of cotton—tie this firmly.
Work in rows over half one side of glove, thus form-
ing a mop-like fringe which is used as the duster.

Quick tips

● These time-saving hints will
help speed up those routine house
chores and give you more leisure.

IF your painting job
needs only a small
amount of paint and a
small brush, it's easier to
handle it in a small con-
tainer rather than a big
paint tin. A cardboard
milk carton, cut down to
size, is just the answer. It
is waxed and leakproof,
and when the job's done
the carton can be thrown
away.

★ ★ ★
A foam-rubber mat under
the sink will make you feel as
though you're standing and
working on air and saves
tiredness.

★ ★ ★
To give green beans a
special flavor, shake them with
butter when cooked, then toss
them with a saucerful of finely
grated lemon rind.

★ ★ ★
Remove blue marks on a
bath by dabbing them with a
soft cloth moistened with
vinegar, taking care to avoid
going beyond the mark or
touching the enamel.

★ ★ ★
When glasses with milk
stains have been left long
enough for the stains to be-
come sticky, rinse them with
lukewarm water, not hot
water, which merely "bakes"
the liquid on the glass.

★ ★ ★
Coarse sand is good for
cleaning stained-glass vases.
Pour soapy water into the vase
and add a small amount of
sand. Let it stand for a while,
shaking gently now and again.

It's best to avoid clothes-
pegs when hanging out blan-
kets to dry, as they make ugly
marks. Stretch blankets over
the clotheslines in a sunny
place and let them drip dry.
Restore fluffiness with plenty
of shaking.

READERS' HINTS

The following hints win
£1/1/- prizes each for readers.

To make tea-towels absor-
bent after the first wash, add a
packet of Epsom salts to a
dish of cold water and soak
the tea-towels in this mixture.
Then wash and boil in usual
way.

Prize of £1/1/- to Mrs. L.
Ryan, 15 Drysdale St., Mal-
vern, Vic.

★ ★ ★
Save trouble when threading
a curtain on its rod by placing
the finger from an old glove
over the rod's end. The cur-
tain will slip on easily and
won't tear.

Prize of £1/1/- to Mrs.
Hennedif, 114 Coogee Bay
Rd., Coogee, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
Having dyed a handbag and
finding the dye was rubbing
off on gloves and frock, I gave
the bag several coats of egg-
white, letting each dry before
adding the next coat. This set
the dye, which now does not
wear off.

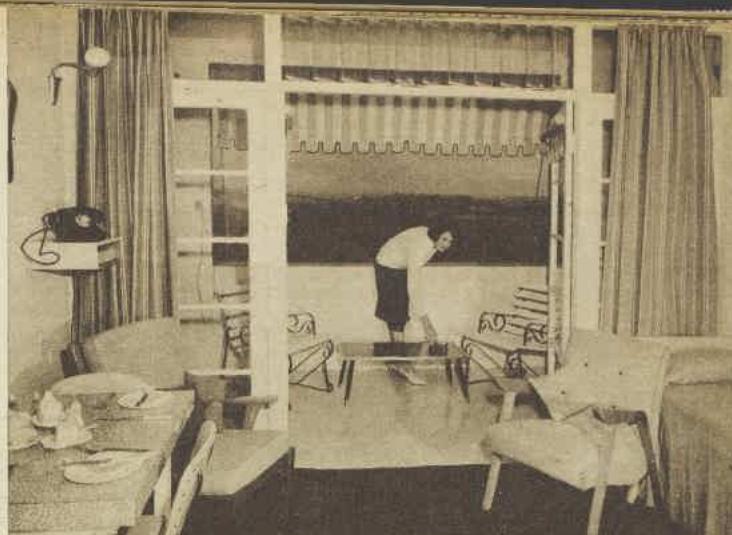
Prize of £1/1/- to Miss
M. A. Nixon, 25 Ashby St.,
Fairfield, S.3, South Brisbane.

★ ★ ★
If you have a household hint
send it to Home Hints, Box
4038WW, G.P.O., Sydney. We
will pay £1/1/- for every hint
published.

HOME FOR ONE IN ONLY 2.8 SQUARES



GENTLE push and the kitchen unit is open. Fluorescent strips supply ample light.



EXHIBITION UNIT showing how a comfortable home can be made out of a space only 12ft. wide and 24ft. deep. The balcony stops a hemmed-in feeling and provides outdoor living area.

HIDEAWAY kitchen unit is on right of picture illustrating how it looks when closed. Bathroom is opposite the neat kitchen unit.

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● Many people who live alone are searching for a compact, inexpensive home. Believe it or not, one can be made out of a space only 12ft. by 24ft., and without that living-in-one-room feeling or any discomfort.

THIS area includes a small bathroom and a hideaway kitchen unit that can also be fitted into a spare room in a house to provide an almost self-contained flat for a parent-in-law or elderly relative.

A block of these specially designed 12ft. by 24ft. units is being built on Sydney's harbor shore for people living alone or for casual visitors to the city.

Everything is planned down to the last inch. The front door leads into a small entrance-hall, with a kitchen unit on the left concealed behind a folding device. A small bathroom is on the right, complete with shower recess, W.C., combined basin and vanity table with drawers which serves as dressing-table.

The kitchen unit opens up with the touch of a hand. When tilted up, the lower half of the door fixes itself to the upper part with small magnetic tips. These joined pieces lift easily and are held up in the final position by a combination counterweight and torque bar.

"No maintenance is required and it can't go wrong," its inventor assured us.

The kitchen unit, which measures a mere 5ft. 3in. by 1ft. 9in., contains ample shelf and cupboard space, water-heating unit for both sink and bathroom, stainless-steel sink, and small table-top cooker.

Cooking fumes and steam

are whisked away by a special duct—an important point because one of the drawbacks about living and cooking in the same room is the stale smell of cooking that seems to linger obstinately.

The main part of the flat unit measures 11ft. deep and 12ft. wide. Here there is plenty of space for two single beds or divans, a large built-in cupboard, two armchairs, and a dining-table and four chairs.

A feeling of spaciousness is created by the balcony. Six feet deep and 12ft. wide, it provides a sheltered sunbathing and outdoor living area for at least ten months of the year in Sydney's climate. It is sufficiently large to take two chairs, coffee table, refrigerator (neatly tucked in a corner), and have space to spare.

A small refrigerator could fit into the kitchen unit if preferred.

The hideaway kitchen unit can be used to make a self-contained flat out of a spare room in a family home to accommodate a parent-in-law or an elderly relative.

It would give them independence, allow them to eat when they like, make themselves tea at three in the morning if they want to, and they need never feel they are in the family's hair.

The cost of installing the complete kitchen unit in a house is £200. This includes the water-heater, cooker, special duct to remove fumes, etc., sink, cupboards, shelves, and folding door.



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How to walk on high heels

By MARJORIE STAPLETON, staff reporter

● High heels, originally designed to lift the dainty feet of Cleopatra and her colleagues above the muddy streets, defeat most modern girls.

THIS interesting historical information I found in a footwear trade magazine lent me by Victor Downes, shoe repairer, of Fortitude Valley, Brisbane.

He added the modern comment:

"Girls should learn to walk before they wear stilt heels."

"Oh, yes, most girls can get along the street all right without falling over, but they don't walk properly."

Mr. Downes has five generations of shoe-repairing behind him to back up his arguments.

"If only people knew how to look after their stiletto heels. It's so simple. You don't put on your best dress and then go out and feed the pigs, do you?"

"Yet you see women boarding trams and buses with their arms full of heavy parcels, which upset their balance."

"The right heel is usually the first to go," he said. "Know why? Most women use their left foot to explore with, while their right foot carries the load."

"You see them place their left foot on the bus step. Then with a mighty heave they corkscrew around on their right foot and pull it up after them. Snap goes the heel. I see them do it with babies in their arms. I nearly faint."

I ventured: "But if you have protectors put on—straight away—"

"No, no. Protectors on stilt heels are responsible for 90 per cent. of the breakages," Mr. Downes said emphatically.

"The steel plate jars, slips, and twists unless it's put down fastidiously all the time, the way a mannequin or a dancer walks."

Leather is best

"The best thing to walk on is leather. Nothing takes its place satisfactorily. When the leather tip wears down a bit you should take your shoes straight in for repairs."

Mr. Downes showed me a collection of broken heels and explained how they were manufactured and why they had broken.

Many of them had a thick supporting steel or aluminium pin (like a bridge nail) down the centre of them. This pin is finished with a wide flat top.

"Once the heel is worn down past that flat top, there's not a tool in the world that will remove the pin satisfactorily," Mr. Downes explained.

"Yet it must be removed if the shoe is to be retipped. Somehow the slide repairer has to chisel it out and build up the heel again. I've seen the drill slip and run into a man's hand more than once."

"Worn-down heels should be labelled 'Beyond Repair.' The heels should be stripped off and new ones fitted. New stiletto heels cost from 16/- to a guinea."

"But it only costs three or four shillings to have them repaired before they go too far."

"Sensible women have their heels attended to about once a week, depending on how much walking they do."

"When new heels are fitted they must be the same height as the old ones or the last of the shoe is upset. If lower heels are put on, the toes will poke upwards."

He said 3½ in. heels were classed as very high, 3 in. as average stilt, and 2½ in. as medium.

"In polishing shoes, most people use too much polish and not enough rub. This causes dark stains on the leather."

Upper classes

In the magazine "Footwear Repair" I read that after the wooden heel came wooden shoes—clogs and sabots.

From sabot came the word "saboteur," meaning a malcontent who would throw his wooden shoes into machinery to put it out of action.

For a long time high heels were exclusively for the aristocracy. It was not until the early 19th century that the lower classes were allowed to wear them.

The journal also says that a 9st. woman walking on a stiletto heel exerts a pressure equal to half a ton per square inch—almost half as much again as the pressure exerted by the tyres of a city bus. A good enough reason for treading carefully when visiting someone with a new carpet.

"Although coroners have blamed more than one tragedy on spike heels, fashion indicates that they are here to stay," said Mr. Downes.

"I hope you can persuade women to have more respect for their beautiful shoes."

The golden rules for stiletto heels:

1. Don't wear protectors.
2. Don't let your heels wear past the leather walking-tip.
3. Don't walk carelessly.
4. Don't wear them for heavyweight duty such as carrying the family shopping.



SHOE-REPAIRER Victor Downes and his wife look at a fashion shoe with controversial high heel. Mrs. Downes does her husband's office work.



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**REGULAR DRY CLEANING IS AN INEXPENSIVE
WAY TO INSURE THE LIFE OF YOUR CLOTHES**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 6, 1960

from page 19

that. And she had never told him her dream of London and Paris and Rome. Nora Brannigan was a coward about one thing: she never wanted anyone to laugh at her.

The truth was that thirty years ago, when she was a chambermaid in a small hotel in Pittsburgh, a lady had given her a trunkful of old paper-backed novels, and so lords and ladies, London fogs, the wicked lure of Paris became Nora Brannigan's secret life.

All these things she vowed to see one day for herself. Now her years subdued the romantic heart; but a new world had opened. The romance of history—the Tower of London, Henry the Eighth, the Black Prince, Marie-Antoinette—coming suddenly to mind, uncluttered by dates, undamaged by dull footnotes, was exciting beyond belief.

So she asked questions. These questions further alienated her from her fellow travellers. They were like thorns lacerating the cultivated skins of the whole group.

In the cool patio of the hotel in Murcia, Mrs. Welty said: "We should have known when we saw her in Barcelona that we were in for something—wearing that hat and over-tipping the porter!"

"That hat!" Mrs. Carmody pretended to shiver. "Where did she get it?"

"It was expensive," Miss Berger said. "Doesn't she always tell us that Nora Brannigan buys the best? 'American dollars can buy the best!'"

At the imitation of Mrs. Brannigan they all laughed. Then they saw her approaching and began to talk with animation, pretending not to see her.

Mrs. Brannigan's wide smile froze and melted away. She walked in her rolling gait on to the dining-room, alone, her fantastic hat perched like a halo on her gilt hair. She knew that she was being ostracised, that the hat was all wrong. She was hurt and she was angry—but she was not lowering her colors.

It wasn't her first mistake, the hat, and she would wear the darned thing just to annoy them! It was a white horse-hair-braid affair with a net crown and, anyhow, it was as light as air. It was expensive and the saleswoman had said it would go with anything, so she'd certainly wear it!

As the journey continued, her loneliness grew. She sat in the dining-room waiting hopefully to be asked to join the group, but nothing happened. Finally she took refuge in her one citadel, the value of the American dollar.

She bought service with a lavish hand and further alienated the others. But finally there appeared a ray of hope. Mrs. Brannigan told Senor Raimundo, the guide, that she might go back to America at once.

Mrs. Brannigan was lonely and homesick. Her pleasure in the pursuit of culture weakened. It was not history that had beaten her, but her compatriots.

Then, suddenly, in the midst of an arid plain, one of those still white fairy-tale towns, with a glistening cathedral tower piercing the hot blue sky, rose like a mirage. The bus halted in the narrow street, with its Moorish balconies, Roman arches, and ancient church. It was a clean, ragged little town which in five hundred years had scarcely changed.

The church held a famous sixteenth-century shelf behind the altar. Once upon a time a certain nobleman, on his way

to the New World, had taken refuge in the church during a storm. Here he had prayed at the feet of a slender saint with a gentle face carved from a dark wood. In the midst of his prayer and at the height of the storm, after a terrific clap of thunder, an unearthly golden light played suddenly around the figure of the saint.

The nobleman believed this to be a good omen. And on his return, laden with gold, he had caused the shelf to be built. There was, to prove all this today, the same saint with the gentle face.

The church was dark and vaulted. The age-old shadows were scarcely penetrated by the sunlight sifting through the high windows. A feeling of holiness and unreality, which of late had been coming over Nora Brannigan in these old churches, crept over her now. She felt it to be part of her own loneliness and part of the mystery and sadness of life.

The group followed Senor Raimundo to the shelf. But for the first time Nora Brannigan went off alone. Her feet hurt

whatever was being said concerned her, and that to everyone else it was funny.

As Senor Raimundo's hand closed on the thin shoulder of the small boy, ready to propel him to one side, Nora Brannigan's small, plump hand, flashing with diamonds, closed on the guide's arm.

"Not so fast," she said. "I want to know what this boy said about me."

"Oh, but nothing, nothing at all," Senor Raimundo said. "These children are troublesome—the police—"

But now, as if the boy had at least understood Mrs. Brannigan's gesture, the sureness of it, he began to talk swiftly to her alone, his eyes dark and intense, his bearing proud. And all at once both Senor Raimundo and Dr. Welty were silent, looking strangely at each other. Then, when the boy had stopped talking, Dr. Welty spoke quietly to the guide.

Senor Raimundo mopped his forehead and cleared his throat. Then he said, "Dr. Welty insists that I tell you what the boy has said. It is very diffi-

in a terrific white silence. Then slowly Mrs. Brannigan unpinned her hat and quite simply folded it away in her capacious bag. She looked down at the boy, and the boy smiled.

Then he took from his pocket a small parcel wrapped in a bit of torn paper. He held it out to Mrs. Brannigan. When she shook her head, he unwrapped the parcel and revealed a cheap cotton mantilla. He smiled. "Por favor," he said, "por favor—"

With a strange gentleness Senor Raimundo said, "It belonged to his mother."

Nora Brannigan's hand made a movement towards her purse, filled with American dollars. Then her eyes met the boy's, and she lifted her hand from the clasp of her purse to place the mantilla awkwardly on her harsh, metallic hair, where it hung a little rakishly. But her appearance and her smile seemed to please the child.

His eyes brightened. Then, with a simple dignity, Nora Brannigan bent to kiss the child's forehead. She spoke two of the Spanish words she had learned: "Muchas gracias." Now, as if covered with embarrassment, the boy turned and seemed almost to disappear between two buildings.

For a moment Nora Brannigan stood awkwardly, more ridiculous than ever with the mantilla draped on her head. Then she turned and walked quickly away from them all, her small feet wobbling on the cobbled street, her rolling gait accentuated.

No one made a move to follow, or speak, until the high, cultivated voice of Mrs. Carmody cut the white stillness like a knife: "I think, for a second, we were all taken in by it. She was going to open her purse, when she saw through it, that it was simply a ruse to get money. And you saw how the boy ran off—afraid of the police, no doubt." She smiled around brightly, but no one smiled back.

Mr. Hagedorn strode after Mrs. Brannigan. When he caught up with her, he said, "You were quick. I'm afraid I'd have tried to pay him, give him something."

"No, he was proud," she said. "Sometimes that is all the poor have—their pride. It hurts to take it away. I know." She reached for her handkerchief. "I cry too easy. Funny," she went on, "it was one time the American dollar looked too cheap to offer."

For a second Mr. Hagedorn did not answer. Then he said an odd thing, a very odd thing for a banker: "And sometimes you realise how little money means."

Now the others had caught them up. And Mr. Hagedorn, putting his hand under Mrs. Brannigan's elbow, said, "Let's go and drink a toast to Mrs. Brannigan and a miracle." He smiled down at her.

All at once Mrs. Brannigan felt fine. Say what you like, when something touched the hearts of Americans, they were different. They stuck together.

"But," said Dr. Welty, "could you really term it a miracle? Now I—"

"Well," Mr. Hagedorn broke in, "Mrs. Brannigan and I consider it a miracle of discovery!"

And oddly, at the linking of Mr. Hagedorn's name with Mrs. Brannigan's, the whole group seemed to close in and agree. Mrs. Welty said, "You were wonderful, Mrs. Brannigan. I was all choked up."

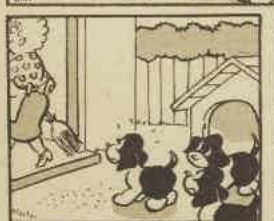
And that is how it happened that the impossible Mrs. Brannigan, with her rolling gait, her diamonds and the lace mantilla draped over her gilt hair, moved like a newly crowned queen up the cobbled street, surrounded by her friends.

Everyone stood still in the shadowy doorway. In the street, the hot sun beat down

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



and she had given up. The nave was empty except for an old man at the far end. She could find no bench, so she knelt down in front of a slim, dark saint with a gentle face.

She slipped off her shoes and said to the saint, "Excuse me, please, but my feet hurt." But when she looked up, moved by the compassion and tenderness of the gentle face, she began to pray. She prayed that she would soon be among warm and friendly American faces again.

She rested for some time. But finally, seeing the others moving towards the door, she rose, put on her shoes, and joined them. They had reached the door, when suddenly they stopped. A small, thin boy in a clean, worn coat blocked their path.

Senor Raimundo spoke a few short, sharp words, Nora Brannigan thought she half recognised one from her own childhood—something like "vamoosé," and it came to her that the meaning was probably the same as it had been forty years ago at home. The boy, however, did not move. On the contrary, he edged closer, he seemed more earnest, and a quick torrent of words poured forth.

Now Senor Raimundo spoke in a very angry tone. And whatever the boy had said caused Dr. Welty to smile and whisper to his wife. In turn, Mrs. Welty smiled and whispered to the Bostonians.

Perhaps it was because the boy's eyes seemed never to leave Mrs. Brannigan's face, but all at once she knew that

cult. But it is the hat of Senora Brannigan. Such a hat this town has never seen. Such a lovely hat the grandfather of the boy had never seen nor, for that matter, the boy himself. He extols the beauty. But a mistake has been made, perhaps easily in this place of miracles."

Mrs. Brannigan felt her cheeks get hot. If this were a joke at her expense . . .

Senor Raimundo continued, "A few minutes ago, while Senora Brannigan was kneeling, the grandfather of the boy prayed at the back of the church. The grandfather's eyes are very bad. Soon he will be blind—that is why he seemed to see around Mrs. Brannigan's head a holy light shining like a halo."

"The grandfather hurried home to tell the boy of the miracle, to send him to see for himself. The boy came at once. And he saw that his grandfather, unused to beautiful hats, had made a terrible mistake. Now he asks only that the Senora will not wear her hat in the town."

"The idea!" Nora Brannigan gasped in anger and embarrassment. "This is ridiculous. Why should I—?"

"A thousand pardons, Senora," the guide interrupted her. "The boy is very foolish. It is just that he does not want the old man to know the truth, that he has seen no miracle, that he is at last old and blind and witless."

Everyone stood still in the shadowy doorway. In the street, the hot sun beat down

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but she never used it, and the pairs of stork scissors, the thimbles, the stilettos had remained in their velvet-lined hollows until he had taken them out for his own use. Nettie had never been domesticated. Too pretty. He'd liked that. And how they used to entertain!

Well, he couldn't do it now. Couldn't do anything for Guillamore. His map, perhaps, had been of some use, but Guillamore had supplied the bits and pieces. No, he must stop going. Some little gift — and good-bye.

"So I thought perhaps, as things are at present, you might let me have a bottle on account. Wouldn't ask you this, only it's rather important to me."

THE manager of his Club took a bottle swathed in straw reverently from his desk. "Good heavens, Colonel Blount, that's all right, sir. I spoke to the secretary about it and he made no objection. No objection at all."

"Ah, mm. Decent of him. Decent of you. The '04 port, eh? Sure it hasn't been shaken up?" He looked anxious.

"Decant it and see," laughed the manager.

"Mm, ah well." He turned to go. "Pon his soul, in some ways the old Club was going downhill. That young chap they'd made secretary had been a subaltern in his old regiment only the other day."

Colonel Blount held the bottle of port like a baby in the crook of his arm and started back to Paddington.

This trip to town had made a fearful hole in his savings. Really, when he came to think, he didn't quite know how he would pay for his room next week; his binoculars, of course, were first-class — but without the binoculars there would be no more train-watching for a long time. Still, he had the

port and his ticket to Maidenhead.

The name of Mr. Guillamore's bungalow was Caldicott. It was written on the gate in white gothic letters. Colonel Blount rested his hand on the gate for a minute and looked at the front garden. Serried ranks of tulips were beginning to spear their way through straight beds railed in by a sharp edge of lawn. In the exact middle of the lawn was a bird bath. It was empty. Five sparrows splashed in a puddle on the tessellated path.

Nice little place, thought Colonel Blount. A mist obscured his eyes. He grasped the bottle of port tightly and knocked three times on the front door with the brass gargoyle, rather more loudly than usual.

Mr. Guillamore, after a decent interval, whisked it open. "Ah, dear fellow, I fancy I've solved the difficulty of that curve we spoke of last time. What's that you've got there?"

"Bottle of '04 port. I —"

"'04 port? My dear fellow, where did you get it?"

"At the Club. I wondered —"

"Confound it, man, don't toss it about like that. Here, put it on the chest. Got it for your wife?"

"No, I thought perhaps —"

"Well, put it down and take off your coat. Now look here. I've completed the loop we were thinking of. Edward VII takes it easily. Come and see."

Colonel Blount hung up his worn greatcoat. The bottle sat on the hall chest, a tall beehive in its straw. He tried again as Mr. Guillamore bustled into the room.

"Look here, old chap —"

"You see, takes the curve perfectly. See how she leans to it? Pretty fair, eh?"

The engine completed the loop and started out again. Colonel Blount allowed himself a moment's silent admiration. Then he said, "As a small token,

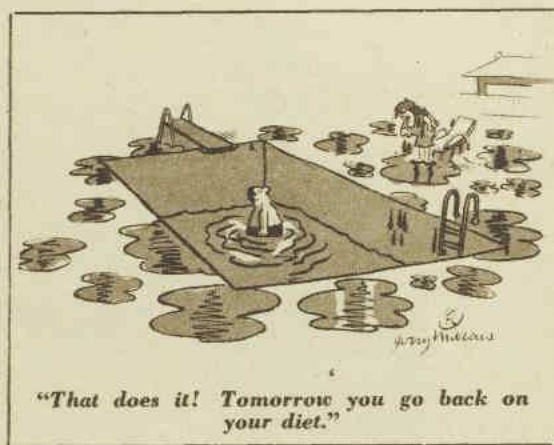
Continuing . . . A BOTTLE OF PORT

from page 25

I wondered — Mm, ah. Fact is, old man, I brought the port for you. As a present. Because in future I feel I can't — as things are now I'm obliged — so there it is, old chap. Can't tell you how much I've enjoyed it all."

He held out his hand. The little scarlet thread veins in his cheeks sprang suddenly together into a flush that spread to his forehead.

Mr. Guillamore rose from his



knees beside the track and took the hand. "For me?" he boomed. "'04 port? We must have a glass at once. Really is most kind of you. I haven't had anything in that line for years. Years, it must be."

"M'dear chap, come along, we'll find a decanter."

Colonel Blount followed him in unhappy silence as he went into the living-room and found a decanter at the back of a cupboard.

"Dusty," said Mr. Guillamore. "Better give it a wipe."

He went into the tiny kitchen

slowly through the funnel, holding their breath. They left it to settle for an unbearable quarter of an hour. Then they settled down in the spare room.

"Later," thought Colonel Blount, "I'll say goodbye later."

"Should stand longer, really," said Guillamore, as they sat at last each with a glass on either side of the fire, "but there."

They held up the rich, red liquid to the light. They nodded their glasses at each other. They drank.

"Jove," they said together.

"You know," said Mr. Guillamore, after the glasses had been refilled once or twice, "I never knew you were in the Indian Army."

The room had suddenly become full of comfortable, leisurely conversation, nicely balanced with friendly silences. Neither had mentioned trains.

"Come to that," said Colonel Blount, twisting his glass to catch the firelight, "I never knew you had been in the City."

"Must have had a deuced interesting life, a chap like you."

"Interesting?" Colonel Blount thought for a moment. "Well, I suppose so. Nothing like yours, of course. No great business deals, stocks and shares, sellings-out and buyings-up, and the rest of it. Romantic, that."

"But travel."

"Oh, yes, travel, Nettie used to be such a bad sailor, the first week on board." He laughed reminiscently. Then he sighed. "Used to be such a gay little thing." He stared at Guillamore.

"Kaits for me sometimes now — when she feels able. Touching, of course, but —"

"Haven't got a picture of her, I suppose?"

"Matter of fact, I have. Not recent. Taken soon after we were married."

He pulled out a leather wallet from his breast pocket. Inside it were two sepia photographs stained and blotched with Indian heat. One was of the Colonel, aged thirty, head and shoulders, showing full regimentals. The other was of Nettie.

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Guillamore as he looked at her. "Entrancing little woman. And that little fur boa. Entrancing. D'you know, she reminds me so much of Gertie Millar. You remember her?"

"Remember her? Good heavens, she was all the rage. I met Nettie soon after I first saw Gertie Millar. What was that thing she used to sing — I'm such a silly — how did it go?"

Mr. Guillamore leaned forward. His eyes sparkled. Beating time with his glass, he sang softly:

"I'm such a silly when the moon comes out, I hardly seem to know what I'm a-bout. Skipping, hopping, never never stopping. I can't stand still although I try."

"And then that last line: 'When the moon comes creeping up the sky.'"

"Remember it?"

A smile consumed Colonel Blount's face. "Ah," he said. "Ah, yes."

"That must have been in '09," said Guillamore. "I remember it so well. 'Our Miss Gibbs' at the Gaiety. Gertie sang it in one of those pierrot costumes, dark blue with white pompons, and an enchanting white bow under her chin."

"Just before I left for the Punjab. They were good shows in those days. I didn't see half enough of them. Remember Phyllis Dare? And the old White City? And Daly's?"

"And the old Oxford in Tottenham Court Road? They've made it into some tea-shop place, I believe."

"Shouldn't wonder. And Eugene Stratton and Dan Leno?"

"Dan Leno. Never forget one joke he made. About a riverside house, where the river was at the bottom of the garden, and the garden was at the bottom of the river. Point was, m'father had a house by the river, here in Maidenhead."

They laughed, waving their glasses and wiping tears away with their free hands.

"Bit of a bachelor gay, I dare say?" asked Colonel Blount.

"Oh, I don't know. They

married, as you did. Greatest mistake of my life, that. Always regretted it. Charming little girl, but not quite, don't you know. Don't suppose it would have mattered, but m'father was dead against it."

"Now look where it's got me. Business didn't do so well. Just able to buy an annuity, and now I'm all alone with a daily help coming in to cook me damp potatoes. Hate the sight of her. 'Course, I know you're really interested in trains, but if it hadn't been for your visits these past few months —"

"If it hadn't been for you, old chap. I'm pretty much on my uppers these days. These visits to you, they have been — well —"

"Mean to say you've enjoyed coming — apart from the trains, I mean?"

"Always been keen on trains, but — well, there are other things, eh?"

Mr. Guillamore gazed at the firelight flickering on the polished toe of his shoe.

"Look here," he said, "I've been wanting to ask you for a long time, but I'm such a dull dog; didn't know if you'd care to. We can fit a bed in this room as well as the track. Would you come? Would you live here with me?"

HE sat on the edge of his chair now, not looking at Colonel Blount, he was swaying a little with the fumes of port, and "the moon creeping up the sky," but with anxiety in the very tips of his neat fingers drumming against his glass.

"Live — here — with — you," said Colonel Blount, savoring the sentence as he had savored that first sip of port. "Live here. Y'know, Guillamore, there's nothing I'd like better."

His chair seemed to be floating. His eyes shone. The loneliness and bleakness of his room, for which the trains seen through binoculars had never made up, seemed to him a bad dream.

Then he remembered why he had come with the port in the first place.

"I have nothing," he said. His voice broke and became gruff. "Nothing to give. Only bills. Pension goes nowhere. Couldn't possibly contribute —"

"Nothing?" said Guillamore, jiggling in his seat. "You remember Gertie Millar and Dan Leno, you've led a life of travel and adventure, you've married an enchanting wife, and you say you have nothing to contribute! My dear fellow, trains apart, we could sit here yarning for the rest of our lives."

"Nothing to give," insisted the Colonel. The room swam before him. Guillamore's eager face slid to one side. He was broken, done, finished. Old.

"We'll get a bed," Guillamore was saying, "and it can go in the corner by the east siding. Won't matter, trains can run under it. We'll get the girl to cook us something eatable, and —"

"Curry," said Colonel Blount, in a voice apparently back on the parade ground.

"Well, I don't know if she'd rise to that, but —"

"No, no, I mean I can make curry. Learnt it from a real walla in Lahore. If you like it, I could make it as often as we want."

They looked at each other. They smiled.

Carefully Guillamore refilled their glasses. Quivering a little in slightly unsteady hands, the port tilted to anticipating lips. There came a gentle rushing sound. Edward VII was still running round the loop line. But neither of them heard.

Softly, slowly, they were singing. How did it go?

"I'm such a silly when the moon comes out. I hardly seem to know what I'm a-bout!"

(Copyright)

Continuing . . . FALSE SCENT

from page 17

glass dangled over his dark red dressing-gown; his hair, thin and babyishly fine was carefully brushed; and his face, which had the florid coloring associated with heart disease, was freshly shaved.

He kissed his wife's hand and forehead and laid a small parcel before her. "A very happy birthday to you, Mary, my dear," he said. Twenty years ago, when she married him she had told him that his voice was charming. If it was so still, she no longer noticed it or, indeed, listened very attentively to much that he said.

But she let her birthday gaiety play about him and was enchanted with her present, a diamond and emerald bracelet. It was, even for Charles, quite exceptionally magnificent, and for a fleeting moment she remembered that he, as well as Florence and Old Ninn, knew her age.

She wondered if there was any intention of underlining this particular anniversary. There were some numerals that by their very appearance — stodgy and rotund — wore an air of horrid maturity. Five, for instance. She pulled her thoughts up short and showed him the telegram.

"I should like to know what in the world you make of that," she said, and went into the bathroom, leaving the door open. Florence came back and began to make the bed with an air of standing none of its nonsense.

"Good morning, Florence," Charles Templeton said. He put up his eyeglass and walked over to the bow window with the telegram.

"Good morning, sir," Florence woodenly rejoined. Only

when she was alone with her mistress did she allow herself the freedom of the dressing-room.

"Did you," Miss Bellamy shouted from her bath, "ever see anything quite like it?"

"But it's delightful," he said, "and how very nice of Octavius."

"You don't mean to say you know who he is?"

"Octavius Browne? Of course I do. He's the old boy down below in the Pegasus Bookshop. Up at the House, but a bit before my time. Delightful fellow."

"Blow me down flat!" Miss Bellamy ejaculated, splashing luxuriously. "You mean that dim little place with a fat cat in the window?"

"That's it. He specialises in pre-Jacobean literature."

"Does that account for the allusion to wombs and conceptions? Of what can he be thinking, poor Mr. Browne?"

"It's a quotation," Charles said, letting his eyeglass drop. "From Spenser. I bought a very nice Spenser from him last week. No doubt he supposes you've read it."

"Then, of course, I must pretend I have. I shall call on him and thank him. Kind Mr. Browne!"

"They're great friends of Richard's."

Miss Bellamy's voice sharpened a little. "Who? They?"

"Octavius Browne and his niece. A good-looking girl." Charles glanced at Florence and after a moment's hesitation added, "She's called Anelida Lee."

Florence cleared her throat.

"Not true!" The voice in the bathroom gave a little laugh. "A-nelly-da! It sounds like a face cream."

"It's Chaucerian."

"I suppose the cat's called Piers Plowman."

"No. He's out of the prevailing period. He's called Hodge."

"I've never heard Richard utter her name."

Charles said: "She's on the stage, it appears."

"Oh, no!"

"In that new club theatre behind Walton Street. The Bonaventure."

"You need say no more, my poor Charles. One knows the form." Charles was silent and the voice asked impatiently, "Are you still there?"

"Yes, my dear."

"How do you know Richard's so thick with them?"

"I meet him there occasionally," Charles said, and added lightly, "I'm thick with them too, Mary."

There was a further silence and then the voice, delightful and gay, shouted, "Florrie! Bring me you know what."

Florence picked up her own offering and went into the bathroom.

Charles Templeton stared through the window at a small London square, brightly receptive of April sunshine. He could just see the flower-woman at the corner of Pardoner's Row, sitting in a galaxy of tulips. There were tulips everywhere.

His wife had turned the bow window into an indoor garden and had filled it with them and a great mass of early flowering azaleas, brought up in the conservatory and still in bud. He examined them absent-mindedly and discovered among

To page 56

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NIGHTLIFE OF THE BEATNIKS



CAUGHT UP in the spirit of the evening and the throb of the jazz, budding author George Peppard enters into a frenzied dance with Janice Rule at a Subterranean party. Helplessly, Leslie Caron watches her love betray her.

★ M.G.M. takes its cameras into the dim night haunts of San Francisco's beatniks in "The Subterraneans," a drama dedicated to the new, young generation whose bohemian ways reflect their rejection of conventional life. Two young people, George Peppard and Leslie Caron, seeking escape from bitter memories, find solace among the "night people," and happiness together.

RHYTHMIC beatnik dancer Janice Rule hides her natural loveliness under bizarre make-up, with startling eye treatment, when she joins the night revellers. Swaying in a trance to the music, the red-haired beauty affects a disdain for men.



IN A LIVELY SCENE from the film version of Jack Kerouac's widely discussed novel, Leslie Caron addresses her friends gathered in front of the Poets and Painters' Mission. In the supporting cast are jazz stars Gerry Mulligan, Carmen McRae, and Andre Previn

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OF PARIS

The Perfect
HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONING CREAM

All-negro folk opera, with Sidney Poitier, Dorothy Dandridge, Sammy Davis, Jr. Forum, Sydney.

THIS larger-than-life version of Gershwin's immortal musical, presented on a curved 40ft. screen and 70mm. Todd-AO projection, is handled with artistry in no way dulled by the splendor of the production.

Handsome and sensitive negro actor Sidney Poitier plays Porgy, the crippled beggar whose poignant love story with the beautiful but wanton Bess (Dorothy Dandridge) unfolds against a superbly directed background.

The all-negro cast performs with sincerity, vitality, and realistic simplicity.

Excellent performances are given by Brock Peters as Crown, the magnificent but evil stevedore whose hypnotic power over Bess threatens her love for Porgy, and by Sammy Davis as the dapper but satanic "Sporting Life."

Sammy Davis brings a powerful talent to the role of the nimble drug pedlar, one of Bess' trio of admirers, who plays on her weakness for "Happy Dust."

But the outstanding member of the cast is Sidney Poitier, who plays Porgy with deep understanding. Uneducated, superstitious Porgy still has a humility and faith in human goodness and heroism in the face of misfortune.

The Catfish Row negro tenement district, peopled with stevedores and fishermen, comes to life as Gershwin saw it—a small world of oppressed negroes whose violent passions, tender love, and unaffected humor are not quenched by their poverty and hardship.

Most of the cast's singing voices are dubbed. Porgy was the beautiful bass of negro Robert McFerrin, and Bess was sung by Adele Addison.—B.W.

In a word . . . MOVING.

★★★ OSCAR WILDE

Drama, with Robert Morley, Phyllis Calvert, John Neville, Sir Ralph Richardson. Esquire, Sydney.

THIS frank account of the controversial trial of Oscar Wilde is treated with sympathy and delicacy.

Whipping dialogue crackling through the script is the film's strong feature. The "lord of language," Wilde's brilliant "playhouse" wit so permeated his daily living that any true account of his life could not fail to entertain.

As Wilde, Robert Morley gives a stupendous performance. He's the confident egoist of the pre-trial days, the proud playwright in the witness stand, and the disillusioned idealist crumbling under piercing cross-examination. He's Oscar Wilde.

The courtroom battle is one of the most gripping ever filmed. As Sir Edward Carson, counsel for the defence in Wilde's libel suit, Sir Ralph Richardson is witty, subtle, and deadly. The repartee scintillates.

At the peak of his dazzling

New Films

Reviewed by Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent
★ Average

★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

career Wilde forms a deep friendship with young Lord Alfred Douglas (John Neville). When the association creates scandal, Douglas' choleric father, the Marquess of Queensberry, defiantly libels Wilde.

Despite earnest entreaties from sincere friend Robert Ross (Dennis Price), the great man launches a criminal libel suit—and his own downfall.

The chisel-featured Neville sulk, peaks, and pouts through his role in such a convincing manner he should be slapped. In contrast, Price's quiet strength gives balance.

Though it makes no attempt to gloss the unsavory, the film is so skilfully directed it doesn't offend.

In a word . . . COMPELLING.

★★★ OUR MAN IN HAVANA

Satire, with Alec Guinness, Noel Coward, Burl Ives, Maureen O'Hara, Ernie Kovacs, Ralph Richardson. Lyceum, Sydney.

BEGINNING as a conventional Guinness comedy—a wonderfully silly cloak-and-dagger farce, this film version of Graham Greene's best-selling thriller develops into a stiletto-sharp political satire.

An Englishman in before-Castro Havana, Guinness is a small-time, respectable vacuum-cleaner shop proprietor, penny-pinching to send daughter Jo Morrow to a classy finishing school.

When spymaster of the Caribbean, droll Noel Coward, offers a tempting salary to establish a local outfit (in a brilliantly funny sequence), "our man" leaps at financial salvation.

Sidling up to country club members, spy-recruiting proves fruitless, so Guinness blithely invents a whole network of undercover agents, stool-pigeons, and informers. He "discovers" military installations shrouded with mystery "in the snow-covered Cuban mountains," and wins admiration of the British Secret Service.

Suddenly his merry bubble bursts, his fabrication comes alive. Two "imaginary" colleagues are actually attacked, he's blackmailed by police chief, slick Ernie Kovacs, and betrayed by his friend, Burl Ives. Thrown into an evil whirlpool, Guinness' danger is no less personal than political.

The film's mixture of tragedy and humorous baloney is so smoothly intertwined by director Carol Reed that the effect is a series of electric shocks.

Funnyman Guinness is in top form, particularly when he goes all shifty. He's as subtle as a spy-school cadet. "His over-suspicious, in-the-know

secretary (Maureen O'Hara) provides a great foil for his dry wit.

But Coward's performance steals the show. Complete with bland expression, bowler, and furled umbrella, he sweeps about his spy-business doling out orders alive with hilarious double meanings. He handles his spiced script with the understanding of a master.

In a word . . . SCINTILLATING.

★ NOWHERE TO GO

Thriller, with George Nader, Bernard Lee, Maggie Smith. Palace, Sydney.

OPENING with great promise, this London thriller loses its grip halfway through and settles into just another cops-and-robbers show.

The tension created during the first ten minutes, when a

gaulbreak is cleverly effected in silence, slowly dwindles.

Smooth "con" man George Nader pals up with wealthy, elderly Bessie Love, who has come to England to sell her antique coins. With cool partner Bernard Lee's help, Nader first defrauds her, then is "voluntarily" gaoled after hiding the booty.

Told through a series of staccato flashbacks, the way the "hero" wins his victim's trust is effectively shot by director Seth Holt. But once familiar with the facts, the film follows the typical tough-on-the-run routine.

In a word . . . ALMOST.

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Pick up your invitation to join Pond's Teenage Club at your cosmetic counter tomorrow.



SOCIAL ROUNDAABOUT

By **MARY COLES**

SAILING in Arcadia for the United States on July 4, Mrs. Charles Chauvel and her daughter Suzanne will make their headquarters with old friends Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Converse, of "Ling-dooey Ranch," Santa Paula Valley, California.

It is only about 80 miles from Hollywood, where Mrs. Chauvel plans to complete her research for a biography she will begin soon about her late husband's career as a pioneer film producer. She has a wonderful collection of "stills" of old-time stars to illustrate the book.

An echo from Charles Chauvel's "Australian Walkabout" film series, televised by the B.B.C. last year, is a letter received by Mrs. Chauvel from an Irish viewer, Miss M. Steele, of Carrick Fergus, County Antrim, who is anxious to trace her long-lost brother James, last heard of at Gulargambone in 1925.

A **BON-VOYAGE** party with a difference is being hosted by Mrs. Norman Rydge for Olympic Games travellers-elect, Mrs. Ian Jacoby and Mrs. George Sample. She is entertaining mutual friends on July 12 at an afternoon screening of a pre-release film in the private theatre at the Rydges home at Vaucluse, with cocktails to follow.

I **LOVED** the "confession" by Town and Country Ball president Mrs. Clinton Ayers when she presented her committee's cheque for £2000 to the Smith Family. When it was discovered recently that they were £34 short of the £2000 mark, they collected among themselves, put £1 each-way on Mrs. Charles Eastment's horse, Wise Archer, and crossed their fingers for a 33 to 1 win. But the "plunge" didn't come off! However, the venture moved president "Smith," of the Smith Family, to make a personal donation of £35 so that the ladies could reach their goal. President "Smith's" real name is off the record. It's a Smith Family rule that their office-bearers must be anonymous in print.

TRAVEL tip from author-actress Cornelia Otis Skinner. After a journey she steps into a crocheted ribbon dress and jacket outfit, because it comes out of a suitcase unscathed by creases. And a word of wisdom from Cyril Ritchard, co-starring with her in "The Pleasure of His Company," opening at the Comedy Theatre in Melbourne on Grand National night, July 2. He told me there would be more patrons of the Arts if only people realised how they make their money is not as important as how they **SPEND** it!

FASCINATING item in Mrs. Frank Goldberg's new waterfront flat at Yarranabbe Gardens is a contemporary design silver salver, inset with a large piece of greenish-blue glass which dates from Roman times. It was a gift from the Israeli Minister for Agriculture, Moshe Dayan, who found the relic at Appolonia, the site of a Roman glass factory in the second century. Mrs. Goldberg's shopping spree when she made her fourth visit to Israel recently included gold-thread-striped fine white woollen material for curtaining the floor-to-ceiling seascape windows in the living-room of her flat. Mrs. Goldberg, incidentally, will preside at the dinner being arranged by the New South Wales branch of the Women's International Zionist Organisation at the Australia on July 18 to celebrate the founding of "Wizo" forty years ago. "It is an organisation which looks after the welfare of women and children in Israel," she explained.

MOST intriguing "turn" at the Black and White Committee's "Let's All Go Down The Strand" revue at the Phillip Street Theatre on July 1 is the mystery number which president Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere is rehearsing behind closed doors. Aviatrix Mrs. Charles Walton, who is one of the "Edwardian belles" in the show, has a heavy programme at present. She has just become president of the Women's Auxiliary of the National Heart Foundation, and is also trying to fit in flying training to be in form for next year's Powder Puff Derby—the all-women's transcontinental air race in the United States.

FAIR-HAIRED June Dance is in a whirl of trousseau shopping—for summer clothes, because the weather will be at its hottest in Texas when she and Michael Buckingham reach there shortly after their marriage at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on July 15. Their wedding plans have been speeded up because Michael, who is a chemical engineer, has been transferred by his firm to the United States for two years. June will be attended by her sisters, Roslyn and Hilary.

REFLECTING on the recent purchase of a mink stole for his wife, Molly, author John (Nino Culotta) O'Grady says, in spite of its long-wearing attributes, mink is not an economical investment for a husband. "The moment a woman gets a mink she finds that her other clothes and jewellery aren't 'good enough' to wear with it!" Molly is sailing to Noumea this week in the Caledonia to thaw out from the cold weather, holidaying there with the Treasurer of the South Pacific Commission, Mr. A. J. Neil, and his wife.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 6, 1960

HERE AND ABROAD

FROM SCOTLAND comes this picture of Tom Cropper, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Cropper, of "Greenhills," Willow Tree, and his lovely bride leaving St. Mary's Episcopal Cathedral, Edinburgh, after their marriage. She was formerly the Hon. Rosalind Evelyn Younger, daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Younger, of Leckie, South Lodge, Stirling.



MARRIED IN MELBOURNE. John Metcalfe, of "Warragoon," Deniliquin, and his bride, formerly Margaret Ann Fairbairn, of Deniliquin, leaving Christ Church, South Yarra, with their attendants, from left, Jennie Metcalfe, Murray McAllister, Margaret Pizsey, Ian Smith, Carol Wood, and Ronald Metcalfe. A reception hosted by the bride's mother, Mrs. R. J. Fairbairn, at Nine Darling Street followed the ceremony.

DINING IN SEVILLE. Miriam McKelvie, of Chatswood (left), with M. Raymond Guillon-Keredan, of Paris, and his wife, formerly Pat Falkiner, of Killara, when the trio toured Spain together. Miriam, who has been abroad for 18 months, is returning home in the Tahiti in August, after visiting England.



JUST ENGAGED. Margaret Benham and her fiance, Ian Mackinnon, snapped in Melbourne, where Margaret has been holidaying with her fiance's mother, Mrs. John Mackinnon. Margaret is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Benham, "Pentlands," Murrumbidgee.



IN BRISBANE. Mr. Douglas McKay and his daughter Margaret, of "Kelton," Tenterfield, were among New South Wales visitors at the Queensland Turf Club's Stradbroke Cup Carnival Meeting at Eagle Farm. Margaret wore an ink-blue tailored suit.



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Feel how much softer Lux Flakes leaves nappies, woolies, all baby things. That's because Lux is all pure, baby-mild soap — contains no harsh particles to harden fabrics or irritate delicate skin.



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Lux in your washing machine means downier blankets, longer, lovelier life for curtains, quilts, fine house linens. Soft, safe Lux lather protects everything you care for — your pretty hands, too.



FEEL THE SOFTNESS IN THE FLAKES
— SO SAFE AND GENTLE

U.478.VVWPC

TELEVISION TAKES OVER

Decides what you eat, when you sleep, how you feel

TELEVISION PARADE

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Television is the greatest influence in the lives of Australians today. It has altered the social habits of every stratum of society.

ITS tremendous growth in Australia has surpassed all expectations and predictions.

With TV only three years old, Australians have already paid £4,000,000 in licence fees, and more than £250,000,000 for TV sets.

Cost of sets is only a conservative estimate. Today you can buy many sets for £150 each, but a large proportion of those now in use were bought for £200, £250. In 80 to 90 per cent. of the purchases, the high interest of hire purchase has to be added.

All these facts come from one of the most fascinating documents about TV yet produced, a survey made by the Beacon Research Company.

The Beacon Research Company is one of a number of organisations which specialise in the scientific work of compiling television ratings.

Such ratings make television's tastes known to TV channels and sponsors.

Three years of surveys have proved almost as informative to Beacon as the finds of ancient civilisations to archae-

ologists. They have unearthed mines of information.

Beacon knows what time you go to bed, that you eat more sweets than you used to, how many visitors you have.

Intrigued by these rich gleanings, Beacon recently embarked on a survey to find out the effect of TV on family life.

Twelve Victorian families were interviewed. They covered every social class, and are regarded as typical of all States.

Here are the main findings:

● There is a strong compulsive factor in televiewing.

Many families are not very choosy about what they watch. They criticise the programmes but never turn the set off.

● TV is not regarded as an intrusion in the house.

It has forced many changes, on housewives in particular, has undoubtedly restricted time for mending, sewing.

● Most people buy a TV set because they feel they don't belong to the community if they haven't one.

● The true reason for viewing seems to be the pleasure involved and the positive goal it gives to every day.

● There seems to be a complete lack of critical judgment towards TV. There is no critical comparison between it and films, radio, theatre.

● TV has reduced the number of visitors in all homes.

The result is a severe pruning of contacts with friends and relatives. Viewers are becoming withdrawn into their immediate family circle.

This does not appear to have strengthened the family relationship. Each person seems to derive his individual satisfaction from the machine rather than from sharing pleasure with the family.

● The films have enjoyed a boost in stature from something that has cut their audiences to ribbons.

"Going to the pictures" has stopped being a weekly habit and become a special outing, a celebration.

● Radio has lost its role as constant companion.

One mother who was interviewed asked her five-year-old daughter, "Do you know what the wireless is?" The child, an ardent viewer, looked blank.

● Meal habits are not greatly changed, except for weekend eating off the knee.

● Early-to-bed Australians have put their bedtime back by two hours.

● TV does not yet seem to have produced any new interests or hobbies.

In general there is a curtailment or cessation of reading among televiewers.

● TV has produced a broader outlook in all viewers—children, teenagers, and adults.

● It is a universal topic of conversation, is a cure for loneliness and a remedy for some sickness.

"Life has got more pleasant for me in the past few years," one elderly viewer said. "I've always had trouble with my health. I've had asthma for the past 34 years, and since we've had the set the doctor says I've improved out of sight. I've had no major attacks."

Another viewer said, "The doctor said TV was marvellous for me as a relaxation. If I feel nervy, TV takes my mind off it—puts me in a different world."

And although you may say no one has ever asked you what you like on TV—Beacon proved to me that someone with similar tastes to mine was in every survey.

Here are glimpses of some of the pilot families interviewed. Which one is yours?

THE JACKSON FAMILY live in Middle Brighton. Mr. Jackson is a taxi driver, 50. His wife is 43, doesn't work. They have a daughter of 14. They bought their set 12 months ago, and they love it.

Mr. Jackson rushes home from work at 12 every day, when he has two hours off, to watch the midday movie. His favorite programmes are "Maverick," "Bronco," and anything to do with sport. Mrs. Jackson watches everything. She is "ashamed" about the family meals that are never set up any more. "We eat tea with the plate on a serviette on our laps," she said.

Despite this, Mrs. Jackson says TV has made her a better housewife—she buys food ahead, gets everything done in advance, with TV programmes in mind.

"The advantage of TV for me is peacefulness, and what my daughter calls 'togetherness.' I have less mental worry now about money. It's a struggle to pay off, but it takes your mind off money."

THE KOVACS FAMILY.

Mr. and Mrs. Kovacs have a watch-repair business at Coburg. They work long hours in the shop, live over it in a tiny flat, have to have the TV set in the main bedroom.

Mr. Kovacs, 35, likes Westerns, Mrs. Kovacs, 32, says her favorite programme is Perry Mason. "I could watch him every night," she said.

Mrs. Kovacs says TV has "opened the eyes and mouth" of her daughter, who is 8. "She acts the same as on TV, that's for sure. Playing the big girl."

Before TV her daughter used to play outside in the street with other children. She is definitely outdoors much less now. But Mrs. Kovacs says TV hasn't affected her daughter's health, or her eyes.

Mrs. Kovacs says they have never gone out since they got TV. "I think it is a most stupid thing," she said. "You should go out." They talk just as much because not even TV can stop her husband and daughter talking.

She is not as keen on TV as she was, and adds, "You can't accept everything from TV, either."

Mr. Kovacs says he finds the programmes very poor, and the advertisements interrupting the picture about four times in old 'movies drive him mad. He says he would write to someone about it if he knew the person to whom he should address it. He says there are too many poor-quality programmes shown—"I think they'll go dead in another year if they give things like that on TV."

THE STERLING FAMILY. Mr. Sterling is a process worker. He and his family live in Moorabbin. His wife is 27; they have two daughters, 5 and 3.

They bought TV because they couldn't get out with the



WOMEN like domestic comedies. "Father Knows Best," with Robert Young, is popular. Here he is seen with TV daughter Betty (Elinor Donahue).

children. Mrs. Sterling does far more knitting now—in front of TV. She used to sew or iron at night. Now she gets up and irons at 5 a.m.

Mrs. Sterling's favorite programmes are "I Love Lucy" and "Father Knows Best."

"TV is such a boon to mothers I don't mind so much now sitting at home," she said.

Mr. Sterling is out at least two nights a week at the Bowling Club. He agrees with Mrs. Sterling's favorite programmes, but also loves Westerns.

She and her husband don't talk so much these days, but "if you're interested you don't need to talk very much."

Their bedtime has changed from 9 p.m. to 11 p.m.

The little girls love TV, and learn all kinds of things from it.

They want to copy the dancing. They all did rock-'n-roll at the five-year-old daughter's last birthday party, and she now wants to learn the cha-cha.

"The wireless is still in the house," Mrs. Sterling said, "but wireless seems that long ago—we never listen to it now."

THE WALKER FAMILY live in fashionable Toorak. Mr. Walker is a company director; his wife, 45, does not go to work. They have three children—a son, 20, who is a medical student; a daughter, 18, an office worker; and another daughter, 10. They bought a set in 1956, because it "seemed logical."

Of all the families interviewed this was the only one in which TV hadn't taken over.

Mrs. Walker said they were "very haphazard viewers. We just look at the good things, don't sit in front of the set and watch whatever is on."

Her favorite programmes are the live plays, followed by "Perry Mason," "Wagon Train," "Meet the Press."

Mr. Walker loves Westerns—"I am ashamed to say," said Mrs. Walker.

"He is fanatical about them. He likes them because they have got action in them. The action is some sort of escape. He just won't get out of other



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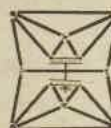
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Baby Rice Cereal provides basic diet requirements necessary during the weaning period, and is prepared in an instant by simply stirring it into warm (boiled) milk.

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Toddlers will thrive on Robinson's Baby Rice Cereal. They love it sprinkled on their food, or made up into the special recipes given on the pack.

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notion at all of the disservice she had done herself.

The voice that she had once called charming said, "Marvelous. How kind of Florence."

He was careful to wait a little longer before he said, "Well, darling, I shall leave you to your mysteries," and went down to his solitary breakfast.

There was no particular reason why Richard Dakers should feel uplifted that morning; indeed, there were many formidable reasons why he should not. Nevertheless, as he made his way by bus and on foot to Pardoner's Place, he did experience, very strongly, that upward kick of the spirit which lies in London's power of bestowal. He sat in the front seat at the prow of the bus and felt like a figurehead, cleaving the tide of the King's Road, masterfully above it yet gloriously of it. The Chelsea shops were full of tulips and when, leaving the bus, he walked to the corner of Pardoner's Row, there was his friend the flower-woman with buckets of them, still pouted up in buds.

THE flower-woman smiled at him. "Morning, dear. Duck of a day, innit?"

"It's a day for the gods," Richard agreed, "and your hat fits you like a halo, Mrs. Tinker."

"It's me straw," Mrs. Tinker said. "I usually seem to change to me straw on the second Sat in April."

"Aphrodite on her cockleshell couldn't say fairer. I'll take two dozen of the yellows."

She wrapped them up in green paper. "Ten bob to you," said Mrs. Tinker.

"Ruin!" Richard ejaculated, giving her eleven shillings. "Destitution! But what the heck!"

"That's right, dear, we don't care, do we? Tulips, lady? Lovely tulips."

Carrying his tulips and with his despatch case tucked under his arm, Richard entered Pardoner's Place and turned right. Three doors along he came to the Pegasus, a bow-fronted Georgian house that had been converted by Octavius Browne into a bookshop.

In the window, tilted and open, lay a first edition of Beier and Duchartre's "Premieres Comedies Italiennes." A little further back, half in shadow, hung a negro marionette, very grand in striped silks. And in the watery depths of the interior Richard could just make out the shapes of three beautifully polished old chairs, the lovely table and the vertical strata of rows and rows of books.

He could see, too, the figure of Anelida Lee moving about among her uncle's treasures, attended by Hodge, their cat. In the mornings Anelida, when not rehearsing at her club theatre, helped her uncle. She hoped that she was learning to be an actress. Richard, who knew a good deal about it, was convinced that already she was one.

He opened the door and went in.

Anelida had been dusting and wore her black smock, an uncompromising garment. Her hair was tied up in a white scarf. He had time to reflect that there was a particular beauty that most pleased when it was least adorned and that Anelida was possessed of it.

"Hullo," he said. "I've brought you some tulips. Good morning, Hodge." Hodge stared at him briefly, jerked his tail, and walked away.

"How lovely! But it's not my birthday."

Continuing . . . FALSE SCENT

from page 47

"Never mind. It's because it's a nice morning and Mrs. Tinker was wearing her straw."

"I couldn't be better pleased," said Anelida. "Will you wait while I get a pot for them? There's a green jug."

She went into the room at the back. He heard a familiar tapping noise on the stairs. Her uncle Octavius came down, leaning on his black stick. He was a tall man of about sixty-three with a shock of grey hair and a mischievous face. He had a trick of looking at people out of the corners of his eyes as if inviting them to notice what a bad boy he was. He was rather touchy, immensely

"It's rare-ish. The frame's contemporary. I'm afraid it's twelve guineas."

"It's mine," Richard said. "Or, rather, it's Mary's."

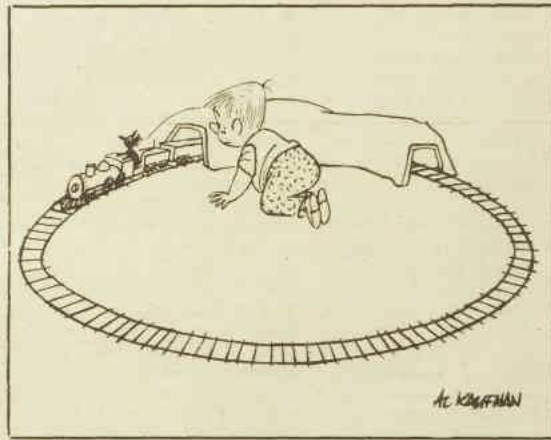
"You're sure? Then, if you'll excuse me for a moment, I'll get Nell to make a birthday parcel of it. There's a spool of Victorian tinsel somewhere. Nell, my dear! Would you—?"

He tapped away and presently Anelida returned with the green jug and his parcel, beautifully wrapped.

Richard put his hand on his despatch case. "What do you suppose is there?" he asked.

"Not — not the play? Not 'Husbandry in Heaven'?"

"Hot from the typist." He watched her thin hands arrange



learned, and thin almost to transparency.

"Good morning, my dear Dakers," he said, and, seeing the tulips, touched one of them with the tip of a bluish finger. "Ah," he said, "art could not feign more simple grace. Nor Nature take a line away! How very lovely and so pleasantly uncomplicated by any smell. We have found something for you; by the way. Quite nice and I hope in character, but it may be a little too expensive. You must tell us what you think."

He opened a parcel on his desk and stood aside for Richard to look at the contents.

"A tinsel picture, as you see," he said, "of Madame Vestris en travesti in jockey's costume." He looked sideways at Richard. "Beguiling little breeches, don't you think? Do you suppose it would appeal to Miss Belamy?"

"I don't see how it could fail."

the tulips. "Anelida, I'm going to show it to Mary."

"You couldn't choose a better day," she said warmly, and when he didn't answer, "What's the matter?"

"There isn't a part for her in it," he blurted out.

AFTER a moment she said, "Well, no. But does that matter?"

"It might. If, of course, it ever comes to production. And, by the way, Timmy Gantry's seen it and makes agreeable noises. All the same, it's tricky about Mary."

"But why? I don't see—"

"It's not all that easy to explain," he mumbled.

"You've already written a new play for her and she's delighted with it, isn't she? This is something quite different."

"And better? You've read it."

"Immeasurably better. In another world. Everybody must see it."

"Timmy Gantry likes it." "Well, there you are! It's special. Won't she see that?"

He said: "Anelida, dear, you don't really know the theatre yet, do you? Or the way actors tick over?"

"Well, perhaps I don't. But I know how close you are to each other and how wonderfully she understands you. You've told me."

"That's just it," Richard said, and there followed a long silence.

RICHARD said at last, "I don't believe that I've ever told you exactly what she and Charles did?"

"No," she agreed. "Not exactly. But—"

"My parents, who were Australians, were friends of Mary's. They were killed in a car smash on the Grande Corniche when I was rising two. They were staying with Mary at the time. There was no money to speak of. She had me looked after by her old nanny, the celebrated Ninn, and then, after she had married Charles, they took me over completely. I owe everything to her. I like to think that, in a way, the plays have done something to repay. And now — you see what I go and do."

Anelida finished her tulips and looked directly at him. "I'm sure it'll work out," she said gently. "All very fine, I dare say, for me to say so, but, you see, you've talked so much about her I almost feel I know her."

"I very much want you to know her. Indeed, this brings me to the main object of my pompous visit. Will you let me call for you at six and take you to see her? There's a party of sorts at half-past which I hope may amuse you, but I'd like you to meet her first. Will you, Anelida?"

She waited too long before she said, "I don't think I can. I'm — I've booked myself up."

"I don't believe you. Why won't you come?"

"But I can't. It's her birthday and it's special to her and her friends. You can't go hauling in an unknown female. And an unknown actress, to boot."

"Of course I can."

"It wouldn't be comely."

"What a fantastic word! And why the heck do you suppose it wouldn't be comely for the two people I like best in the world to meet each other?"

Anelida said, "I didn't know."

"Yes, you did," he said crossly. "You must have."

"We scarcely know each other."

"I'm sorry you feel like that about it."

To page 57

How to AVOID COLDS!

DOCTORS SAY . . .

"I am very impressed by the efficiency of this treatment and have used it in my family for past 12 months. I recommend it with pleasure and confidence." G.B.H., M.A., D.O., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

"I am now taking my usual pre-winter course of Anti-Bi-San and I have been taking it now for over two years with most satisfactory results." E.H., M.B.

* Copies of original letters lodged with the Publishers.

—and not only colds, but with them those secondary infections which make them even more troublesome. The cold virus is essentially a weakener and it lays your system open to attack by other—often even more devastating—germs. Fortunately, there is a way of protecting yourself against the threat of colds and against their powerful secondary trouble-makers. The ANTI-BI-SAN treatment, taken before the cold season starts, will build up your body's own resistance to colds. With protection against the common cold in the simple, ANTI-BI-SAN way. Seven tablets taken over three days will give you three months' protection. There is a special '3-tablets-only' treatment to protect your children.

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CROSS-STITCH patterns of roses, butterflies, and daisies are included in this week's Embroidery Transfer No. 200. They can be used to decorate household linens such as pillowcases, guest towels, aprons, etc. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 2/6.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 6, 1960

from page 56

"I only meant — well, in point of time —"

"Don't hedge."

"Now, look here —"

"I'm sorry. Evidently I've taken too much for granted."

While they stared aghast at the quarrel that between them they had somehow concocted, Octavius came tapping back.

"By the way," he said happily, "I yielded this morning to a romantic impulse, Dakers. I sent your patroness a birthday greeting: one among hundreds, no doubt. The allusion was from Spenser. I hope she won't take it amiss."

"How very nice of you, sir," Richard said loudly. "She'll be enchanted. She loves people to be friendly. Thank you for finding the picture."

And, forgetting to pay for it, he left hurriedly in a miserable frame of mind.

Mary Bellamy's house was next door to the Pegasus Bookshop, but Richard was too rattled to go in. He walked round Pardoners Place trying to sort out his thoughts. He suffered one of those horrid experiences, fortunately rare, in which the victim confronts himself as a stranger in an abrupt perspective. The process resembles that of pseudo-scientific films in which the growth of a plant, by mechanical skulduggery, is reduced from seven weeks to as many minutes and the subject is seen wavering, extending, elongating itself in response to some irresistible force until it breaks into its pre-ordained fluorescence.

The irresistible force in Richard's case had undoubtedly been Mary Bellamy. The end-product, after twenty-seven years of the treatment, was two successful West End comedies, a third in the bag, and (his hand tightened on his despatch case) a serious play.

He owed it all, as he had so repeatedly told her, to Mary. Well, perhaps not quite all. Not the serious play.

He had almost completed his round of the little Place and, not wanting to pass the shop window, turned back.

WHY in the world had he gone grand and huffy when Anelida refused to meet Mary? And why did she refuse?

Any other girl in Anelida's boots, he thought uneasily, would have jumped at that sort of invitation: the great Mary Bellamy's birthday party. A tiny, handpicked group from the topmost drawer in the London theatre. The Management. The producer. Any other girl — He fetched up short, not liking himself very much, conscious that if he followed his thoughts to their logical conclusion he would arrive at an uncomfortable position.

What sort of man, he would have to ask himself, was Richard Dakers? Reality would disintegrate and he would find himself face-to-face with a stranger. It was a familiar experience and one he didn't enjoy. He shook himself free of it, made a sudden decision, walked quickly to the house, and rang the bell.

Charles Templeton breakfasted in his study on the ground floor. The door was open and Richard saw him there, reading his "Times," at home among his six or judiciously chosen pieces of chinoiserie, his three admirable pictures, his few distinguished chairs, and lovely desk. Charles was fastidious about his surroundings and extremely knowledgeable. He could wait, sometimes for years, for the acquisition of a single treasure.

Richard went in. "Charles!" he said. "How are you?"

"Hullo, old boy. Come to make your devotions?"

"Am I the first?"

"The first in person. There are the usual massive offerings in kind. Mary'll be delighted to see you."

"I'll go up," Richard said, but still hovered. Charles lowered his newspaper. How often, Richard wondered, had he seen him make that gesture, dropping his eyeglass and vaguely smiling.

Richard, still involved in the aftermath of his moment of truth, if that was its real nature, asked himself what he knew of Charles. How used he was to that even courtesy, that disengagement! What of Charles in

FROM THE BIBLE

• "For God so loved the world, that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

—John 3: 16.

Nicodemus, a Jewish leader, had come to see Jesus under cover of darkness to seek the truth about Him and His teaching. The Master tells this seeker many things which explain the way of Christianity. These famous words have been loved and remembered ever since.

other places? What of the reputedly implacable man of affairs who had built his own fortune? Or of the lover Charles must have been five and twenty years ago? Impossible to imagine, Richard thought, looking vaguely at an empty niche in the wall.

He said, "Hullo! Where's the Tang musician?"

"Gone," Charles said. "Gone! Where? Not broken?"

"Chipped. The peg of her lute. Gracefield did it, I think. I've given her to Maurice Warrender."

"But — even so — I mean, so often they're not absolutely perfect and you — it was your treasure."

"Not now," Charles said. "I'm a perfectionist, you know."

"That's what you say!" Richard exclaimed warmly.

"But I bet it was because Maurice always coveted her. You're so absurdly generous."

"Oh, nonsense," Charles said, and looked at his paper. Richard hesitated. He heard himself say, "Charles, do I ever say thank you? To you and Mary?"

"My dear fellow, what for?"

RICHARD took refuge in irony. "For befriending the poor orphan boy, you know, among other things."

"I sincerely hope you're not making a vicarious birthday resolution."

"It just struck me."

Charles waited for a moment and then said, "You've given us a tremendous interest and very much pleasure." He again hesitated as if assembling his next sentence. "Mary and I," he said at last, "look upon you as an achievement. And now, do go and make your pretty speeches to her."

"Yes," Richard said. "I'd better, hadn't I? See you later."

Charles raised his newspaper and Richard went slowly upstairs, wishing, consciously, for perhaps the first time in his life, that he was not going to visit Miss Bellamy.

She was in her room, dressed and enthroned among her presents. He slipped into another gear as he took her to his heart in a birthday embrace and then held her at arm's length to tell her how lovely she looked.

"Darling, darling, darling!" she cried joyously. "How perfect of you to come. I've been hoping and hoping!"

It occurred to him that it would have been strange indeed if he hadn't performed this time-honored observance, but he kissed her again and gave her his present.

It was early in the day and her reservoir of enthusiasm scarcely tapped. She was able to pour a fresher of praise over his tinsel picture and did so with many cries of gratitude and wonder. Where, she asked, where, where had he discovered the one, the perfect present?

IT was an opening Richard had hoped for, but he found himself a little apprehensive, nevertheless.

"I found it," he said, "at the Pegasus — or, rather, Octavius Browne found it for me. He says it's rare-ish."

Her triangular smile didn't fade. Her eyes continued to beam into his, her hands to press his hands.

"Ah, yes!" she cried gaily. "The old man in the bookshop! Believe it or not, darling, he sent me a telegram about my conception. Too sweet, but a little difficult to acknowledge."

"He's very donnish," Richard said. She made a comic face at him. "He was, in fact, a don, but he found himself out of sympathy with angry young men and set up a bookshop instead."

She propped up her tinsel picture on the dressing-table and gazed at it through half-closed eyes. "Isn't there a daughter or something? I seem to have heard —"

"A niece," Richard said. Maddeningly, his mouth had gone dry.

"Ought I," she asked, "to nip downstairs and thank him? One never quite knows with that sort of person."

Richard kissed her hand. "Octavius," he said, "is not that sort of person, darling. Do nip down. He'll be enchanted. And Mary —"

"What, my treasure?"

"I thought perhaps you might be terribly kind and ask them for a drink. If you find them pleasant, that is."

She sat at her dressing-table and examined her face in the glass. "I wonder," she said, "if I really like that new eyeshade." She took up a heavy Venetian glass scent-spray and used it lavishly. "I hope someone gives me some really superlative scent," she said. "This is almost gone." She put it down. "For a drink?" she said. "When? Not today, of course."

"Not today, you think?" She opened her eyes very wide. "My dear, we'd only embarrass them."

"Well," he murmured, "see how you feel about it."

She turned back the glass and said nothing. He opened his despatch case and took out his typescript.

"I've brought something," he said "for you to read. It's a surprise, Mary." He laid it on the dressing-table. "There."

She looked at the cover page.

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Flowering fruits

GARDENING



PRUNUS SHIROTAE has broad-spreading branches and clusters of white flowers. One of the best flowering cherry trees. Grows to 15ft.



PRUNUS FUGENZO (J. H. Veitch cherry), of very spreading habit. Buds are deep pink but open to soft pink. Grows to 8ft. Late flowering.



PRUNUS YEDOENSIS (Yoshino cherry) grows to 30ft. A very free grower with white single flowers, almond-scented. The weeping variety is very beautiful. Flowers in spring.



PRUNUS Cerasus Hida Kura, a strong variety reaching 20ft., bears clusters of double pink flowers massed on its boughs. Foliage colors well in autumn.

MALUS Halliana Parkmanii (right) is a flowering crab-apple growing to about 6ft. It is the least vigorous. Flowers are semi-double, almost bell-shaped, and rich pink.

TREE of Malus Halliana, a dwarf Japanese variety known previously as the Hall crab-apple. It has deep rose single blooms and grows to about 18ft.



play by Richard Dakers."

"Dicky? Dicky darling, what is all this?"

"Something I've kept for today," he said and knew at once that he'd made a mistake. She gave him that special luminous gaze that meant she was deeply moved. "Oh Dicky!" she whispered. "For me? My dear!"

He was panic-stricken. "But when?" she asked him, slowly shaking her head in bewilderment. "When did you do it? With all the other work? I don't understand. I'm flabbergasted, Dicky!"

"I've been working on it for some time. It's—it's quite a different thing. Not a comedy. You may hate it."

"Is it the great one—at last?" she whispered. "The one that we always knew would happen? And all by yourself, Dicky? Not even with poor stupid, old, loving me to listen?"

She was saying all the things he would least have chosen for her to say. It was appalling.

"For all I know," he said, "it may be frighteningly bad. I've got to that state where one just can't tell. Anyway, don't let's burden the great day with it."

"You couldn't have given me anything else that would make me half so happy." She stroked the typescript with both hands. "I'll shut myself away for an hour before lunch and wolf it up."

"Mary," he said desperately. "Don't be so sanguine about it. It's not your sort of play."

"I won't hear a word against

it. You've written it for me, darling."

He was hunting desperately for some way of telling her he had done nothing of the sort when she said gaily, "All right! We'll see. I won't tease you. What were we talking about? Your fannies in the bookshop? I'll pop in this morning and see what I think of them, shall I? Will that do?"

BEFORE he could answer two voices, one elderly and uncertain, and the other a fluting alto, were raised outside in the passage:

"Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday, dear Mary."

The door opened to admit Colonel Warrender and Mr. Bertie Saracen.

Colonel Warrender was sixty years old, a bachelor, and a cousin of Charles Templeton, whom, in a leaner better-looking way he slightly resembled. He kept himself fit, was well dressed, and wore a moustache so neatly managed that it looked as if it had been ironed on his face. His manner was pleasant, and his bearing soldierly.

Mr. Bertie Saracen was also immaculate, but more adventurously so. The sleeves of his jacket were narrower and displayed a great deal of pinkish cuff. He had a Berlin-china complexion, wavy hair, blue

Continuing . . . FALSE SCENT

from page 37

eyes and wonderfully small hands.

His air was gay and insouciant. He, too, was a bachelor.

They made a comic entrance together: Warrender good-naturedly self-conscious, Bertie Saracen revelling in his act of prima ballerina. He chattered to right and left, holding aloft his votive offering and finally laid it at Miss Bellamy's feet.

"What a fool I must look!" he exclaimed. "Take it, darling, quickly, or we'll kill the laugh."

A spate of greetings broke out and an examination of gifts: from Warrender, who had been abroad, gloves of Grenoble, and from Bertie a miniature group of five bathing beauties and a photographer all made of balsam wood and scraps of cotton. "It's easily the nicest present you'll get," he said. "And now I must enjoy a good jeer at all the others."

He flitted about the room, making little darts at them. Warrender, a rather silent man, generally believed to entertain a long-standing and blameless adoration of Mary Bellamy, had a word with Richard, who liked him.

"Rehearsals started yet?" he asked. "Mary tells me she's delighted with her new part."

"Not yet. It's the mixture as before," Richard rejoined.

Warrender gave him a brief look. "Early days to settle into a routine, isn't it?" he said surprisingly. "Leave that to the old hands, isn't it?" He had a trick of ending his remarks with this colloquialism.

"I'm trying, on the side, to break out in a rash of serious writing."

"Are you? Good. Afford to take risks, I'd have thought."

"How pleasant, Richard exclaimed, "to hear somebody say that!"

Warrender looked at his shoes. "Never does, he said, "to let yourself be talked into things. Not that I know anything about it."

RICHARD thought with gratitude: "That's exactly the kind of thing I wanted to be told," but was prevented from saying so by the entrance of Old Ninn.

Old Ninn's real name was Miss Ethel Plumtree, but she was given the courtesy title of "Mrs." She had been Mary Bellamy's nurse, and from the time of his adoption by Mary and Charles, Richard's also. Every year she emerged from retirement for a fortnight to stay with her former charge. She was small, scarlet-faced, and fantastically opinionated. Her age was believed to be eighty-one.

Nannies being universally accepted as character parts rather than people in their own right, Old Ninn was the subject of many of Mary Bellamy's funniest stories. Richard sometimes wondered if she played up to her own legend. In her old age she had developed a liking for port, and under its influence made great mischief among the servants and kept up a sort of guerrilla warfare with Florence, with whom, nevertheless, she was on intimate terms. They were united, Miss Bellamy said, in their devotion to herself.

Wearing a cerise shawl and a bold floral print, for she adored bright colors, Old Ninn trudged across the room with the corners of her mouth turned down and laid a tissue-paper parcel on the dressing-table.

"Happy birthday, m'," she said. For so small a person she had an alarmingly deep voice.

A great fuss was made over her. Bertie Saracen attempted Mercutian badinage and called

her Nurse Plumtree. She ignored him and addressed herself exclusively to Richard.

"We don't see much of you these days," she said, and by the sour look she gave him, proclaimed her affection.

"I've been busy, Ninn."

"Still making up your plays, by all accounts."

"That's it."

"You always were a fanciful boy. Easy to see, you've never grown out of it."

Mary Bellamy had unwrapped the parcel and disclosed a knitted bed-jacket of sensible design. Her thanks were effusive, but Old Ninn cut them short.

"Four-ply," she said. "You require warmth when you're

She linked her arm in his. He sniffed ecstatically. "You smell," he said, "like all, but all, of King Solomon's wives and concubines. In spring. En avant!"

They went downstairs. Warrender and Richard were left together in a room that still retained the flavor of her personality as inescapably potent as the all-persuasive aftermath of her scent.

It was an old-established custom that she and Bertie arranged the house for her birthday party. Her drawing-room was the first on the left on the ground floor. It was a long Georgian saloon with a door into the hall, and with folding doors leading into the dining-room. This, in its turn, opened both into the hall and into the conservatory, which was her es-

Miss Bellamy tied herself into a modish confection with a flounced bib, put on wash-leather gloves, and wandered happily about her conservatory, snipping off deadheads and rearranging groups of flowerpots. She was an enthusiastic gardener. They shouted at each other from room to room, exchanging theatre shop, and breaking every now and then into stage cockney: "Whateye, dear?" and "Coo! You wouldn't credit it!" This mode of communication being sacred to the occasion.

They enjoyed themselves enormously while from under Bertie's clever fingers emerged bouquets of white and gold and wonderful garlands for the table. In this setting, Miss Bellamy was at her best.

They had been at it for perhaps half an hour and Bertie had retired to the flower-room when Gracefield ushered in Miss Kate Cavendish, known to her intimates as Pinky.

Pinky was younger than her famous contemporary and less distinguished. She had played supporting roles in many Bellamy successes and their personal relationship, not altogether to her satisfaction, resembled their professional one. She had an amusing face, dressed plainly and well, and possessed the gifts of honesty and direct thinking. She was, in fact, a charming woman.

"I'm in a tizzy," she said. "High as a rocket, darling, and in a minute I'll tell you why. Forty thousand happy returns, Mary, and may your silhouette never grow greater. Here's my offering."

It was a flask of new scent by a celebrated maker and was called "Formidable." "I got it smuggled over from Paris," she said. "It's not here yet. A lick on either lobe, I'm told, and the satellites reel in their courses."

Miss Bellamy insisted on opening it. She dabbed the stopper on her wrists and sniffed. "Pinky," she said solemnly, "it's too much! Darling, it opens the floodgates! Honestly!"

"It's good, isn't it?"

"Florrie shall put it into my spray. At once. Before Bertie can get at it."

"Is Bertie here?" Pinky asked quickly.

"He's in the flower-room."

"Oh!"

"Why? Have you fallen out with him?"

"Far from it," Pinky said. "Only — well, it's just that I'm not really meant to let my cat out of its bag as yet, and Bertie's involved. But I really am, I fear, more than a little tiddly."

"You? I thought you never touched a thing in the morning."

"Nor I do. But this is an occasion, Mary. I've been drinking with the Management. Only two small ones, but on an empty tum: Bingo!"

Miss Bellamy said sharply, "With the Management?"

"That gives you pause, doesn't it?"

"And Bertie's involved?"

Pinky laughed rather wildly and said, "If I don't tell somebody I'll spontaneously combust, so I'm going to tell you. Bertie can lump it, bless him, because why, after all, shouldn't I be audibly grateful?"

Mary Bellamy looked fixedly at her friend for a moment and then said, "Grateful?"

"All right, I know I'm incoherent. Here it comes. Darling: I'm to have the lead in Bongo Dillon's new play. At the Unicorn. Opening in September. Swear you won't breathe it, but it's true and it's settled and the contract's mine for the signing. My first lead, Mary! Oh, I'm so happy!"

A hateful and all too-familiar jolt under the diaphragm

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getting on in years, and the sooner you face the fact the more comfortable you'll find yourself. Good morning, sir," Ninn added, catching sight of Warrender. "I dare say you'll bear me out. Well, I won't keep you."

With perfect composure she trudged away, leaving a complete silence behind her.

"Out of this world!" Bertie said with a shrillish laugh. "Darling Mary, here I am sizzling with decorative fervor. When are we to tuck up our sleeves and lay all our plots and plans?"

"Now, darling, if you're ready. Dicky treasure, will you and Maurice be able to amuse yourselves? We'll scream if we want any help. Come along, Bertie."

Beyond the conservatory lay a small formal garden. When all the doors were open an impressive vista was obtained.

Bertie himself had "done" the decor, and had used a wealth of old French brocades. He had painted bunches of misty cabbage roses in the recesses above the doors and in the wall panels, and had found some really distinguished chandeliers.

This year the flowers were to be all white and yellow. He settled down with the greatest efficiency and determination to his task, borrowing one of Gracefield's, the butler's, aprons for the purpose.

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had been upset. Simultaneously she knew that somehow or other she must run up a flag of welcome, must show a responsive warmth, must override the awful, menacing, slipping feeling, the nausea of the emotions that Pinky's announcement had churned up.

"Sweetie-pie!" she said. "How wonderful!" It wasn't, she reflected, much cop as an expression of delighted congratulation from an old chum, but Pinky was too excited to pay any attention. She went prancing on about the merits of her contract, the glories of the role, the nice behaviour of the Management (Miss Bellamy's Management, as she sickeningly noted), and the feeling that at last this was going to be it.

All this gave Miss Bellamy a breather. She began to make fairly appropriate responses. Presently, when Pinky drew breath, she was able to say with the right touch of down-to-earth honesty: "Pinky, this is going to be your Great Thing."

"I know it! I feel it myself," Pinky said soberly and added, "Please heaven, I'll have what it takes."

"My dear, you will," she rejoined and for the life of her couldn't help adding, "Of course, I haven't read the play."

Continuing . . . FALSE SCENT

from page 58

"The purest Bongo! Comedy with a twist. You know? Though I say it as shouldn't, it's right up my cul-de-sac. Bongo says he had me in mind all the time he was writing it."

Miss Bellamy laughed. "Darling! We do know our Bongo, don't we? The number of plays he's said he'd written for me and when one looked at them—!"

With one of her infuriating moments of penetration, Pinky said, "Mary! Be pleased for me."

"But, sweetie, naturally I'm pleased. It sounds like a wonderful bit of luck and I hope with all my heart it works out."

"Of course, I know it means giving up my part in Richard's new one for you. But, face it, there wasn't much in it for me, was there? And nothing was really settled, so I'm not letting the side down, am I?"

Miss Bellamy couldn't help it. "My dear," she said with a kindly laugh, "we'll lose no sleep over that little problem: the part'll cast itself in two seconds."

"Exactly!" Pinky cried happily and Miss Bellamy felt one of her rare onsets of rage begin to stir. She said: "But you were

talking about Bertie, darling. Where does he come in?"

"Aha!" Pinky said maddeningly and shook her finger.

At this juncture Gracefield, the butler, arrived with a drink tray.

Miss Bellamy controlled herself. "Come on," she said, "I'm going to break my rule, too. We must have a drink on this, darling."

"No, no, no!"

"Yes, yes, yes. A teeny one. Pink for Pinky?"

MISS BELLAMY stood between Pinky and the drinks and poured out one stiff and one negligible gin-and-bitters. She gave the stiff one to Pinky.

"To your wonderful future,

"You rat, Bertie," she said quietly. "You little, two-timing, double-crossing, dirty rat."

And she wound her hands in his garland, tore it off him, and threw it in his face.

Mary Bellamy's temperaments were of rare occurrence, but formidable in the extreme and frightening to behold. They were not those regulation theatre tantrums that seem to afford pleasure both to observer and performer; on the contrary they devoured her like some kind of migraine and left her exhausted. Their onset was sudden, their duration prolonged, and their sequel incalculable.

Bertie and Pinky, both familiar with them, exchanged looks of despair. Miss Bellamy had not raised her voice, but a kind of stillness seemed to have fallen on the house. They themselves spoke in whispers.



"Come on—just a peek!"

darling," she said. "Bottoms up!"

"Oh, dear!" Pinky said. "I shouldn't."

"Never mind."

They drank.

"And Bertie?" Miss Bellamy asked presently. "Come on. You know I'm as silent as the grave."

The blush that long ago had earned Pinky her nickname appeared in her cheeks. "This really is a secret," she said. "Deep and deadly. But I'm sure he won't mind my telling you. You see, it's a part that has to be dressed up to the hilt—five changes and all of them grand as grand. Utterly beyond me and my little woman in Bayswater. Well! Bertie, being so much mixed up with the Management, has heard all about it, and, do you know, darling, he's offered, entirely of his own accord, to do my clothes. Designs, materials, making—everything from Saracen. And all completely free-ers. Isn't that kind?"

Wave after wave of fury chased each other like electrical frequencies through Miss Bellamy's nerves and brain. She had time to think: "I'm going to throw a temperament and it's bad for me," and then she arrived at the point of climax.

The explosion was touched off by Bertie himself, who came tripping back with a garland of tuberoses twined round his person. When he saw Pinky she stopped short, looked from her to Miss Bellamy and turned rather white.

"Bertie," Pinky said. "I've split on you."

"How could you!" he said.

"Oh, Pinky, how could you!" Pinky burst into tears.

"I don't know!" she stammered. "I didn't mean to, Bertie darling. Forgive me. I was high."

"Stay me with flagons!" he said in a small voice. Miss Bellamy, employing a kind of enlargement of herself that was technically one of her most telling achievements, crossed to him and advanced her face to within four inches of his own.

They also, out of some impulse of helpless unanimity, said the same thing at the same time.

"Mary!" they said. "Listen! Don't!"

They knew very well that they had better have held their tongues. Their effort, feeble though it was, served only to inflame her.

With an assumption of calmness that was infinitely more alarming than raging hysteria she set about them, concentrating at first on Bertie.

"I wonder," she said, "what it feels like to be you. I wonder if you enjoy your own cunning. I expect you do, Bertie. I expect you rather pride yourself on your talent for cashing in on other people's generosity. On mine, for instance."

"Mary, darling! Please!"

"Let us," she continued, trembling slightly, "look at this thing quite calmly and objectively, shall we? I'm afraid it will not be a delicious experience, but it has to be faced."

Gracefield came in, took one look at his mistress and went out again. He had been with the family for some time.

"I am the last woman in the world," Miss Bellamy explained, "to remind people of their obligations. The last. However—"

She began to remind Bertie of his obligations. Of the circumstances under which she had discovered him—she did not, to his evident relief, say how many years ago—of how she had given him his first chance; of how, since then, he had never looked back; of how there had been an agreement—"gentleman's," she added bitterly—that he would never design for another leading lady in the Management without first consulting her.

He opened his mouth, but was obliged without utterance to shut it again. Had he not, she asked, risen to his present position entirely on the wings of her parentage? Besieged as she was by the importunities of the great fashion houses, had she not stuck resolutely to him through thick and thin? And now—

She executed a gesture Sid-dons-like in its tragic implications, and began to pace to and fro while Pinky and Bertie hastily made room for her to do so. Her glance lighting for a moment on Pinky she began obliquely to attack her.

"I imagine," she said, still to Bertie, "that I shall not be accused of lack of generosity. I am generally said, I think, to be a good friend. Faithful and just," she added, perhaps with some obscure recollection of Mark Antony. "Over and over again for friendship's sake, I've persuaded the Management to cast actresses who were unable to give me adequate support."

"Now, look here . . ." Pinky began warmly.

"Over and over again, Timmy said, only the other day: 'Darling, you're sacrificing yourself on the altar of your personal loyalties!' He's said, over and over again, that he wouldn't for anybody else under the sun accept the casting as it stood. Only for me . . ."

"What casting?" Pinky demanded. Miss Bellamy continued to address herself exclusively to Bertie.

"Only for me, Timmy said, would he dream of taking into any production of his an artist whose spiritual home was weekly rep. in the ham-coun-ties."

"Timmy," Pinky said dangerously, "is producing my play. It's entirely due to him and the author that I've got the part. They told the Management they wanted me."

Bertie said, "I happen to know that's perfectly true."

"Conspiracy!" Miss Bellamy shouted so loudly and suddenly that the others jumped in unison. She was ravaged by a terrible vision of Bertie, Pinky, and Timmy all closeted with the Management, and agreeing to say nothing to her of their plot and plans. In a Delphic fury she outlined this scene. Bertie, who had been moodily disengaging himself from the remnants of his garland, showed signs of fight.

He waited his chance and cut in.

"Speaking," he began, "as a two-timing, double-crossing rat, which heaven knows I am not, I take leave to assure you, darling Mary, that you're wrecking yourself for nothing. I'm doing Pinky's gowns out of friendliness and my name isn't going to appear and I must say I'd have thought . . ."

He was allowed to get no further.

"It's not," Miss Bellamy said, "what you've done, both of you, but the revolting way you've done it. If you'd come to me in the first instance and said

Then followed an exposition of what they should have said and of the generous response they would have enjoyed if they'd said it. For a moment it looked as if the row was going to degenerate into an aimless and repetitive wrangle. It would probably have done so if Pinky had not said abruptly:

"Now, look here, Mary! It's about time you faced up to yourself. You know jolly well

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 6, 1960

F5803. — Perfect frock for after-work dates requires 4yds. 54in. material or 3yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5831. — Sheer feminine flattery, this full-skirted dress with three-quarter sleeves and a wide collar requires 4yds. 54in. material and 3yds. 36in. contrast. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5805. — Elegant jacket-and-dress ensemble features button-trim and a wide collar. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material or 5yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

F5823. — Simple slim-line jacket and skirt has optional front tie. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material or 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

BEGINNERS' PATTERN
F5656. — Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make frilly blouse. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

F5806. — Easy-to-wear sheath dress has pleated bodice and front-pleated skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address: Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, Hobart. New Zealand orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders will be accepted.

F5803

F5805

F5656

F5806

F5823

F5831

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 291—GIRL'S FROCK
Little girl's party frock is cut out ready to sew in turquoise, forest-green, American-beauty, red, tan, and royal-blue corduroy velveteen. Sizes 6 and 8 years 46/6, 10 and 12 years 49/6. Postage 4/- extra.

No. 292—SUPPER CLOTH
Tiger-lily design supper cloth is available cut out and clearly traced to embroider in cream and white Irish linen. Cloth measures 36 x 36in. Price 17/6, postage 2/6 extra.

No. 293—TEA-TOWELS
These tea-towels are available cut out with "days of the week" motifs clearly traced to embroider. Each towel measures 22 x 32in., and the material is linen tea-towelling with multi-color stripe. Price 7/3 each, postage 9d. extra. Set of 7 85/-, plus 3/6 postage.

No. 294—GIRL'S AND BOY'S PYJAMAS
Easy pyjamas for the tiny tots are available cut out ready to sew in green, blue, red, and tan check brushed-back cotton. Sizes 4 and 6 years 31/6, 8 and 10 years 36/6. Postage 3/- extra.

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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AS I READ the STARS By EVE HILLIARD For week beginning July 4



ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21 - APRIL 20

Lucky number this week, 6.
Lucky color for love, lt. blue.
Gambling colors, lt. blue, black.
Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.
Luck in contentment.

★ Don't envy Mrs. Nextdoor; she may have troubles you know nothing about. Don't make yourself unhappy by longing for a luxury at present out of your reach. Your home can be attractive and comfortable without costing a mint of money. Brains, ingenuity, plus a dash of careful planning can work wonders with limited resources.



TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21 - MAY 20

Lucky number this week, 9.
Lucky color for love, red.
Gambling colors, red, grey.
Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
Luck on a short journey.

★ You may rush into town, find the exact article you needed, discover a treasure which brightens your living-room or enhances your favorite frock. You may attend a demonstration of a new product which increases your efficiency in the home. A chance encounter with a friend is likely to revive an old association, or you rejoin a circle.



GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21 - JUNE 21

Lucky number this week, 6.
Lucky color for love, navy blue.
Gambling colors, navy, green.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
Luck in business.

★ You may receive an account which is less than you expected. There could be a sale, possibly an auction sale, which helps you to gratify a wish. You can perform marvels just now on next to nothing, although you won't have much time to spare if you are knitting a sweater or making a gift. For some, a major investment makes this week memorable.



CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22 - JULY 23

Lucky number this week, 9.
Lucky color for love, rose.
Gambling colors, rose, lt. blue.
Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
Luck in leadership.

★ Give a gentle push to plans, activities, group interests around you. A guiding hand will be appreciated if you avoid trying to boss people. Your friends can be encouraged to attempt a more ambitious programme or a community enterprise. You may help to found anything from a dancing-class to a domestic-arts group in your own neighborhood.



LEO The Lion

JULY 23 - AUGUST 22

Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, yellow.
Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
Luck in solitude.

★ If the social round eases off, you'll have time to devote to your own interests. Attend to your home and wardrobe, answer those letters. Finish those jobs which have been staring you in the face. If you're falling in love, you'll be counting the hours until you meet again and delightful moments lie in picturing the beloved as a figure of your imagination.



VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23

Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, violet.
Gambling colors, violet, green.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
Luck in group activity.

★ If you belong to an organisation, be a keen member who attends functions, is willing to help when needed, can be relied upon. If lonely, hunt for an outlet socially among the groups in your vicinity. Whether young, impressionable, or older, and in search of companionship, romances develop through group associations. Don't be too eager, though.



LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23

Lucky number this week, 8.
Lucky color for love, black.
Gambling colors, black, white.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.
Luck in more prestige.

★ If in paid employment, you may be given new scope for your talents, or a niche which appeals to you. If a voluntary worker, you shine as an organiser or fill the breach created by absence or illness of another. If young, you may be entering a new, exciting social chapter. In some cases you move to a more fashionable district.



SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 22

Lucky number this week, 2.
Lucky color for love, white.
Gambling colors, white, gold.
Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
Luck in a new programme.

★ Perhaps you think you can't squeeze another thing into your days, yet a new interest could give your spirits a lift, especially if it is quite different from your other pursuits. You may discover hidden talents which grow into a big factor. Any skill brings you in contact with interesting people. If young, single, similar tastes bring friendship, a love affair.



SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 20

Lucky number this week, 5.
Lucky color for love, grey.
Gambling colors, grey, rose.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.
Luck in treasure-trove.

★ You might find an article in a public place and receive a reward. You could conclude a profitable transaction by disposing of something you do not want. Turning out boxes can refresh your interest in possessions which have long lain forgotten. Do not disdain other people's white elephants; a clever person can find a new use for them.



CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 7.
Lucky color for love, silver.
Gambling colors, silver, gold.
Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
Luck in shared project.

★ If anxious to improve your home by a bit of interior decoration or by landscaping your garden enlist the aid of all members of the family. If you and your beloved have a dream you hope to fulfil, start now on practical ways and means. If you belong to a club, a working-bee may be the best method of getting things done.



AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 4.
Lucky color for love, orange.
Gambling colors, orange, brown.
Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
Luck in playing safe.

★ Don't cut hastily into expensive material, start to paint the kitchen without reading the manufacturer's directions. Keep your social engagements among people you know well with a similar background to yours. This is not the time to experiment in any direction, for disappointment or embarrassing situations may arise if you are rash.



PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20

Lucky number this week, 7.
Lucky color for love, pastel.
Gambling colors, pastel, gold.
Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.
Luck in chance.

★ You happen to be in the right place at the right moment, so opportunity knocks. You become prominent through the absence or illness of another. A few of you think quickly in an emergency, are regarded as the heroine in what might have been a disaster had you not acted. You're Lady Luck's favorite child, so make the most of your chances.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

from page 60

that anything you've done for either of us has been paid back with interest. I know you've had a lot to do with my getting on the Management's short list and I'm grateful, but I also know that it's suited you very well to have me there. I'm a good foil to you. I know all your gimmicks. How you like to be fed lines. And when you dry, as nowadays you very often do, I can fill in like nobody's business. In the gentle art of letting myself be upstaged, cheated out of points, and fiddled into nonentity, I've done you proud and you'll find I'm damned hard to replace."

"Why? Oh, why should I have to listen to this?"

"As for Bertie . . ."

"Never mind, Pinky," he said quickly.

"I do mind. It's true you gave Bertie his start, but what hasn't he done for you? Your decor! Your clothes! Face it, Mary, without the Saracen Concealed Curve you'd be the Grand Old Lady of the Hip Parade."

BERTIE gave an hysterical hoot of laughter and looked terrified.

"The truth is," Pinky said, "you want it both ways, Mary. You want to boss everybody and use everybody for your own ends and at the same time you want us all to wallow in your wake saying how noble and generous and wonderful you are. You're a cannibal, Mary, and it's high time somebody had the nerve to tell you so."

A dead silence followed this unexampled speech.

Miss Bellamy walked to the door and turned. It was a movement with which they were familiar.

"After this," she said very slowly, dead-panning her voice to a tortured monotone, "there is only one thing for me to do and, much as it hurts me, I shall do it. I shall see the Management. Tomorrow."

She opened the door. They had a brief glimpse of Charles, Warrender, and Richard, irresolute in the hall, before she swept out and shut the door behind her.

The room seemed very quiet after she had gone.

"Bertie," Pinky said at last, "if I've done you any harm I'm desperately sorry. I was high. I'll never, never forgive myself."

"That's all right, dear."

"You're so kind, Bertie—do you think she'll—do you think she can . . . ?"

"She'll try, dear. She'll try."

"I took everything I've got, I promise you, to give battle."

"Honestly, Bertie, she frightened me. She looked murderous."

"Horrid, wasn't it?"

Pinky stared absently at the great flask of scent called "Formidable." A ray of sunshine had caught it and it shone golden.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

Bertie picked up a handful of tuberoses from the carpet. "Get on with me bloomin' flowers, dear," he said. "Get on with me bloomin' flowers."

Having effected her exit, Miss Bellamy swept like a sirocco past Richard, Warrender, and her husband and continued upstairs. In her bedroom she encountered Florence, who said, "What have you been doing to yourself?"

"You shut up!" Miss Bellamy shouted, and slammed the door.

"Whatever it is, it's no good to you. Come on, dear; what's the story?"

"Sneaky treachery's the story. Shut up. I don't want to tell you. What friends I've got! What friends!"

She strode about the room

and made sounds of outrage and defeat. She flung herself on the bed and pummelled it.

Florence said, "You know what'll be the end of this — party and all."

Miss Bellamy burst into tears. "I haven't," she sobbed, "a friend in the world. Not in the whole wide world. Except Dicky."

A spasm of something that might have been chagrin twitched at Florence's mouth. "Him!" she said under her breath.

Miss Bellamy abandoned herself to a passion of tears. Florence went into the bathroom and returned with sal volatile.

"Here," she said. "Try this. Come along now, dear."

"I don't want that muck. Give me one of my tablets."

"Not now."

"Now!"

"You know as well as I do, the doctor said only at night."

"I don't care what he said. Get me one."

She turned her head and looked up at Florence. "Did you hear what I said?"

"There aren't any left. I was going to send out."

Miss Bellamy said through her teeth. "I've had enough of this. You think you can call the tune here, don't you? You

think you're indispensable. You never made a bigger mistake. You're not indispensable and the sooner you realise it the better for you. Now, get out!"

"You don't mean that."

"Get out!"

Florence stood quite still for perhaps ten seconds and then left the room.

Miss Bellamy stayed where she was. Her temperament, heretofore of an audience, gradually subsided. Presently she went to her dressing-table, dealt with her face, and gave herself three generous shots from her scent-spray. At the fourth it petered out. The bottle was empty. She made an exasperated sound, stared at herself in the glass, and for the first time since the onset of her rage began to think collectedly.

At half-past twelve she went down to call on Octavius Browne and Anelida Lee.

Her motives in taking this action were mixed. In the first place her temperament, having followed the classic pattern of diminishing returns, had finally worked itself out and had left her restless. She was unwilling to stay indoors. In the second, she wanted very badly to prove to herself how grossly she had been misjudged by Pinky and Bertie, and could this be better achieved than by performing an act of gracious consideration towards Richard? In the third place, she was burning anxiety to set her curiosity at rest in the matter of Anelida Lee.

ON her way down she looked in at the drawing-room. Bertie, evidently, had finished the flowers and gone. Pinky had left a note saying she was sorry if she'd been too upsetting, but not really hauling down her flag an inch.

Miss Bellamy blew off steam to Charles, Richard, and Warrender without paying much attention to their reactions. They withdrew, dismayed, to Charles' study from whence came the muted sound of intermittent conversation.

Superbly dressed and gloved she let herself out and after pausing effectively for a moment in the sunshine, turned into the Pegasus.

Octavius was not in the shop. Anelida, having completed her cleaning, had a smudge across her cheek and grubby hands. She had cried a little after Richard went out in a huff and there had been no time to repair the damage. She was not looking her best.

Miss Bellamy was infinitely relieved.

She was charming to Anelida. Her husband and Richard Dakers, she said, had talked so much about the shop: it was so handy for them, funny old bookworms that they were, to have found one practically on the doorstep. She understood that Anelida was hoping to go on the stage. Anelida replied that she was working at the Bonaventure. With every appearance of infinite generosity Miss Bellamy said that, unlike most of her friends, she thought the little experimental club theatres performed a very useful function in showing plays that otherwise would never see the light of day.

Anelida was quiet, well-mannered, and Miss Bellamy supposed, much overcome by the honor that was being paid her. That was the kindest interpretation to put upon her somewhat ungushing response.

"Not much temperament there," Miss Bellamy thought and from her this was not a complimentary assessment. She grew more and more cordial.

Octavius returned from a brief shopping expedition and was a success. On being introduced by Anelida — quite prettily, Miss Bellamy had to admit — he uncovered his dishevelled head and smiled so broadly that his face looked rather like a mask of comedy.

"But what a pleasure!" he said, shaping his words with exquisite precision. "May we not exclaim 'Hic ver assiduum' since April herself walks in at our door?"

MISS BELLAMY got the general trend of this remark and her spirits rose. She thanked him warmly for his telegram and he at once looked extremely pleased with himself.

"Your husband and your ward," he said, "told us of the event and I thought, you know, of the many delicious hours you have given us and of how meagre a return is the mere striking together of one's hands." He looked sideways at her. "An old foggy's impulse," he said and waved it aside. He made her a little bow and put his head on one side. Anelida wished he wouldn't.

"It was heaven of you," said Miss Bellamy. "So much pleasure it gave, you can't think! And, what's more, I haven't thanked you for finding that perfect picture for Dicky to give me, nor," she improvised on the spur of the moment, "for that heavenly copy of . . ."

Mad-deningly, she had forgotten the author of Charles' purchase and of the quotation in the telegram. She marked time with a gesture indicating ineffable pleasure and then mercifully remembered. "Of Spenser," she cried.

"You admired the Spenser? I'm very glad."

"So much. And now," she continued with an enchanting air of diffidence, "I'm going to ask you something that you'll think quite preposterous. I've come with an invitation. You are, I know, great friends of my ward's — of Dicky's — and I, like you, am a creature of impulse. I want you both — please — to come to my little

JACKY'S DIARY

by JACKY Mendelsohn Age 32½



So pretty soon the ball fell in the bottom of a deep well. So being a girl she started into cry.



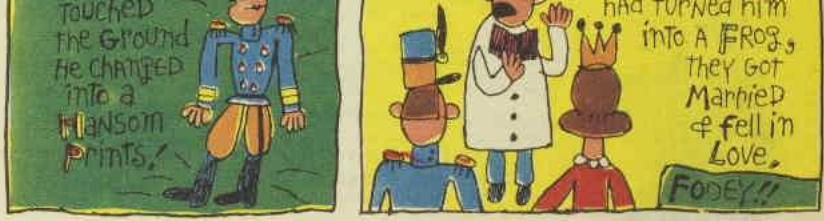
So the frog jumped in the well & got a hold of the ball in his teeth.



As soon as they had finished eating, the princess said: 'Now that you have ate in the palace, I'm gonna throw you back in the garden.'



But the minute his feet touched the ground he changed into a ransom prints.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, is in the Himalayas to trace the Abominable Snowman. He chases a large furry creature into a cave, but discovers the "creature" is a beautiful girl disguised in a snowsuit. She leads him to a strangely glowing city in

the heart of a mountain, where he is taken before Zeus, the fabled ruler of Olympus. Zeus explains to Mandrake how his people came to Mt. Olympus thousands of years before and made it their winter resort. NOW READ ON:



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- He only reads the headlines (12).
- The best place to look for a pupil (7).
- Be ill from a defamatory statement (5).
- His wife had an ugly son killed by Theseus (5).
- Lamas in brutes (7).
- They are according to rules (5).
- A Mohammedan Messiah (5).
- Approaching mainly with a ring (7).
- Drinkable, woody plant to be found in fresh rubber (5).
- Such strife is growing by the water-side (5).
- It qualifies certain nights (7).
- Indicating equal magnetic force (10).



Solution of last week's crossword.

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- In a very distinguished manner, the middle of which is mine (12).
- Comes closer to (5).
- Song for sending a child to sleep (7).
- Very soft grey metal, the head of which comes from the liver (7).
- Bab's hat (Anagr., 7).
- They are definitely not or-
- chestras which can be expanded (7, 5).
- An age of the Universe (3).
- A snore's causes (7).
- Send tip to pay the parson (7).
- Seed in rag (5).
- Large number of insects in some armies' war material (5).
- French king (3).

Continuing ... FALSE SCENT

from page 62

party this evening. Drinks and a handful of ridiculous chums at half-past six. Now, please be very sweet and spoil me on my birthday. Please, say yes."

Octavius turned quite pink with gratification. He didn't hear his niece, who came near to him and said hurriedly, "Unk, I don't think we . . ."

OCTAVIUS said, "I have never in my life attended a theatrical party. It is something quite outside my experience. Really, it's extraordinarily kind of you to think of inviting us. My niece, no doubt, is an initiate. Though not at such an exalted level, I think. Nelly, my love?"

Anelida had begun to say, "It's terribly kind . . ." but Miss Bellamy was already in full spate. She had taken Octavius impulsively by the hands and was beaming into his face. "You will? Now, isn't that big of you? I was so afraid I might be put in my place or that you would be booked up. And I'm not! And you aren't! Isn't that wonderful!"

"We are certainly free," Octavius said. "Anelida's theatre is not open on Monday evenings. She had offered to help me with our new catalogue. I shall be enchanted."

"Wonderful!" Miss Bellamy gaily repeated. "And now I must run. Au revoir, both of you. Till this evening!"

She did, almost literally, run out of the shop filled with a delicious sense of having done something altogether charming. "Kind!" she thought. "That's what I've been. Kind as kind. Dicky will be so touched. And when he sees that rather dreary, rather inarticulate girl in his own setting—well, if there has been anything, it'll peter out on the spot."

She saw the whole thing in a gratifying flash of clairvoyance: the last flames of temperance subsided in the sunshine of her own loving kindness. She returned to the house and found Richard in the hall.

"Darling!" she cried. "All settled! I've seen your buddies and asked them. The old fuddy-duddy's heaven, isn't he? Out of this world. And the girl's the nicest little thing. Are you pleased?"

"But," Richard said, amazed, "are they . . . ? Did Anelida say they'd come?"

"My dear, you don't imagine, do you, that a bit-part fill-in at the Bonaventure is going to turn down an invitation to my birthday party!"

"It's not a bit-part," Richard said. "They're doing 'Pygmalion,' and she's playing Eliza."

"Poor child."

He opened his mouth and shut it again.

"There's something," Miss Bellamy said, "so endlessly depressing about those clubs. Blue jeans, beards, and a snack-bar, no doubt." He didn't answer and she said kindly, "Well! We mustn't let them feel too lost, must we? I'll tell Maurice and Charles to be kind. And now, sweetie, I'm off to keep my date with the Great Play."

Richard said hurriedly, "There's something I wanted to alter . . . Could we . . ."

"Darling! You're such heaven when you panic. I'll read it and then I'll put it in your study. Blessings!"

"Mary—Mary, thank you so much."

She kissed him lightly and almost ran upstairs to read his play and to telephone Pinky and Bertie. She would tell them that she couldn't bear to think of any cloud of dissonance overshadowing her birthday and she would add that she expected them at six-thirty. That would show them how ungrudging she could be.

"After all," she thought, "they'll be in a tizzy because if I did do my stuff with the Management . . ." Reassured on all counts she went into her room.

UNFORTUNATELY, neither Bertie nor Pinky was at home, but she left messages. It was now one o'clock. Half an hour before luncheon in which to relax and skim through Richard's play. Everything was going in the event, very well. "I'll put me boots up," she said to herself in stage cockney and did so on the chaise-longue in the bay-window of her room. She noticed that once again the azaleas were infected and reminded herself to spray them with Slaypest.

She turned her attention, now growing languid, to the play, "Husbandry in Heaven." Not a very good title, she thought. Wasn't it a quotation from something? The dialogue seemed to be quite unlike Dicky: a bit Sloane Square, in fact. The sort of dialogue that is made up of perfectly understandable phrases that taken together add up to a kind of egg-headed Goon show. Was it or was it not in verse? She read Dicky's description of the leading woman.

"Mimi comes on. She might be nineteen or twenty-nine. Her beauty is bone-deep. Seductive without luxury. Virginal and dangerous." "Hum!" thought Miss Bellamy. "Hodge comes out of the Prompt corner. Wolf-whistles. Gestures unmistakably and with feline intensity."

Now, why had that line stirred up some obscure misgivings? She turned the pages. It was certainly an enormously long part.

"Mimi: Can this be April, then, or have I, so early in the day, misinterpreted my directive?"

"Hell!" thought Miss Bellamy.

BUT she read one or two of the lines aloud and decided that they might have something. As she flipped over the pages she became more and more satisfied that Dicky had tried to write a wonderful part for her. Different. It wouldn't do of course, but at least the loving intention was there.

The typescript tipped over and fell across her chest. Her temperaments always left her tired. Just before she dropped off she suffered one of those mysterious jolts that briefly galvanised the body. She had been thinking about Pinky. It may be fanciful to suppose that her momentary discomfort was due to a spasm of hatred rather than to any physical cause. However that may be, she fell at last into an unenjoyable doze.

Florence came in. She had the flask of scent called Formidable in her hands.

She tiptoed across the room, put it on the dressing-table and stood for a moment looking at Miss Bellamy. Beyond the chaise-longue in the bay-window were ranks of tulips and budding azaleas and among them stood the tin of Slaypest. To secure it, Florence had to lean across her mistress. She did so, delicately, but Miss Bellamy, at that moment, stirred. Florence drew back and tiptoed out of the room.

Old Ninn was on the landing. She folded her arms and stared up at Florence.

"Asleep," Florence said, with a jerk of her head. "Gone to bye-byes."

"Always the same after tantrums," said Old Ninn. She added woodenly, "She'll be the ruin of that boy."

"She'll be the ruin of herself," said Florence, "if she doesn't watch her step."

To be continued

YOUR BOOKSHELF

with Joyce Halstead

"No Purdah in Padam"

Antonia Deacock (Harrap).

Three women, left behind in England by husbands climbing in the Himalaya, decided to have their own expedition—the Women's Overland Himalayan Expedition, 1958. They drove by Land-Rover to India (16,000 miles there and back) as far as Manali, thence by foot with porters and pack ponies. On the journey to Padam and back they trekked 300 miles, crossed several high passes, climbed a peak (more than 18,000ft.), and studied the lives of the people, particularly women, in the isolated Buddhist communities.

This is the record of an amazing feat by women not particularly experienced or fit, but written in such a matter-of-fact way that the main impression is of endless cups of tea, curry meals, rivers to be crossed, packing and unpacking, and problems with the porters and the ponies.

Mrs. Deacock is now living at Mooney

Mooney, N.S.W., where her husband is in charge of the Outward Bound School.

"The Flight of the Dancing Bear"

Mark Rascovich (Secker & Warburg).

A wonderful chase from Moscow across icy northern Russia after a dancing bear called Natacha which, with her famous trainer, has incurred the displeasure of the Soviet Ministry of Culture by upsetting a table loaded with canapes at a British Embassy party. This has resulted in a major diplomatic incident, involving a British First Secretary, the bear trainer's beautiful niece, and a trail of peasants picked up as all join the general flight towards the Finnish border and freedom. This is a delicious satire on Soviet Socialist life, with lots of side humor provided by British understatement, two foreign newspaper correspondents, and Russian provincials with not too much respect for Moscow edicts.

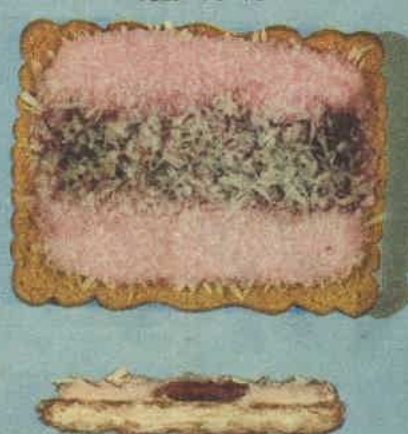


There is no Substitute for Quality.

ORANGE SLICE



ICED VO VO



MONTE CARLO



Arnott's famous
CREAM Biscuits

